

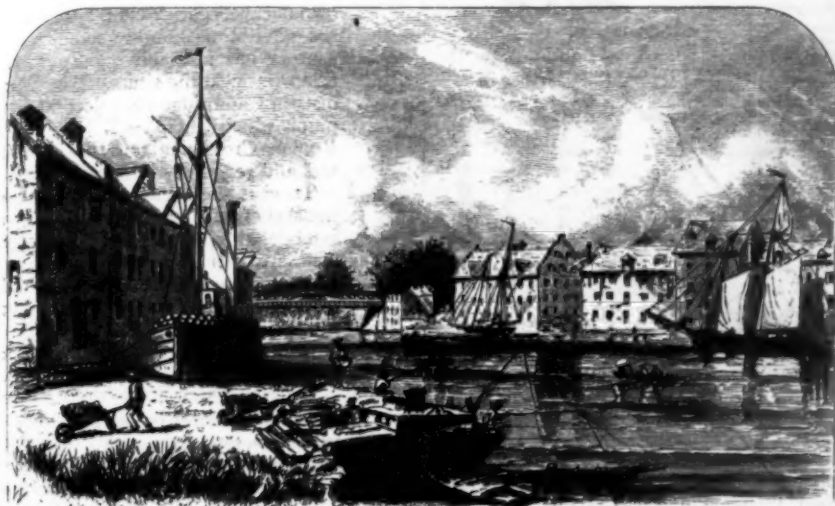
SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

VOL. III.

MARCH, 1872.

No. 5.

THE CHESAPEAKE PENINSULA.



OLD BRANDYWINE MILLS.

CAPE COD, Long Island, and the Eastern Shore of Maryland were our three peninsulas of the lost and the vague, until Thoreau, Roosevelt, and the newspaper tourists shed light upon the former two. A like service is yet to be rendered to the larger, more populous, and in many respects more quaint and venerable strip of Maryland, which is inclosed between the Chesapeake and the ocean. In point of water-scenery, it is the Puget-Sound country of the Atlantic, pierced with broad, navigable, arborescent bays and rivers, almost as fruity in the salt delicacies of shell-fish and wild fowl as are their shores with orchards of peach, and groves of nuts and berries. The loamy, sometimes sandy soil is varied by long aisles of pond and brackish sound or bayou, whose humid vegetation is strong and stately in cypress, gum, or hemlock forests. The dozen or twenty fishing or court-house towns are larger and more characteristic

than the Maryland settlements on the Western Shore, and several of them possess attractions for the traveler in old-church, manor-house, and mill architecture, and in picturesque groupings of forms and angles not current in thoroughfare parts of America,—bridges, broken roofs, and queer rivercraft blended in atmospheres which, at sunsets and twilight, are of exquisite softness or splendor; while, locked away for two hundred years in this forgotten nook, the people generally retain a purity of English blood and spirited natures entirely compatible with provincialisms of speech and manner, and amusing instances of idiosyncrasy. The whole of one of the thirteen Colonies, and parts of two others, are comprehended between the head and the Capes of the Chesapeake.

The typical Delawarean is a robust, easy-going, lolling compound of Swedish, Finnish, Dutch, Huguenot, Welsh, and English stock, shut out from the enterprising life of



A CHESAPEAKE WATERMAN.

the sea by want of harbors and commerce, inhabiting a flat land of sluggish creeks, good farms, and tracts of low forest, and, except in the northern county of New Castle, he seldom passes the plane of village Epicureanism and inoffensive "cleverness." John M. Clayton, for a time President Taylor's Secretary of State, and Lorenzo Thomas, for a shorter time President Johnson's Secretary of War, were Delaware types.

The two counties of Virginia east of the Chesapeake, although in a high state of productiveness compared to their worn-out kinsmen across the bay, maintain in other respects the Old Dominion character—pride of State and opinion, personal bearing, and the capacity of ready discipline and public spirit. From these counties came Henry A. Wise, and that Custis family whose fortunes were interwoven with Washington's.

The Eastern Marylander is the Virginian without his institutions and dogmatism. The seed of Quakerism and Wesleyanism successively fell upon kindly soil in these old and hospitable counties, softening society, and intoning it to consonance with the sur-

rounding gentle scenery; the establishments of church and estate magistracy abated their claims in the presence of so cordial a democracy, and Methodism kept aristocracy at bay, not less by the energy of its circuit preachers than by the steady worldly prosperity of its membership. The landholders, whose roomy residences, built of English brick—the ballast of their returning produce vessels—still beautify the banks of the Wye and the Choptank, have lived to see the dissenters' chapels flourish above their own decayed parish churches and armorial grave-stones, and in some cases the usurper has not only appropriated the tithes but also the ritual. The Methodists of Cambridge have decorated their pulpit with the cipher I. H. S. and the Roman Cross, and introduced choristers and responses into the service.

To visit the Peninsula most expeditiously before the reforming era has quite remodeled it, one must leave the great southern railway line at Wilmington, the metropolis of the Peninsula—a rattling town of mills and ship-yards, now nearly of the population of Philadelphia at the Revolution, and possessing the only daily newspapers of the whole region. Here, in the cleft between two small rivers,—one of fine water-power and the other navigable,—was the capital of Swedish

America, kept in green remembrance to this day by one picturesque church which obtained its pastors from the Bishop of Upsala, nearly to the date of our Independence.

In the environs is the College of Newark, the alma mater of the Peninsula, with a preparatory department of above a century's uninterrupted usefulness; and at New Castle is one of the three whipping-posts and pillories which remain in the United States, where the State of Delaware is flogged and egged in the esteem of the nation after every term of court.

The creeks which rise in the Pennsylvania hills come dashing down by many a mill-dam, and the Brandywine ceases its active life just at Wilmington, by feeding one of the most picturesque and elderly series of grist-mills in the country. They are built of stone, in the old style, with bent roofs and many tiers of windows, and packet-vessels ascend in deep water to take cargo beneath their eaves, within sound of the tumbling rapids which move their wheels. Even in Washington's administration these toiling houses ground 400,000 bushels of grain a year, when the town

was half a century old. Wilmington is now a rich city, almost monopolizing iron ship-building, and turning out prodigious quantities of carriages, railway-cars, machinery, and leather. In the vicinity are the largest powder-mills in the world, founded by the Huguenot family of Dupont, and paper-mills, and woolen and cotton mills, admirable in capacity and construction. The Swedish church is an exquisite object, buried up in ivy and gravestones, and the traditions of the place go back to the daughter of Gustavus Adolphus, and the conquests of Petrus Stuyvesant. Marcus Hook, a few miles up the river, was originally a Finnish settlement, and the descendants of Swede and Finn are numerous round about,—

"Their old names writ in English ways,
In English prayers their Swedish praise."

The monument to Gunning Bedford, a commander of the Delaware line in the Revolution, and the Welsh Tract Meeting-house of what are called "Hard-shell Baptists" in the vicinity, give some idea of the mingled refinement and hard simplicity of these North Delaware elements.

Between Wilmington and the head of the Chesapeake the ground is the historic scene of Washington's maneuvers to arrest the march of Howe upon Philadelphia, and the eminences which force apart the waters of the Chesapeake and Delaware were picket and signal posts, not only in that campaign, but when at a later date the armies moved southward in pursuit of Arnold and Cornwallis. The Hudson's palisaded scenery is not stronger than the Susquehanna's at Port Deposit, where its deep and rocky breadth compresses that lumbering mart to a narrow beach at the foot of a precipice exposed to annual freshets; and the view from Havre de Grace of the broad Chesapeake and the blue tablets of the distant mountains of Elk Neck is of such soft nobility that some have lamented the Federal capital was not set there. Here, in the limpid nights, a hundred lamps often dot the surface of the bay, where the shad and herring fleet row with their seines and gill-nets, and at dawn the flocks of the North recall the apostrophe:—

"Wise is the wild duck, winging straight to thee,
River of Summer! from the cold Arctic sea;
Coming, like his fathers for centuries, to seek
The sweet, salt pastures of the far Chesapeake."

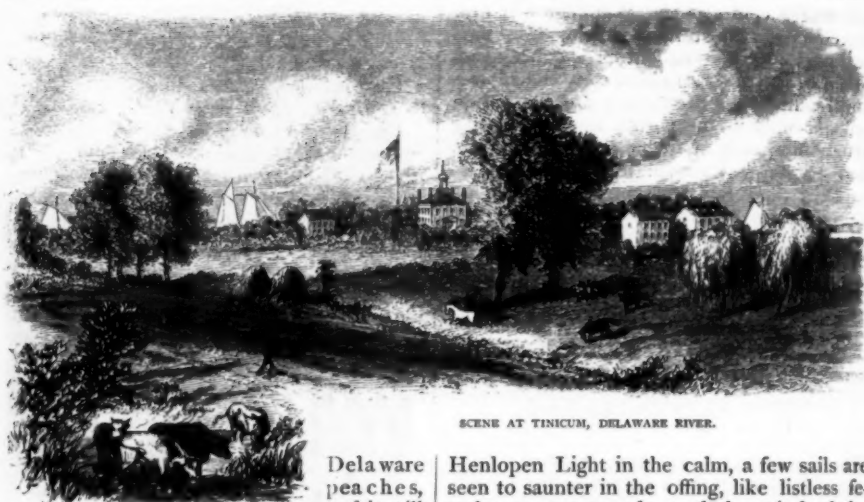
At Elkton, the home of Postmaster-General Creswell,—a very old town of large brick houses, on the edge of marshes and under hills,—the peninsular tourist may



OLD SWEDS CHURCH.

choose his route, either to descend the roads of Delaware or the parallel highway system of Maryland.

The towns of Delaware are sometimes quaint but seldom busy, and are often inhabited by a social life superior to their apparent resources. Women of spirit, and young men of gentle manners, with frequent instances of personal beauty in both sexes, relieve the listless by-roads, and fine old men and women, courteously inquisitive as to strangers, suggest authorities for neighborhood traditions and humorous studies in human nature. The inns are almost invariably poor; for nobody goes to a tavern who can rely upon good introduction, acquaintance, or even fair appearance. The railroad runs through the State like a seam, and has created several new and sprightly towns, called generally after State folk or railway dignitaries, and the inns in these cases are often kept by Pennsylvanians of German descent. Of the port-towns built upon the Delaware or some of the slow tidal creeks which empty into it, Newcastle shows the most decay,—once a great ferry slip between North and South, and the first stronghold on the Delaware for both Swede and Dutchman, now merely a jail and pillory-place for its county, and rusty and lazy when the court-week is done; Delaware City was long the shipping port for



SCENE AT TINICUM, DELAWARE RIVER.

Derives some importance from the Chesapeake Canal, of which it is the outlet; from Fort Delaware, which stands opposite upon a low island in the channel; and from a railway which will soon join it to Pennsylvania Deutschland; Smyrna and Milford are flourishing grain markets, running packet and freight boats to Philadelphia; Lewes, called for the English shire town of the county for which its own is named, is the old terminus of a new railway, and it sustains a steamship line to New York around Cape May; it is a village upon a sand-heap, made of clapboarded houses,—often the homes of pilots or seafaring men,—and with some pretenses to be a watering-place. One old Episcopal church, surrounded by many gravestones, some of people wrecked off the Capes of the Delaware, will detain the traveler for half an hour, while, nearly a mile across a salty plain, the lamps of Cape Henlopen are seen to cap the summits of a mighty hill of sand which has blown over the tallest boles of a former forest and buried them alive. Here is the great breakwater of stone, still unfinished,—although the work has been in almost continuous progress under our government for more than a third of a century,—where sea-going vessels, colliers, and coasters can safely run in from impending storms between Highland Light and Hampton Roads, about three hundred miles. In time of calm this breakwater is nothing; merely two long, rough sea-walls of toppled stone, raised well above the surface of the waves, and supporting the hut of a lamplighter. Standing at

Henlopen Light in the calm, a few sails are seen to saunter in the offing, like listless females on promenade, and the mind of the beholder, as he gazes toward the tall white tower of Cape May, twelve miles across the ripples, can conjure up no thoughts more direful than of sly pirates in the olden time, stealing in through these Capes from bloody voyages in the rig of quiet merchantmen, sending perhaps a yawl ashore by night to bury their guilty treasures, and afterward tack up the great "South river" to dock demurely at Philadelphia. But when the black spot of the distant storm stands up on the horizon like Elijah's signal, and the old gossips at Lewes run out their telescopes and look sagaciously ere they make their wagers on the interval before the blow, the water-line is pierced by topsails peeping up from the deep, and barques and schooners crowding sail for refuge. They rise from every point of the water-line and stand in for these friendly piers, where sometimes hundreds of ships, brigs, three-masted schooners, pungies and bay-boats lie together, spars entangled, the vast roadstead scarcely equal to its necessities, and on one side the Atlantic, writhing in the grip of the storm, howls against the breakwater and dashes over it; while on the other the old, unchanging town of Lewes—the Plymouth of the races of our Middle States, settled almost continuously since 1638, once worthy of British bombardment, and now unable either to rise or to perish—blinks out at the commerce which is so near and yet so far. These capes were the Highland lights, the pillars of Hercules, to American mariners, as long as Philadelphia kept commercial supremacy; past them sail-

ed Blackbeard and Decatur, and the long line of privateers and heroes which made the sea grim with legends, but softened its wrinkles to acknowledgment of another state and type of men. To this day the Delaware scenery, river craft, and river folk keep resemblances to their antitypes of the Schelde, the Maas, and the Elbe :—

" And up the river as we ride,
Borne on the slow and equal tide,
Above the level of the flocks,
By many a hook and dike we slip,
By many a sober-sided ship,
By many a willow islet's strip,
Set round with emerald splutterdocks."

Interior Delaware shows at Dover, the State capital, a queer little brick State-house facing a public green, with the whipping-post convenient; the Senate-chamber is not bigger than a comfortable bed-room. At hand, in a churchyard, John M. Clayton is buried under a fine marble tomb. The legislators are preponderatingly farmers, honest, and jealous of expenditures, but unequal either to the conception or care of a State; all that political Delaware has achieved is a good road system and no State debt.

If the tourist leave Elkton by the Maryland series of roads he will have better luck, plunging almost immediately into the land of peach, and in due time reaching the oyster realm. Sassafras River, a short half-day's ride due southward, is to the peach culture what the river Marne is to wine. Here the long tinted orchards begin, and the landscape wears a pink color for the better part of fifty miles ensuing. The American peach is not a pretender, like the American grape; it is a native prince with an old domain, growing in civilization every summer, and the people who love the beauty and sweetness of its sway are never required to apologize for it. It is, to look upon, the very velvet of nature's loom. The bee which woos it can make no honey like its flavor. At the gathering-time, when the roads are filled with teams and the air with *bouquet*, and the peaches are stripped from the parent stem which had groaned to support them, in all their ripeness and voluptuousness, the beautiful Sassafras, with its low bluff banks and changing woods, is also agitated with leaping perch, which make the waters populous as the orchard, and the game-birds of autumn begin also to twitter when the tide is low. Then, in the twilights, the laden steamers bear down the long coves these thousands

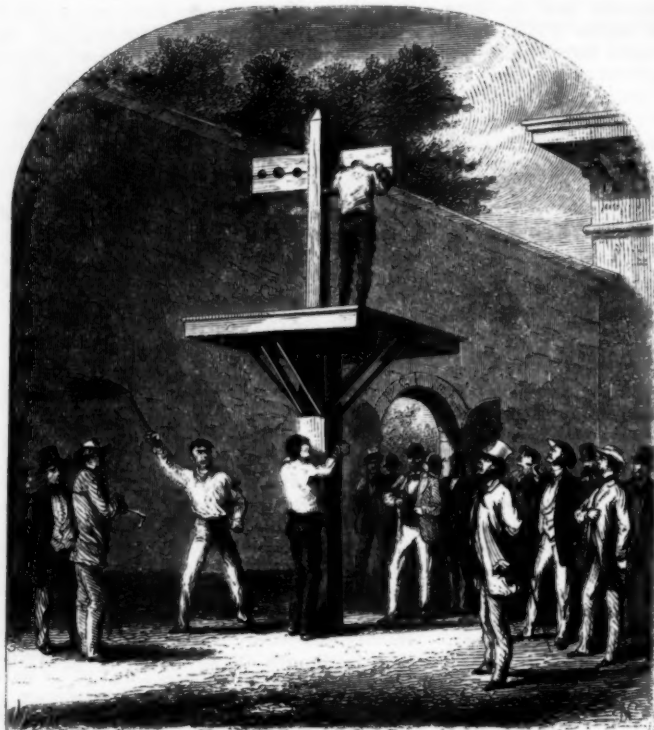
of caskets of unequaled fruit, which drew its juices from such unpretending soil, to give a taste of the Eastern Shore to people in distant cities, soldiers in camps, and bad boys who scale pantries for it.

Chestertown, the home of United States Senator Vickers, is an old place, with a decayed college overlooking it, a loamy country round, and a beautiful river floating off by many manor-houses to Kent Island, the first colony on the Maryland shores of the Chesapeake, planted by William Claiborne, of Virginia, in 1629. Two other rivers, the St. Michaels and the Wye, make up into the Peninsula behind Kent Island—both wide, short-necked streams, beloved of wild duck water-fowl, and shell-fish. Kent Island has no ruins and no town, but it is covered with pleasant farms and fishing beaches. Many old parish churches lie back from the rivers, of which two very primitive specimens are given in the illustrations. As the country in its most stately period was settled from the bayside, little can be seen on the back roads, and as there is a "neck" or cape every few miles to cut off even the bay roads, one had better explore the region by means of the Baltimore steamboats, which ascend all the streams, and now communicate with the interior by branch railways feeding the Delaware main stem.

The Choptank River is the noblest water-course of the Eastern Shore; at the mouth a superb sound, curtained with islands, several miles wide; farther inland a net-work of coves and deep creeks, to whose beachy margins the lawns and orchards of fine old homesteads slope. One can take a double-barreled gun and lie on any of the many sylvan capes reaching into this gray river, and bring



HIGH BRIDGE, BRANDYWINE CREEK.



THE WHIPPING-POST.

the wild ducks down from the flock as they fly over all the day to their feeding-grounds. The pike, perch, and shell-fish are fine and plentiful here, and we get the first view of the *mamano*, or long-necked clam, which lies deep in the sand at low tide and pokes forth its succulent head when the waters cover it. Easton, at the head of Threadhaven Creek,—a perfect fiord, unexcelled by any low-lying Danish or Swedish marine landscapes,—is the largest court-house town in the region, and its county of Talbot is said to contain no farm which has not a vessel-landing within three miles, so pierced is it with salt streams. At Oxford, a hamlet where the Threadhaven enters the broad, gray expanse of the Choptank, Robert Morris, the Jay Cooke of the Revolution, spent the first years of his boyhood in America.

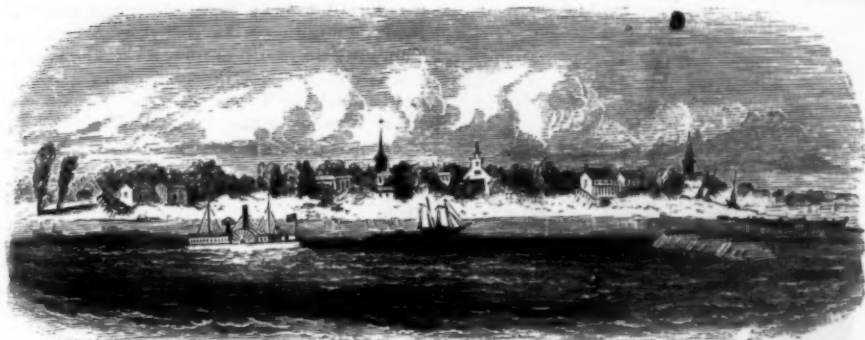
Cambridge, the county-seat of Dorchester, is called the most beautiful place on the Peninsula. A salt creek flows up behind it, bordered with some of the snuggest old mansions of timber and brick which could please an artist's eye. The hotels here

are tidy and neat. An old Episcopal churchyard, surrounded with mouldering grave-stones carved with crests, shields, and ciphers, suggests the fine old affectations of a departed society, and the church stands up in the dewy atmosphere buttressed with delicate filaments of ivy which wrap the windows round, and give them the appearance of crocheted pinnacles carved in green. The court-house, jail, and other buildings inclose a dell shaded with forest-trees, in the depths of which a clear spring rises under an open dome. The books of the court-house are kept to this day with a conscientiousness and elegance surprising to visitors, and an hour spent in examining them, under the supervision of courteous

county officials, will give amusing insights into provincial feuds. Cambridge is embowered in luxuriant shade, and the resident ladies have a high reputation for beauty of face and nature. In the back country are many noble shipping estates, the great houses frequently dilapidated or in ruins, and the low islands which lie off the coast contain, perhaps, the most simple and benighted people on the Chesapeake, few of whom read, and all "follow the water" for a livelihood. It is said that Holland's Island is governed in intellectual things by one man, who writes the letters of the inhabitants, tells them the news when it has got tolerably old, and informs them in the deep abstrusities of politics. In this county, at Indian Creek, some of the last Indians of the Peninsula struck their wigwams toward the close of the last century; and there are now no full-blooded aborigines on the Eastern Shore, although many of the free-born negroes show



THE SHERIFF'S CAT.



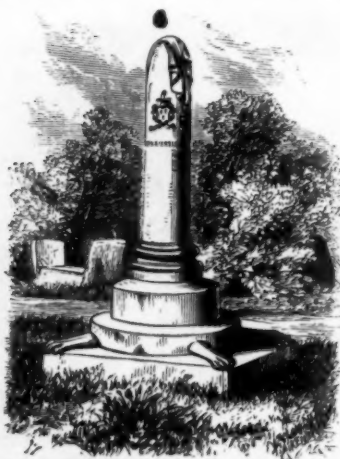
MARCUS MOORE.

Indian traces. The Indian names of this peninsula are often resonant, and they may be thought to sound like the croaking of the creatures of these swamps, the gurgle and suck of tides under low banks, and the cry of immemorial wild fowl; some prominent names are Gingoteque, Kiequotank, Matchopungo, Gangascoe, Pocomoke, and Appoquinimink.

The essence of Eastern Shoredom will be found on the Sounds of Tangiers and Pocomoke and their tributary streams. A steamer leaves Baltimore two evenings each week, affording good meals and clean state-rooms, and when the traveler rises next morning he is in Tangier Sound, an aisle like silver bordered with the dull gold strips of sandy bars and islands, and the greenness of humid groves which may almost be said to be rooted in the streets of the bivalvulous cities underlying this exquisite miniature sea. There those motionless epicures, the oysters, lie, with open mouths, while the sweet salt sluices pour past them and return every day, bearing particles of invisible nutriment from groves of fruits unknown to us, perhaps from orchards of marine peach and the kernels of luscious nuts which the dull microscope of the naturalist can never find. The predatory crab trundles his piratical hulk up those crystal alleys and filches the oyster from his cell, or sometimes cradles his young in the oyster's shell, hoping that the vagabond may grow up undetected to a like voluptuous esculence. But a hearty democrat is our oyster. He seizes upon a fisherman's shoe, or a tin kettle dropped overboard, or a bit of a wreck, and covers it by a system of animal electroplating, so that it often comes to the surface crystallized, colonized, a cluster of aquatic grapes fit for Neptune to plant upon Olympus.

Could we walk amongst these countrymen of ours, the pride of our seas, and observe their dense and silent municipalities lying, like submerged Venices or Hong Kongs, fed by processes of nature as intelligent as art, watered, freshened, fed, sustaining the family relation, of prodigious fecundity, the Chinese of the Chesapeake, we might apprehend the infliction of yonder merciless sloops and pungies which at the earliest dawn hoist sail beyond those Floridian islets, and move up into the sound with the slow deliberation of a cruel purpose. First, the long-shafted tongs descend into these nutritious waters, and as the oyster confidently adheres to them the inquisitorial pincers grip himself and family and many of his neighbors, and hoist them through their native green element to the slaver's deck. Then, with profligate rapacity, injuring himself as well as his victims, the poacher drops his two great chain drags or dredges into the towns of these inoffensive burghers, who close their shells at the thunder of the concussion. All sail up, and the American flag hoisted at the gaff, signifying "oysters to sell," the boat cruises round and round in the trail of a fleet of similar vessels, and the heavy iron hews and crushes paths through the roofs of the subaqueous city. Those which escape the great chain-sack and capture are wounded, and perish; but with invincible spirit the breach is filled, life and enterprise go on more rapidly than destruction, and the patient oyster continues to increase, enacting below the surface of the seas the same hopeless struggle we make above, to intrench ourselves against the cruel, the unforeseen, the hungry, the epicurean—death.

The oysters of the Chesapeake, poorly attended to compared with their rivals in New York waters, are of better flavor and larger



TOMB OF GUNNING BEDFORD, WILMINGTON.

size. The best are the Cherrystones, small native growths of an inlet near Cape Charles. Next, Lynnhaven Bays, within the jaws of the opposite cape, Henry—large, lusty oysters, one of which will flavor a soup. Next in note come Elizabeth Rivers and York Rivers, in the very palate of the Chesapeake. Finally, the oysters of Tangiers, illimitable in quantity, in quality indescribable, the offspring half-way of the bay and the brine, the civilized and the savage waters.

"Eden of water-fowl, clinging to thy dells,
Ages of mollusks have yielded their shells;
While, like the exquisite spirits they shed,
Ride the white swans in the surface o'erhead."

People who can read modern religious biographies will find much homely matter pertaining to the Tangier Sound in "The Parson of the Islands," a book written to commemorate a poor fisherman evangelist who sowed the seeds of Methodism in this sandy archipelago, so that to this day, when a flag is seen raised on the little island chapels, signifying "Preacher amongst us from the mainland," the smooth waters fill with canoes scudding down from every point of the compass. The island parson kept a canoe, called "The Methodist," to haul the preachers to and fro, and in the second war with England, when the whole British army established a permanent camp on Tangier Island, and thence ravaged the shores, burnt Washington, and essayed to take Baltimore, this simple fellow preached to them, and prevailed upon them to respect the immemorial camp-meeting groves. Several of these old men of the islands in our time, remembered

the Revolutionary War, the naval battle in Kedge's Straits, and the hanging of Tories in Cambridge, and two or three were known who had voted for every President from Washington to Zachary Taylor. Some of the many ghost tales pervading the peninsula are hinted at in the Parson's book. The voluminous journals of Francis Asbury make note of every hamlet on this peninsula. He wrote at Snow Hill, 1810: "We hold for God one hundred societies on this peninsula. . . . Methodist preachers politicians: what a curse!"

The gem of the Eastern Shore is the harbor of Onancock, a loop or skein of salt coves widening up betwixt straits of green mounds and golden bluffs, and terminating at an exquisite landing, where several creeks pour into the cove between the estates of Virginia planters. General Henry A. Wise has a book in press which will probably describe this, his native stream. Behind Onancock is the land of Accomac, commemorated by the campaigns of "Orpheus C. Kerr." In 1862 an army of peninsular Unionists marched almost to Cape Charles, starting in partly at Shelltown on the Pocomoke. The peaceable citizenry had engaged in one of their annual oyster wars, which arise from conflicts of State jurisdiction begotten by trading politicians at Annapolis and Richmond. A politician protecting an oyster is as ridiculous as a lawyer deciding a suit for the same oyster: he licks out the occupant himself and awards each contestant a shell.

The river Pocomoke leads under archways of green cypress, by solemn swamps rich in timber for spars, ship-ribs, and shingles, into the loneliest region of Maryland. Here, at



EPISCOPAL CHURCH, ELKTON.

Snow Hill, young Vallandigham taught an academy. The old Episcopal church contains memorial tablets copied from the contemporaneous numbers of *The Spectator*, and accredited in each case to the particular number.

The seacoast of the lower Eastern Shore resembles that of lower New Jersey, a succession of inlets and shallow sounds, with here and there a long border of beach rent by the waves from the land, and making a low, perilous island like Chincoteague. This island is inhabited by oystermen and wreckers, inoffensive heathens in mode and talk, and it formerly contained a breed of dwarf ponies, but these were all drowned by a high tide a few years ago.

The total population of the Chesapeake Peninsula, Delaware included, is about 250,000; in superficies it is 180 miles long and from half a score to three score miles wide. It has nearly 300 miles of railway.

The reverence in which this old region is held by those who have wandered from it is exemplified by a late remark of William H. Hooper, delegate in Congress from Utah, and a Mormon, though not a polygamist. He was describing the virtues of Eastern Shore cooking, when one said:—

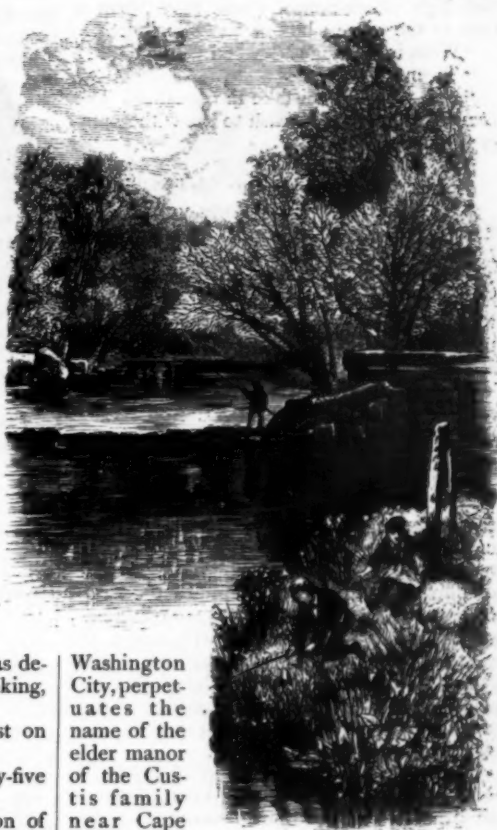
"Captain Hooper, when were you last on the old peninsula?"

"Never, Madame, since I left it thirty-five years ago."

"Why, sir, from your frequent mention of the place, I should think you would want to slip over there at least once every session of Congress."

"Never, Madame! I never wish to see it again; for I might be disappointed. I always want to remember it as it appeared to me last in the days of my youth: the most beautiful spot under the eyes of Providence."

Similar testimony was that of John Custis, father-in-law by her first marriage of Mrs. George Washington. The Custis family had descended, in America, from John Custis, a Hollander in name and origin, who received the appointment of Collector of Customs on the Eastern Shore of Virginia in 1687, and whose great estate of Arlington there, and relative fortune in money, attested either the richness of the Eastern Shore at that time, or the antiquity of the Collector of the Customs as we know him, a *Royal* officer to this day. The estate of Arlington, near



THE WHITE CLAY.

Washington City, perpetuates the name of the elder manor of the Custis family near Cape Charles, and it is authentic history that the son of the Collector married the daughter of Daniel Parke, who carried the dispatches of Marlborough to Queen Anne, announcing the victory of Blenheim.

This second Custis, living unhappily with his wife, left this tribute to the Eastern Shore on his tombstone:—

"Under this marble tomb lies the body of the Hon. John Custis, Esq., of the city of Williamsburg and parish of Burton, formerly of Hungars parish on the Eastern Shore of Virginia and County of Northampton, aged seventy-one years, and yet lived but seven years, which was the space of time he kept a bachelor's home at Arlington, on the Eastern Shore of Virginia."

These attestations, however, revive the widely known anecdote invented by Hon. Tom Corwin, who used to tell it on the "stump." A very old man, with long jaws.

and high cheek-bones, came once upon a time to the witness-box of an Ohio court.

"What is your age?" asked Corwin.

"Twenty-two."

"You probably mistake the question. The years of your life,—I wish to know the number of them."

"Twenty-two!"

"Have you spent all your life in Ohio?"

"Oh! no. I did live forty year, on the Eastern Sho' of Maryland, but I hope the Lord ain't counted *them* agin me!"

The queer phrases and pronunciation of this region are of habit, and no longer of ignorance.

"I do no but" is a mild form of affirmation. "A danged sight good deal" is an ambiguous estimate of quantity. "Won't 'mung ye come to see me!" is a somewhat querulous renewal of an invitation. "What for a sort of a man" is hardly indigenous, but sounds suspiciously like an imitation of "Fildelfy" or "Baltmer" business talk. Who can define an "ill-commeoned day" except upon the theory of natural volubility unrelieved by a dictionary? "An else" is a transposition of unless. "Right smart" is of universal currency: it applies to a man of sagacity, to quantity, and to distance; occasionally the word "pearst" takes the place of smart, to signify animation. "Cleverness" in Delaware means hospitality and good-fellowship solely, never skill, and it is the next diploma below the impassable grade of "a gentleman."

Cousinship is a feature of good family life on the Peninsula, the remark being common of "So and So is my fourth cousin." Extraordinary cases of human longevity occur here, notwithstanding the prevalence at times



WELSH TRACT CHURCH, IRON HILL.

of low fevers; but the Eastern Shore is healthier than the opposite and higher coast. Crime is rare; society was tranquil during the war; Northern immigration is welcomed, and observes no prejudice.

It is to be remarked that from peninsulated regions of the Chesapeake, closely resembling the Eastern Shore, many of our strongest public men have come; as, for example, Washington, the Lee family, Pinckney and Wirt, Taney and Reverdy Johnson; in short, the whole line of Virginia statesmen. William and Mary and St. John's Colleges, are pitched in the lowlands of the Chesapeake, *alma mater* of a body of provincial scholars whose influence upon mankind may not suffer in comparison with the progeny of more renowned universities. The epic story of Jamestown relates to a land in sight of the Eastern Shore, and to the eye a reproduction of it. In the three wars which comprise our military life this region received more commemoration than any other part of the country. To Accommodated Berkeley and Dunmore from popular revolution; the cannon of the allied armies besieging Cornwallis resounded over both the low shores of this tranquil sound; lifting anchor from the oyster groves of Lynnhaven Bay, the British squadron followed to the scene of her speedy disgrace the unfortunate frigate *Chesapeake*—an event which led to the bloody duel where two gallant Commodores, born on opposite sides of



THE OLD BRICK CHURCH, AT CHURCH HILL.

this riven-peninsula, ended their long rivalry in murder; from these placid coves our privateersmen of Napoleonic times launched their racers and put to sea; the protracted campaigns of the North against Secession, intrenched in Virginia, were fought and marched up just such old necks and tide-washed capes; from the serene fringes of a similar and neighboring spit the iron monster *Merrimac* bore down like a crocodile upon the hulls of basking frigates and crunched them with slow and cruel deliberation, and the Commander in that tragedy is now a tenant of the banks of the Wye; from these soft capes departed the mighty fleets of the Union to reduce the sea-ports of the South, and light again their extinguished beacons. And now, like a mirror which keeps no impression of the passions and sorrows it reflected, the beautiful bay lies glistening in the light as peacefully as when old Captain Smith explored it.

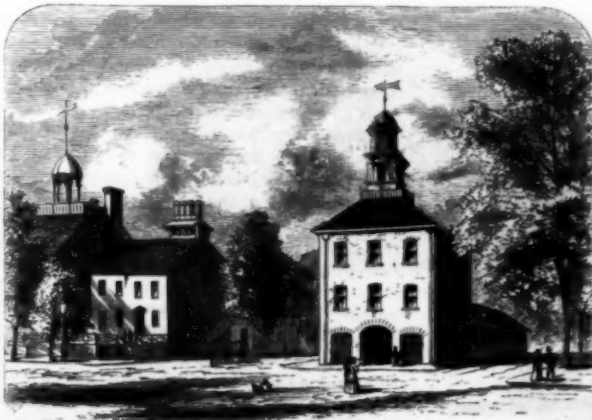
A literature of the Peninsula did not exist except in the journals of Fox, Whitefield, and the itinerant preachers of the Colonial period, and in passing references in general Maryland history, until the life and letters of George Read, published in 1871, illuminated the northern half of Delaware. Dr. Bird, playwright, and F. O. C. Darley, the artist, were Delawareans. Washington's diary gives a clear account of the former alternate road between Wilmington and Virginia, passing down the Eastern Shore by Christina bridge, Head of Sassafras, Chestertown, and Rock Hall, and thence ferrying over to Annapolis; he nearly lost his life crossing the bay by this route in 1790. The biog-



WYE MILLS PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

raphy of the Peninsula probably contains no stronger name than Samuel Chase, subject and hero of impeachment under Jefferson; Henry A. Wise and Secretary Upshur came from the Virginia portion. Stephen Decatur, the naval family of Goldsborough, Frederick Douglas, the colored orator, Benjamin Bannaker, colored mathematician, Postmaster-General Creswell, Justice Davis, and the original Bayard of that family of Senators came from the Maryland part. Delaware, being a whole State, has had a good share of national honors, and Dupont, MacDonough, and many other good names ornament its pages. The name of Thomas Holliday Hicks, of Cambridge, a genuine Eastern Shoreman, will be forever memorable for the timely decisiveness with which he used the

executive authority of the State in favor of the nation in 1861. The only public statue on the Peninsula marks his grave. John P. Kennedy is the foremost literary character of Maryland, unless we consider Edgar A. Poe and Jared Sparks, Marylanders; Kennedy wrote some beautiful legends of the Chesapeake. Several of the itinerant Methodist preachers have made desultory books upon their peninsular experiences, and the richness of clerical biography should lie in the lives of Hersey, Wiltshire, Captain Thomas, and some of these old cir-



COURT-HOUSE SQUARE, NEW CASTLE.



HOME OF GOVERNOR HICKS.

cuit-riders. The Episcopal parishes of Maryland are the subject of a volume. A queer genius, George Lynn-Lachlin Davis, has made a contribution to Maryland genealogy, and Edward D. Neill, in *Terra Maria*, has drawn together in dignified form much that bears reference to the Eastern Shore. Maryland, in my judgment, is a State of fine literary temperaments. Baltimore could be the Boston of the South, if the local prejudices gave way to encourage a

broader intellectual life, but we must wait for the uncompensating animosities of the war to expire. There was a poet, so-called, in Delaware, writing under the name of "The Milford Bard;" he had voluminousness and ardor—little more. For annals of a proximate reference to the subjects of this sketch, none, in our neighborhood collections, excel the History of Delaware County, Pennsylvania. For devotion and labors not always appreciated near home, no man in letters is worthier of respect than Bayard Taylor, whose pictures of Southeastern Pennsylvania life are also true of Northern Delaware. The Eastern Shore is a land to love by one reared in it; loving it, I need not, for its sake, exalt the expectations of strangers unduly about it; they can never take up the clod which gave us sap, and see the juices there we see. It is a land of serenity and dignity, but its confines are too narrow for youthful enterprises: it must ever be a nook. It has no imperial possibilities.

THE SKIPPER-HERMIT.

For thirty year, comē herrin'-time,
Through many kind o' weather,
The Wren an' me have come an' gone,
An' held our own together.
Do' know as she is good as new,
Do' know as I am, nuther;
But she is truer'n kit' an' kin,
Or any but a mother.

But arter all is said an' done,
There's somethin' sort o' human
About a boat that takes at last
The place o' chuld an' woman;
An' yet when I have seen some things—
Their mothers let me toss 'em—
My boat, she seemed a barnacle
Longside a bran-new blossom.



They're at me now to stay ashore;
But while we've hand an' tiller,
She'll stick to me an' I to her:
To leave the Wren would kill her.
My feet have worn the deck; ye see
How watches leave their traces,
An' write on oak an' pine as plain
As winters on our faces!

Sometimes to me the breeze off-shore
Comes out upon the water,
As if it left the grave of her—
No wife to me nor daughter.
Lor! if I knowed where green or no
The turf is sweet above her,
I'd buy a bit o' ground there,—wide
As a gull's wings would cover.

We know the tricks of wind an' tide
That mean an' make disaster,
An' balk 'em, too—the Wren an' me—
Off on the Ol' Man's Pastur'.
Day out an' in the blackfish there
Go wabblin' out an' under,
An' nights we watch the coasters creep
From light to light in yonder.

The weather-cocks—no two agree—
Like men, they arg' an' differ,
While in the cuddy-way I set
An' take my pipe, an' whiff her.

My pipe—eh ! p'ison ? mighty s-l-o-w
It makes my dreamin' clearer,
Though what I fill it with now-days
Is growin' dearer 'n' dearer.



An' then ag'in we lay an' lay
Off Wonson's Cove or Oakses—
None go by our compass-light,
Nor we by other folkses.
Ashore the ball-room winders shine
Till weary feet air warnin',
But here an' there's a sick-room light
That winks away till mornin'.

An' Sundays we go nigher in,
To hear the bells a-ringin' ;—
I ain't no hand for sermons, you,
But singin's allers singin' ;

I takes my comfort when it comes,
Then no lee-lurch can spill it,
An' if my net is empty, Lor' !
Why, how can growlin' fill it ?

An' so we jog the hours away,
The gulls they coo an' tattle,
Till on the hill the sundown red
Starts up the drowsin' cattle.
The seiners row their jiggers by ;
I pull the slide half over,
An' shet the shore out an' the smell
Of seaweed sweeter 'n' clover.

THE CRUISE OF THE BALBOA.

A STORY OF THE PACIFIC SEAS.

It was a memorable day. For me, at least, it was memorable, though there was nothing in my thought, nor in the sky, nor in the familiar scenery of Callao Bay to suggest anything of the dreadful incidents of the voyage then begun. It was on the 1st of June, 1867. We, that is to say, my brother Rob and myself, owned a coffee plantation at Baranchy, two days' sail up the coast, and had chartered the good bark *Balboa* to take thither a lot of Coolies and our annual stock of provisions. Our plantation was seven miles from the embarcadero, and adjoining it was that of Santa Rita, owned by a Peruvian firm, for whom we had a quantity of stores on board. So, for the two ranchos we had about two thousand mats of rice and fifty barrels of salt pork. Those Chinese rascals do eat rice enormously; and though rice is cheap in Peruvian ports, our hands made way with a great deal of it. And Coolie labor is not so very economical, after all, if you consider the cost of feeding, clothing, and dosing them, for the Chinese have an aggravating way of taking sick, and even dying, right in the height of the crop season, when every man is wanted.

But all this is superfluous; and I must say that when I saw the poor yellow wretches, sixty-nine of them in all, come tumbling over the ship's side, just before sailing, I felt sorry for them. They had just come over from Macao, China, on the Portuguese ship *Providenza*, and had been, I make no doubt, dreadfully abused on the voyage. I do not say a word against the system of Coolie labor; how could I, when Rob and I had availed ourselves of it for years? But it does seem a good deal like slavery; and Rob had to stay at home and look after those on the plantation, while I brought up a fresh supply.

On the *Providenza*, where the old-fashioned notion of African slavery prevailed, they had been a little too hard on the poor creatures. They had been kept closely confined below the hatches, only a few being ordered up at a time to exercise in squads; and this imprisonment of four hundred and twenty-five men, cooking their own food, sleeping like cattle in their stalls, and with only a small ration of water, had created such a state of things that the den was a floating hell, sure enough. The stench which came up through the gratings was, as the second mate said, "so thick you might almost cut it with a

knife." No wonder they died like sheep. However, the *Providenza* came in with three hundred and fifty-one left, which was a pretty good cargo, after all, at four hundred and fifty dollars a head, though the lot was landed in rather bad order.

But my fellows had been picked out early, and so we got a choice parcel. They were strong, muscular men from the interior provinces, mostly from one locality, a fact which I did not like, as they all jabbered the same jargon, which is always to be avoided on a plantation where you have many Coolies, and must guard against combinations. They get to understand each other after a while, to be sure; but by that time they are wonted to their owners—masters, I mean—and are not so likely to make trouble. These men had had a hard time of it, what with sea-sickness, home-sickness, and one thing and another. And now, to be transferred from the Coolie ship to ours, with the idea of going off on another long voyage, pretty much discouraged them. They didn't know, of course, that their voyage was only to be of two days, but the ignorant creatures fancied, I suppose, that they were going on another three months' trip—for the *Providenza* was a dull sailer, and had been almost one hundred days getting across from Macao to Callao.

As we went out of the harbor with the ebb tide, I noticed several of the yellow rascals looking wistfully over to the westward across the Pacific; they knew that China lay where the sun was setting, and, after all that is said and done, a Chinese Coolie, probably, has some dim notions about home and wife and children, and especially a father and mother—for they set great store by their old parents. A few licks with a rope's end, however, set them all right, and they went about preparing their supper from the rations dealt out to them by my servant Su Hu Yok, one of the most faithful Coolies a man ever had. He had been with me six years; and though he was more like a valet to me, he turned his hand deftly to anything required of him. He took good care that the Coolies got no more than belonged to them in the matter of rations.

The wind was light, and came round to the northeast as we cleared Fronton Island, going out by the Boqueron Passage, and we had to stand out pretty well to the westward

I was up and down several times in the night, for Captain Balta stood his watch, and I liked to smoke a cigar and "gam" a bit with him, as the whalemén say. The night was lovely, and the moon at the full; the sails were drawing gently, and the deck, half in moonlight, half in shadow, was dotted with groups of sleeping Coolies in their picturesque panjamas and wide trousers. Looking over these poor outcasts, Orientals and wanderers as they were, far from their native land, I could not help feeling a bit of womanish pity for them. But then *we* had not kidnapped them; they had been captured in warfare or sold for debt; besides, they would get back home again if they lived long enough. So I forgot their sorrows in my own dreams.

When I came on deck next morning we were still beating up against the wind. The weather was thick, so thick that I could just make out the sharp low hills of Hornigás, while the higher peaks of the mountains in the distance were quite obscured. I was vexed at the prospect of delay on the voyage, for Rob had particularly urged me to hurry back with the bark, as our charter was an expensive one, with heavy penalties for overdays. I nervously fancied what would be our difficulties if blown off the coast with this small crew—only eight men besides the captain, first and second mates. But that was the foolish apprehension of a landsman; the wind, though dead ahead, was light. The main royal was set, so were the courses; but the foresail and mainsail were clewed up. I tell this that you may understand what followed.

I was eating my breakfast alone in the cabin when I heard a sudden rush on deck; there was a patter as of many bare feet driven hither and yon, a shot or two, a few crashing blows as of skulls mashed in, here and there a hearty Spanish curse, and above all the wild jabber of many Chinese, all talking at once. I ran to the companion-way, but was stopped by Su Hu Yok, who came rushing down, his yellow-bronze face livid with terror. He held in his hand, very comically, a dish of eggs and chili which he had been cooking for me at the galley.

"O, Misser Waller!" he cried, "Chinaman takee ship; killee everybody; killee me all same white man; I lun quick; I sabe Chinaman talk; they say they saillee back China."

The Coolies had risen and taken the vessel with the desperate plan of going back to China. While Su Hu Yok was telling his story he had clapped to the companion-

doors, fastened them on the inside, and we were temporarily safe. Peeping through a crack, I could see the struggle still going on. The crazy devils had evidently laid their plans carefully, for each white man had a ring of assailants around him as if detailed for his destruction specially. Hither and thither the battle raged, the Coolies attacking with belaying-pins, hand-spikes, and capstan bars, and the sailors striking back with their sheath-knives. The captain had evidently fallen early in the fight, and had been cut off from retreat to the cabin, where he might have found weapons. And one by one the rest of the crew succumbed to the force of numbers, for the Chinamen actually swarmed over each man, dragging him down as a pack of dogs might drag a lion. Exasperated at seeing the brave fellows overcome by such fearful odds, I seized a revolver and made an attempt to shoot at some of the cowardly wretches through a crack of the cabin doors; but Su Hu Yok begged like a good fellow:

"No, no, Misser Waller, you shootee once, they killee you; they killee me; you no shootee—all light."

"But," said I, "I can kill them all off, one at a time, if I am at it long enough."

"No, no," pleaded he; "Chinaman killee you sure. He burn ship, burn you, burn me all up; he bad Chinaman; he burn himself; he no go back Callao; he go back China. I savee you if you let bee; you shootee Chinaman—how can?"

Poor Su Hu Yok's logic was unanswerable, and I left the issue with him. And when comparative stillness was restored to the deck, I looked out to see that the captain, second-mate, cook, and two sailors lay dead. Seven of the men, in all, were left alive, and scattered on the deck were twice as many dead Chinamen—tokens of the fierceness of the fight. Some of the Chinese survivors were badly maimed and bruised, and several subsequently died of their wounds. Our seven poor fellows left alive were trussed up with ropes, bound hand and foot, just as I have seen Chinamen bind a live hog to carry it off, hung to a bamboo. One of them, the first mate, relieved his indignation by cursing the Coolies in old-fashioned Yankee dialect, as "goll-darned pagans." Poor Grindle was from Maine, and never could abide Chinese.

I wondered, as I peered through my loophole, what was to be the fate of these fettered captives. Presently the Coolies, after chattering among themselves a while, dragged forth from the forward part of the bark the heavy chain-cable which had been coiled in

the chain-boxes; and, while I still wondered, they stretched it along the deck and made the captives fast to it, one by one. Then it flashed on me at once—they were going to drown their prisoners! By slow degrees, and with much infernal clatter, they got the poor wretches piled up on the ship's rail, just aft of the fore rigging, with the links of chain laid over them, or triced by lanyards to the rigging. The groans, cries, and curses of the poor victims were awful to hear; and I crouched down on the steps of the companion-ladder, that I might not see the dreadful end. There was a sound of parting cries, a rattle of chain-cable, a mighty splash over the side, a yell from the savages, and all was over! I threw myself on a locker in the cabin and tried in vain to shut out the sounds which still rang in my ears. Out of the wild, sudden horror of these swiftly-passing events came the thought, What would become of me? How should I long escape? And what would be the end of it all? It was useless for me to speculate on the future; but even the tragedy which I had just seen was not sufficient to keep from my mind the thought that I and my faithful Su Hu Yok were at the mercy of these savages, floating almost out of sight of land, in a vessel which not one of all on board knew how to navigate or control. How dreadful our situation!

From these distracting thoughts I was roused by a loud pounding at the companion-way. Su Hu Yok, who had been cowering silently in a corner, darted up the steps and held a parley with the enemy. As their conversation was in Chinese, I knew nothing of what they said; nor is there anything about the tone of the vile language which gives one unacquainted with it the least idea of its drift. So I was astonished when Su Hu Yok turned and said that they had agreed to spare my life if I would give up as a ransom the six thousand Mexican dollars I had stored in the run of the vessel.

How did these rascals know I had the money? Could Su Hu Yok have been unfaithful? I began to suspect and hate the whole race; but, recollecting that the coin had come on board after the Coolies had, I was forced to acquit my poor servant of any complicity in the scheme to rob me. After all, a few thousand dollars, more or less, were not of so much account as a promise of life, even from these pagans. So the specie was handed out very cautiously by Su Hu Yok, who first exacted a stipulation that no man should come near the companion-way before

he had deposited the coin on the deck and had secured the doors.

I had the melancholy satisfaction of seeing my dollars divided amicably among the Coolies. Soon after, they scrambled up the rigging, and by dint of great pulling, squalling, ludicrous twisting of ropes and yards, got the sails squared round in a confused sort of way. The helm, which I could not see, had been taken in charge by a party of chattering lubbers; and looking out of the cabin windows, I saw the fading land dead astern. We were bound for China.

The first night in my floating prison was, after all, not so terrible as some that followed it. The wind held light, and though the vessel pitched about a good deal in the long swell of the sea, we had a quiet time of it. I knew that the Coolies could not get into the cabin without making noise enough to awaken me; so, fatigued with the various emotions which had exercised me all day, I fell asleep, and woke only occasionally through the night when the singular knocking about of the bark, badly steered as she was, reminded me of our lonely condition. I thought, in the gloom of the little cabin, of the unhappy fate of Captain Balta and his crew—murdered before my eyes, or cruelly sunk in the hungry waters of the Pacific. And what was before me? Where would this strange voyage end? I only hoped that some passing ship might descry us and take me off. But my heart sank when I reflected that the sea is wide—so wide that ships often pursue a solitary voyage without speaking a single vessel. As I considered the possibility that I might pass weeks—months, even—in this floating prison, guarded by treacherous semi-savage Asiatics, it seemed as if nothing but a good Providence could preserve to me my reason. Then, overcome by the boundlessness of the conjectures which floated over me, I sank again into disturbed and restless slumber.

With the morning came a struggling awakening into the real but half-forgotten terrors of the voyage. Assisted by Su Hu Yok, I made a thorough examination into the provisions accessible to us, in order that we might be prepared for the worst. We had not laid in stores for a voyage to China, but there was abundance, nevertheless. In a spare state-room, and in the after-hold, which was securely partitioned from the main-hold, we found rice, salt pork, beans, biscuit, red and white wine, a cask of sherry, and small stores. In the pantry were vinegar, salt, tea and coffee, and a few cases of preserved

meats. But there was *no water*, though a plenty of liquid, so that we need not die of thirst; and I believed that, in case of emergency, I could distill fresh water from the sea-water, as we had a brasier and some copper utensils. So we were not badly off, even though we might be confined for months on the ship. As for the Coolies, they had rice and other things in plenty; even a great store of water being kept in tanks in the hold. So we were secure from attack by them for the purpose of gaining means of subsistence. I did not dare think of wreck, but unconsciously made up my mind that such a disaster would finally end our enforced voyage. For the sake of drowning the cursed Coolies I was almost reconciled to even that.

I heard but little of the wretches on deck. They kept up an incessant gabble among themselves, as is their manner when relieved of the presence of strangers, but made no attempt at opening communications with us. We heard them rummaging in the hold, and once they sounded along the bulkhead which separated the after-hold from the rest, as if to see whether that were the end of the vessel. They were satisfied, apparently, for they never disturbed it again. We took frequent observations during the day from the only points available—the cabin windows and the chinks of the companion-doors. From the windows nothing was in sight but the sea and sky. The height of the bark's rail prevented any glimpse of the water from our other look-out; and I reflected bitterly that a vessel might come in hailing distance and pass away without my even knowing of it—immured in this prison. The Coolies were disposed about the deck, cooking, messing, and enjoying themselves, apparently to their great content. The sight of fire in the galley suggested the harassing thought that they might, in their carelessness, set the ship on fire. How horrible, then, would be our fate! Burned alive at sea, or drowned by fleeing to a watery death!

If anything were needed to aggravate the loneliness of our situation it was found in the nightly music of these queer pagans. They soon got into the way of gathering about the bow of the vessel at sundown, and repeating a monotonous chant, barbaric, rude, but very plaintive. It was not at all musical, and occasionally one high-keyed voice would break in upon the others in quite an independent style; but, for the most part, the performers kept up a long low whine, which resembled nothing so much as the moaning

and southing of the wind. Looking toward China, as they thought, I suppose, they repeated this weird, joy-dispelling performance nearly every night during the voyage.

We had a long calm spell, and I began to be quite reconciled to the existing state of things, for I had almost from the first given up all hope of reaching home. I thought of my brother Rob. looking out, day after day, for the *Balboa's* sails over the headlands of the Baranchy embarcadero; of his hope deferred; of the sickening belief, slowly forming, that I should never return again; of his embarrassments in consequence of the loss of the bark and cargo; and of his grief when he should be forced to the conviction that we should never meet on earth.

The days slipped by, one just like another, without anything to mark our cruise. I had torn up a sheet and rigged it out of the cabin windows to a strip of wood, vaguely hoping that it might serve as a signal of distress; but the Coolies detected it, and, as if divining my intent, dropped a bight of rope over the stern and tore it away. So I gave up that hope. I used to lie hours at a time, stretched on the ship's locker, looking out through the narrow window on the waste of waters. It was a hopeless desert; no land in sight; no sail, and scarcely a sea-bird to break the awful monotony. It was a pitiful sight; and I pitied myself, a solitary prisoner, as I looked and longed—looked and longed for something which never came.

But I had something else to think of on the twentieth day out. The wind, which had been light and variable, but generally in the south-south-east, as near as I could judge, shifted to the south-west and blew a pretty stiff breeze. We boomed along before the gale, as the Chinamen had no idea of keeping the vessel on her course, and so were driven northeasterly. By sundown the gale had increased, and the weather blew up thick and squally. The wind came in fitful gusts, the cordage creaked, the sails flapped wildly, and the sea pounded fearfully against the sides of the ship, which rolled, tossed, and tumbled like a great animal sore beset and smarting with agony. Occasionally I could hear a sail blown out of its bolt-ropes with a sound like a clap of thunder; then the frightened Coolies would give a great yell and come and pound on the cabin door; but I knew I could not help them, and so I determined to stay in my prison and wait for the end.

About midnight the gale was at its highest, and the pother on deck was fearful. The

bark groaned in every limb; the masts shivered and shook; the ship plunged into the sea by her nose, burying the fore-castle under water, or rolled helplessly in the trough of the sea, without steerage-way, and liable to capsize at any moment. The Coolies, I will say for them, stood manfully by the helm, for I could hear them overhead, screaming and chattering, as they tried to keep the rudder somewhere near where they thought, in their ignorance, it ought to be. At one time the wheel went rattling round fearfully, its revolutions knocking the gang into the lee of the bark, howling and yelping like so many coyotes.

Just after midnight there was a terrific crash and a great scream from the Coolies. Some of the top-hamper came down by the run, and I could hear the broken spars beating against the side of the vessel as she labored in the sea. The scared Coolies had not sense enough to clear the wreck; and the fearful din of the elements, the flapping of the torn sails, and banging of the loose spars overhead were increased by the thumping of the wreck over the side. As near as I could make out, it was the main-royal and the foretop-gallant yards and spars which had gone. So I told Su Hu Yok to tell the Coolies to cut away the rigging and let the spars fall off in the sea, or they would pound in the side of the vessel. He carefully undid the hasps and extra bolts which we had put on the companion-doors by way of precaution, and for the first time in twenty days the doors were opened, and Su Hu Yok trusted himself among his savage countrymen on an errand of real mercy. In the terror of the hour, I left the doors opened, and standing by, with a strange sense of relief, I felt the free salt air blowing on me, and the spray dashing over me, unmolested by the Coolies, while Su Hu Yok, prompted by me, superintended the cutting away of the tangled rigging. This done, the bark labored less; and as we again locked ourselves in our prison, the morning dawned, the gale abated, and I felt that the worst was over.

Sleep came to relieve the fatiguing alarms of the night, and I was surprised to find the bright sunlight streaming into the cabin windows, when I was awakened by a loud knocking on the cabin-door.

Su Hu Yok held a parley with the Coolies outside, and we found that they wanted me to see what could be done for one of their number who had been badly hurt during the hubbub of the gale. The proposition was a very odd one, I thought; and I hesitated at

trusting myself with the wretches who only twenty days before had murdered every white man but myself on the vessel. But, after considerable discussion between prisoner and jailers, through Su Hu Yok as interpreter, it was agreed that I should go out and help the injured man if I could, relying on their word that I should not be molested.

After all, it was a great temptation to be free once more; and it was pleasant to stand out on the open deck and feel the sea-breeze after three weeks' confinement in the dingy cabin. But what a spectacle was the bark, to be sure! The *Balboa* was trim-built, and was well rigged when we left port. Now, her top-hamper was all gone down to the top-gallant-masts, both fore and main; the rigging hung in tangled skeins; the mizzen-mast was sprung, and the gaff-topsail, which had been set ever since we left Callao, was hanging in ribbons comically in the mizzen rigging, where it had been blown during the gale, and now flapped in the breeze. The deck was littered with *débris*, and overhead the wilderness of spars and running rigging was a mass of confused lines and yards. At any rate, now the vessel would surely be spoken; for if any craft sighted her, she would bear down to see if relief were needed by such a distressed-looking object.

Forward, under the lee of the cook's galley, was the injured Chinaman, groaning and taking on at a great rate. His leg was broken, and he was in much pain. He had been knocked over by the wheel, and was one of those whose yells I had heard during the disorder of the night before, I suppose. Not being much of a surgeon, I did not dare to do anything more than press back the fractured bones as well as I could, binding on splints of board about as I had seen practitioners manage such cases. The poor fellow took my rough treatment manfully, though it was made more difficult by the motion of the vessel, for the sea was still running quite high. The Coolies gathered around with curiosity during my surgical performances, evidently regarding the operation with some suspicion. Giving him some salts, by way of keeping up appearances, I left him to the nursing of his companions.

The man recovered, I may as well say here, and limped about the deck during the voyage; but the broken leg was much shorter than the sound one. I purposely fussed about my patient for some time, in order to prolong my brief liberty. But the Coolies did not hurry us away; and when we were once more within our retreat, Su Hu Yok

and myself talked the matter over, and came to the conclusion that this might lead to our going on deck once in a while with "Chinaman's word" that we should not be harmed. The patient had to be looked after for several days at least, and that gave me a safe chance for longer liberty.

When on deck, I took furtive glances at the sea, but nothing was in sight. The waves ran high, their white crests curling in the broken sunlight; but no sign of land nor sail anywhere met my sad eyes. It was a weary waste.

Days, weeks, months slipped by after this first really startling experience. I cannot tell what happened, for nothing seemed to mark the time. Yet we were busy. I opened and kept up a journal, in which each trivial event was recorded with great exactness. This was a source of real comfort to me, though I could not feel that any eyes but mine should read the record of this strange cruise. Besides this, I had occupation in teaching Su Hu Yok to read and write the English language, taking from him some lessons in giving Chinese names to the common objects about us. Farther than this into the mysteries of the Chinese tongue I could not get. I also organized a system of daily round of duties, assisted by my faithful companion. In addition to the usual cooking and eating three times a day, all of which were performed with much elaborate ceremony, we had inspection, in man-of-war style. Attended by Su Hu Yok, I made the brief round of the little cabin and the after-hold, prying into every hole and corner, ordering away any trifling rubbish I saw, straightening everything for the day, and issuing peremptory orders to imaginary persons who were supposed to be inside the boxes and barrels which we met in our round, and holding conversations with invisible passengers. At nightfall the same performance was repeated, with many injunctions to the supposititious passengers to be careful with their lights. Su Hu Yok enjoyed this solemn fun; but I think he never quite understood it. By keeping up these and other mock severities of discipline, I managed to get rid of much time that would have hung heavily.

The only reading matter in the cabin was an almanac, an English Prayer-Book, three copies of the *Lima Nacional* of the 25th, 27th, and 28th of May, respectively; a copy of *Don Quixote* in Spanish, a printed copy of the farce of *Box and Cox*, and Blunt's *Coast Pilot*; so I was not so badly off. You would not believe me if I told you how

many times I read *Don Quixote* from beginning to end, but it was a great many. I committed to memory whole columns of advertisements and prosy editorials from *El Nacional*, which I recited to Su Hu Yok, accompanied by animated gestures, much to the admiration of the interested Celestial, who looked on in solemn wonder. In the *Coast Pilot* I could not possibly get interested; it was worse than the newspaper, and had no living suggestion to me, since it treated of things which I cared nothing about. But the Prayer-Book was my great source of comfort. Before I left the *Balboa* I had learned every one of the beautiful offices of the Church; some of them I shall never, to my dying day, hear without tears; those were solemn times when I learned to say: "Thy way is in the sea, and thy paths in the great waters, and thy footsteps are not known." And I hope nobody will think worse of me when I say that I taught Su Hu Yok the responses, so that when we held service, as we did every Sunday, and, after a while, every morning and evening, after "inspection," he followed me with his comical pigeon-English, chipping it at the right places in a parrot-like manner quite wonderful to hear. But it was real to me, and, as I say, it was a great comfort.

It may be a surprising thing to confess, but I really became quite reconciled to my imprisonment. After a few months, it almost seemed as if I had never lived anywhere else, all the past was so blotted out. My only cause of uneasiness, I may say, was the constant fear of wreck. On calm or only breezy days it was pleasant and cheerful, barring the thought of what must come eventually. This hung like a shadow over the brightest sky. Everywhere seemed to be written "wreck," "wreck." I only wanted to have it over with—not that I so much feared the end; I had made up my mind to that.

Still, I enjoyed the solemn farces which I had invented to kill time; the semi-savages on deck were a source of perpetual amusement to me as I watched them through our out-look, playing like young wild animals when unobserved. They were odd masqueraders, too, dressed in a mixed garb of Spanish sailor and Chinaman, as they had rifled the seamen's chests and appropriated the effects of their slaughtered victims. The visits which I made to the disabled Chinaman, in my capacity as surgeon, familiarized me to the presence of the Coolie mutineers somewhat, and I occasionally made a brief excursion on deck on my own account, al-

ways accompanied, however, by Su Hu Yok, who kept sharp watch on the movements of the men. I became accustomed to moving about among them, but never could quite get over the feeling of suspicion which I felt for the treacherous creatures. But, after all, perhaps they had been driven to desperation by the deceptions practiced on them.

They evidently considered me friendly; for in addition to relieving their wounded comrade, I had shown them how to free the ship from water by using the pumps; how to catch the rain-fall, for their supply might run low; and had given them matches from the cabin stores when theirs gave out. They, in return, let us have a plenty of water, which was a great boon, for rice boiled in claret and sea-water had become wearisome, and we were now able to have tea and coffee. Altogether, we had quite a community of interest. My advice was worth something to them; and I felt that as long as they were in command of the bark, it was better that they should be contented than miserable, starving and desperate. I felt very much as if in a cage of docile wild beasts whose fierceness might break out at any time. So I slept "with one eye open," and never relaxed vigilance at the entrance of our little castle, the cabin, which was, alas! a prison as well.

On one point the Coolies were inexorable; they never permitted me to approach the helm. They had some vague notion that this was the governing and motive power of the ship, and that I could not be trusted near it. They were going to China, they always told Su Hu Yok, and so they kept two or three men at the wheel, whirling it about in an aimless, absurd way, thinking that they were helping things along. But the bark was going all sorts of ways. Sometimes we were before the wind, sometimes not; but usually the Chinamen kept the tattered remnants of sails full by some means, though the bow of the bark generally pointed to the West—to China. But the progress made in that direction was very small. We were simply drifting; when we had steerage-way, we were often going westward; but it was plain that we were drifting sideways to the north. We were in the great current that sweeps around the Pacific, striking the frigid coasts of Alaska, and thence deflecting to Eastern Asia. But, plunging and reeling helplessly about as we were in the wild waste of sea, there was nothing to guide the imagination to shape our wandering course. That we were drifting northward was evident from a glance at

the heavens. The North Star rose higher and higher each week, and the constellations more lately familiar to me sank below the horizon. The weather grew cooler, too; and one day, with a great thumping of the heart, I saw from the cabin windows a long low range of peaks, blue, like clouds, lying just astern. This showed that we were drifting sideways. I rushed on deck to examine the horizon, but no other land was in sight. The Chinamen had seen it, too; and believing that it could not be China, they suspiciously ordered me below. Stretched on the locker, I watched with tearful eyes the beloved land grow dimmer and dimmer, and finally fade quite away. It was sadder, after so many months at sea, to lose sight forever of this glimpse of solid land, than to have lost that of the hills of Hormigas when the voyage began. My heart sank, and for hours I gazed silently at the wearying sky, which seemed to bend nearer, and the hungry sea, which seemed to yawn closer. This was on the 28th September, three months and twenty-eight days out.

The very next day, while on deck sorrowfully scanning the horizon, I beheld, to my inexpressible delight, a sail! It was on the weather bow, hull down, and apparently standing in the direction of the land seen the day before. I concealed my joy as well as I could, and fastened my gaze upon the precious sight, hoping, longing, and praying that it might draw nearer. It did loom above the horizon slowly, and after three hours' watching I made her out to be a full-rigged ship standing about N.N.E. As I had long since lost all reckoning, and had not the vaguest idea of where we were, I could form no conjecture as to the character and destination of the vessel; only I hoped she might see us, and several times it really seemed that she had altered her course and would discover us. I knew we would not be seen from her decks; but as she kept on her way, cruelly regardless of the dismantled *Balboa*, I seized a Peruvian flag from my state-room, and, rushing on deck, jumped into the rigging and waved it with frantic despair. In an instant the Coolies rushed towards me in a body and savagely tore me from the rigging, knocking me on the deck; one wiry little wretch dealt me a severe blow on the head with a belaying pin as I lay, and then danced about, looking for a weapon to finish me. The whole mob were eager to kill me then and there, apparently, and I did not much care if they did. Despair had taken hold of me; but my time had not yet

come. Su Hu Yok, with great ado, threw himself on my body and angrily jabbered at the Coolies, and, probably reminded of their promise, they slunk off and left me to be helped below by my faithful servant, who barred the door and volubly scolded in his native tongue—whether at his countrymen or myself I could not guess; I was too sore and disappointed to think. It was clear that I was not so contented with my dismal lot as I had fancied.

About three weeks after this we drifted into a fog, which enveloped us for days and weeks at a time. By night or day it was like a damp pall about us. By night it seemed as if I could hear the breakers on a lee-shore on which we were certainly drifting. My ear, which had become so finely trained that I could detect a change in the wind by the sound of the waves, was alert to catch the roar of the breakers; but it never came. By day, I fancied I saw strange shapes looming up in the impenetrable fog which shut us in. Sometimes I thought I could make out the bellying sails of a full-rigged ship coming head on; then I looked to see the keen line of her forefoot breaking the dim edge of our narrow horizon where fog and water met. I seemed to hear the splash and thud of a steamer's wheels in the gray shadows on the weather-bow; the sound seemed to come nearer, and my heart stood still with hope and apprehension. The vessel which I had prayed to relieve us might now be our destruction. I almost shouted in my agony; but nothing came out of the ghostly wall that shut us in. Only the ceaseless murmur of the sea, the creaking of our crazy craft, and the low swash of the small waves against the side—that was all.

On the 15th of December we had a terrible blow. There had been several gales of more or less force; but since that of the 20th June, we had had none which compared with this. I certainly thought our hour was come. It was impossible to keep on deck, and for two days I did not so much as unbar the cabin-doors. It was just as well to meet death below as above. The yards went banging about at a fearful rate, and the poor shreds of sails were slit in the wind like ribbons. The bark groaned, turned, twisted, in her fierce contest with the waves, and occasionally a sea swept the decks. The cabin was full of water, and the air below was excessively oppressive, as we were shut up closely. It was a dreadful time, but God spared us in His mercy; and

when, on the 17th, the sea went down, and I went on deck, it was to see the poor craft almost an utter wreck. The foremast was snapped off at the top; the maintop-gallant was gone, and only the mizzen stood intact, though badly strained by the previous gale. It was wonderful that the vessel had not foundered or sprung a fatal leak, but the pumps showed that she was comparatively free. The Chinamen began to think this an unlucky voyage; six of the poor fellows had been swept off during the gale.

We had been driven considerably south, as the stars showed when the sky became clear, after a few days. And we continued to make southing for several weeks after this. I think we must have drifted down to the track of the China and California steamers; we had certainly been far north of that track during the gale. At any rate, one dark thick night, unable to sleep, I had ventured up on deck, followed by my faithful Su Hu Yok, who never trusted me out of his reach, when I heard the unmistakable rush of a steamer coming out of the darkness and mist. My heart gave a great leap; I was not deceived, for in another moment an immense side-wheel steamer—monstrous and black, with white paddle-boxes, with lights gleaming—rushed out of the solitude of the sea, passing directly under our stern, then instantly melted away into the misty veil beyond. I shouted my feeble cry in vain; I clutched with eager hands the empty air; with her twinkling life on board, her human lights winking redly at me as she passed, careless of so much despair left speechless in her fading track, she had gone. She had gone with her happy homeward-bound men, women, and children, leaving me in unutterable loneliness. And then she had passed so near—so near, O God! and yet so far! An ocean rolled between us.

After this calamity, I resolved to keep a light burning every night as a signal. Our store of binnacle-oil had long since been exhausted, though used with great economy. Fortunately, however, there was a considerable supply of lard on hand, and this, with a case of olive-oil, was sufficient for all practical purposes. I rigged a globe lantern in the cabin window; and ever after that, from dusk till daylight the feeble ray of my poor little light streamed out over the desolate sea. Each night, as I set it in the open window, swinging clear, I prayed that before the morning came some one might see the pathetic call for help; and each morning I took it in again with a little pang of disap-

pointment. I do not know that it was ever seen.

As the months wore away and spring came on, a new danger threatened us. Our course since December had been that of a great loop, so far as I could determine from observing the stars and consulting the charts. We had drifted north toward the Alaska coast, and then south and southwestward back again. On the first day of January, 1868, we made our most extreme southing, I think, as on New Year's eve I was certain the North Star was lower than on the succeeding night; and from that time forth it began to rise in the sky. It was a matter of real wonder to me that I should have learned to become so close an observer of the signs of the sky and water; but it seemed as though I could read them like printed pages. Seven months at sea, with no companions more congenial than the waves, and clouds, and sea-birds, I became on familiar terms with nature around me. So when we drifted into fields of floating icebergs, I was at first almost pleased with my new acquaintances. They were very beautiful in the dazzling light, and they kept with us day by day as we drifted northwestward. But one morning, to my great dismay, we were so thickly surrounded with these dangerous companions, there seemed no escape from their crushing embrace. The sun, which was now climbing higher, burnished their pinnacles of crystal; their arches and deep recesses were sometimes of malachite, then lapis-lazuli, then of a vivid ultramarine hue. Some toppled quite over in the sea, turning a complete summerset, and from some, with a great crash, the tall shafts and spires would fall, shivering like glass, and churning the sea into foam as they fell. Some drew nearer and nearer our poor helpless hulk, threatening to crush her frail sides as an egg-shell; then, by some unaccountable freak, they would drift off and leave us free again. One day we had a narrow escape; one of the largest bergs came floating majestically down toward us on the port bow. Nearer and nearer the vast crystal bulk, brilliant as a palace of glass, moved toward us, a breeze then giving us considerable motion. We seemed drawn toward it as if by power of attraction, just as a floating bit of cork drifts toward a larger object. Already the cathedral-like spires towered far above us, and certain destruction seemed before us. The Chinamen jabbered frantically among themselves, and jammed the helm hard to the

starboard; the bark fell off with the wind, her keel grazing the substructure of the berg, which extended far out under water from the walls; and so we escaped wonderfully.

The Chinamen had, by hard experience, learned something of seamanship. They managed the helm with considerable skill, keeping the tattered sails full when it was possible, and always, with a vague notion of general direction, steering westward—for China. But on cloudy days they had no idea of the points of the compass, the sun and stars being their only guide. So, on such days we simply drifted. I attempted to teach them the cardinal points of the compass; but they distrusted my advice, and gave no heed whatever to any instructions. They were going to China, they said, and knew the way. Had not they once been across the ocean?

They also, with wonderful patience and ingenuity, rigged up some apology for sail, when it was not blowing heavily. They got out some of the spare sails and rigging, and patched up a few forlorn-looking sheets to catch the breeze. When the wind blew too stiffly they cut the lines which fastened the affair up, and everything came down on the run. So we drifted.

While we were among the icebergs the nights were very trying to me; it was likely that we might be ground to pieces by them at any moment; and when, just before turning in for the night, I looked out on the dim waste of waters and saw these ghastly shapes looming up like ghosts in the dark, they seemed to remind me of sepulchers, graveyards, funereal monuments, and other gloomy things. But, by a merciful Providence, we escaped them all, and on the 27th of April parted their company. At sundown that day the last one disappeared down the horizon, and, for the first time in seven weeks, the sea was free and clear; our little bark was the only object in the great circumference within which we lay.

After this we occasionally saw many whales, great lazy fellows, which came up alongside and tumbled sportively about; or they would lay off at a distance, spouting like vapory fountains. It was fretting to think that these creatures had their complete liberty; they could go where I could not. They were not prisoners; and it was pitiful that I had come to such a pass that I should envy these dumb brutes; but they had some human interest; they were alive, and had their loves and hates, I thought, like human beings; so they gave me something to think about.

The weather, which had been very cold, grew warmer, though we were going north. We had been obliged to keep a fire nearly all of the time in our brasier, the cabin was so very cold and damp. To do this we had gradually used up all of the partitions of the state-rooms—which were six in all—to say nothing of the loose stuff which had first supplied our fuel. May 1st, we were using the mahogany doors, which made good firing, helped out with such light work as was left about our quarters. One of the partitions had upon it my calendar, which registered in red chalk the name and date of each day, Sunday being marked with a black line; in this way I kept up an almanac, beginning with the New Year. I sacrificed it with real regret, but first copied it all into the fly-leaves of my journal. I lost my watch in the scuffle of the 29th September previous; but a good chronometer, belonging to the bark, was ample substitute as a time-keeper. I had changed the time from that of Greenwich to local time, as near as I could guess by the sun, and so regulated it every few weeks when the weather was clear.

All these little details gave me something to think of, and kept me from losing my wits altogether; at least it seems so now to me. Besides these, I had the teaching of Su Hu Yok; and, among other things, I taught him to recite in English. In this way we learned the parts of *Box and Cox* together; he got through it quite creditably, though his pronunciation was very funny. Indeed, I question if the farce was ever so farcically played elsewhere as we performed it, Su Hu Yok taking the part of the belated printer, and your humble servant playing the smug hatter and "Mrs. Bouncer" interchangeably. Our company, you see, was very limited.

But, after all, this was rather ghastly fun, though we both laughed immoderately at our own performances, Su Hu Yok's amusement being a reflection of my own, for he never appreciated the joke of the thing; but anything that amused me tickled him mightily.

On the 10th day of May, 1868, we once more came in sight of land. On the starboard bow was a high, round-topped island or headland, blue and beautiful against a cold gray sky. I should have been transported at the sight, but, for some cause, I was not. Perhaps, I thought to myself, I am losing my reason as well as all relish for the society of my kind. I keenly reproached myself for the apathy with which I gazed on the lovely sight. Yet it was only a bare-looking island, rocky, and partly covered with stunted trees.

I could not tell if it was inhabited or not, and as we gradually raised it above the horizon, so that I could see the white breakers which skirted its southerly point, we fell off to the westward, and it grew dim and dimmer until it faded quite away. A gray mist soon shut in, and its cold blank wall seemed a prison around me, closing me forever from the world.

Next day, about ten o'clock in the morning, I was on deck, watching the water, which gave token of being on soundings, when the fog lifted a little, and, to my unutterable astonishment, I saw land—not a mile off! It was a low woody shore, above which rose masses of reddish rock, and farther inland I could see pale green hills, laced with melting snows. The sight was transporting. If I had been a swimmer I might have plunged in and swum for it, and never did my neglect to learn to swim seem so fatal as then. There were no signs of human life, not even a bit of sawed or hewn timber on the solitary shore; yet, as we drifted lazily by, I could hear the low wash of waves on the stony beach; I could feast my eyes on the solid earth and the blessed green of the trees. A flock of wild ducks, scared at our appearance, rose and flew over the island—over the island I could not reach. It smiled at me sadly and compassionately as I drifted away, out into the vague unknown sea—out into the shadows of an endless night.

This passage convinced me that we had drifted through a group or chain of islands. Possibly they were the Aleutian Islands, and we were bearing away into the Arctic regions. Visions of starvation and freezing in that mysterious circle of ice began to dawn upon me. After this year of drifting from the warm equatorial belt of the South Pacific, was it possible that we should find an icy tomb in the frozen fields of the North Pole? Yet, as the days wore on, I saw that we made a great deal of westing, and were unerringly following the great Japanese circle, the currents of which sweep around this mighty ocean. Twice during the next twenty days I saw sails, but only for a brief space, and at so great distance as to awaken no hope, which seemed now to be again quite dead.

We floated monotonously on, and gradually, as well as I could guess, began to turn southward again. The Coolies persistently worked the ship westward, as much as they were able, never realizing, apparently, that we were far north of China, to which country they were still bound to go. So, what with the dull currents and the steering of the vessel, we made

uncertain progress. But on the 20th of June we sighted two points of land—*islands*, apparently, lying due south, and we were drifting straight toward them, if I can call that progress straight which was made sidewise. The current had become quite strong; and although the Chinamen endeavored to keep the bark to the westward, with a brisk north-west breeze and the current, she made no headway, but drifted clumsily to the south.

By noon we were well up with the islands, the current setting us directly toward one on the port bow. It seemed as if we might be wrecked on the rocky coast; I hoped and prayed that we might. Again I cursed my carelessness for not learning to swim, and was angry for not having tried to save one of the boats which the Coolies had long since used for fuel. Nearer and near we drifted to the blessed land—the solid, solid land, looking so real and substantial after our many weary months of tossing on the restless, changing sea. Stern foremost now we floated, the land cutting off much of the breeze. Swirling around a rocky point, so near that I could see the sea-weeds on the ledges rise and fall with the tide, we opened a broad cove bordered with firs and spruce-trees. Just above the beach was a hut, from which a column of blue smoke was curling, and pulling across the placid water was a boat! Merciful Heaven! was this a mad dream? In that boat were men—white men—looking almost grotesque, they were so real, with their commonplace civilized garb. I saw no more the shore, the hut, the rising smoke, the welcome verdure of the trees, only the precious weather-beaten faces of those three men.

Astonished at the apparition of the crippled bark, they gave us a hail:—

“Ship ahoy! what ship is that?”

The accents of my native tongue, so dear and yet so strange, broke me quite down. It was weak, I know, but I cried like a child. I could make no other reply save to wave my arms in the air.

The Coolies, alarmed at the turn affairs were taking, approached, and with threatening gestures motioned me below. I recovered sufficiently to shout, “Come under our stern,” and rushed down into the cabin. Su Hu Yok barricaded the door and stood guard, while I held conversation with the men who came under the cabin windows. My brief explanation was received with wonder and almost incredulity. Deliverance had come at last—at last. A few fathoms of rope, which I had kept for any possible emergency, gave us means of exit, made fast inside and leading

out of one of the cabin windows. I gathered up one or two of the more precious of my treasures, gave a parting, half-regretful look at the familiar walls of my prison, and slid down the rope to the boat, dazed at the suddenness of my escape. Su Hu Yok soon followed, and we pulled off from the vessel, amidst derisive jeers from the Chinamen, who, assembled in the stern of the bark, seemed, on the whole, glad to be rid of us. It was strange to look back on the outside of the hulk which had been so long our home and prison, and now seemed so different from the trim bark *Balboa*, which, more than a year ago, had sailed gayly through the south passage of Callao Bay.

My new friends wanted to board the bark and drive the Chinamen overboard; but I persuaded them not to undertake such a rash affair. What was our handful of men against forty or fifty desperate Coolies? I was only too thankful for my deliverance; and with no thought of vengeance on the poor creatures, I saw the battered hull, which had so long been my floating prison-home, drift slowly away, and, like a phantom-ship, fade into the gray shadows of the mist which came creeping up against the wind.

Our skiff grated along in shallow water, touched the beach, and, a free man, I leaped on the welcome land once more. What feelings of devout thankfulness thrilled my heart I cannot tell. To be a year a prisoner at sea, and to be delivered thus as by a divine stroke of mercy—it was like a fantasy. But this was the solid earth, with homely weeds, and familiar rocks and trees, though in a strange land. These things were old acquaintances; these rough men were my beloved friends and brothers. I walked as one in a dream, yet surrounded by people and scenes that were a part of an every-day life ages ago. This was new; yet it was old. I had been here before; but I did not know where I was. It was a vision; yet I was awake. We were on *Rauko*, one of the Kurile Islands, a continuation of the broken chain of islets which from the Aleutian Islands stretches across from Alaska towards the northeastern coast of Asia, connecting the two continents. We had passed through the chain northward, thence, making a considerable *détour* in the sea of Ochotsk, had doubled on our track and drifted outward through the Kuriles, on one of which my good fortune had stayed my progress. My rescuers were whalers left here temporarily by the bark *Maria*, of New London, Conn., the vessel being on a short cruise just

north of the islands. A dwarfish, debased race, resembling the Aleuts, inhabit these islands, and on the south side of Raukoke was a Russian trading-post. But we were left to ourselves in "Balboa Bay," which was then and there thus christened by its new settlers.

Mine was a lovely life on Raukoke. All day long I could lie in the sunny nooks of the rocks, absorbing the restful thought that I was on the solid land and among my own countrymen. Two of these were from my native State of Massachusetts, rude, hardy men, but kindly and homelike; they reminded me of a life which seemed that of yesterday, while that of the past year, after a week, was as a dream. It was like a period of ancient history; it was a passage in an era before the Flood. Sometimes, while lying on the grass, feasting my eyes on the solid hills and living trees—poor enough and bare though they were—I felt as if the old dream of the past year were coming back again, and I had to run and take a look at the honest faces of Jerry Booden and Simeon Murch; that recalled me to the blessed reality of the present, and always restored my wandering senses. But, somehow, my life in Peru—the plantation, Baranchy, the coffee-trees, the hacienda—were all blotted out of my past. My brother was to me only in the memory of the old days of our boyhood in New England.

Early in August, the trading-schooner *Amanda Mullet*, bound to San Francisco, touched at the Raukoke trading-post, giving me an opportunity to return home, which I gladly embraced, though parting with my friends with real sorrow. Su Hu Yok and I arrived at San Francisco, after a voyage somewhat delayed, on the 19th of September, 1868, fifteen months and nineteen days from our departure from Callao. Here were ships, wharves, street-cars, carriages, hotels, and all the features of civilized life. They appeared to me like the institutions of some

other sphere than ours. It required time to make me realize that they were tangible things. But in a few weeks I was on my way homeward, and on the 21st of October I astonished my brother Robert by riding up to Plantation Margarita—the dead alive, the lost found.

On the 27th of August, while we were on our way down from the Kuriles, there floated into the Bay of Hakodadi, Japan, an extraordinary apparition. It was a weather-beaten hulk, dismasted, crippled, and yet with some faint show of life on board. A few tattered and mildewed remnants of sails hung to the lower yards; from the splintered spars drooped in snaky festoons the rotting ropes and rigging, and over the battered sides dangled rusty chains. A plaintive protest from the seas, it floated on, responding to no hail, and silent to the call of the pilot off the Heads. A few strange forms were clustered about the fore-chains, as helplessly it drifted sidling on to Samonsaki Bank, grounded, and so, touching the shore of Asia, the long voyage of the *Balboa* was ended.

There is little more to tell. The Japanese authorities boarded the bark and found forty-six Coolies, who steadfastly refused to give any account of themselves. Nor was there anything about the vessel to disclose her name or nationality. They had painted out the letters from the stern, thrown log and colors overboard, and destroyed every vestige of personal property and every scrap of paper. No, not every scrap; on one of the Coolies was found his "shipping-papers," or bill of lading, on the Portuguese ship *Providenza*, once bound to Callao from Macao. This hulk was not the *Providenza*; she was known at Hakodadi. But here was the clue; and though the surviving Coolies melted away into the population of China and Japan, the story of their phantom-ship followed me, and in Callao I finally united the threads of this strange story, and the great circle of the Pacific was complete.

BACK-LOG STUDIES.—III.

I.

HERRERT said, as we sat by the fire one night, that he wished he had turned his attention to writing poetry like Tennyson's.

The remark was not whimsical, but satirical. Tennyson is a man of talent, who happened to strike a lucky vein, which he has worked with cleverness. The adventurer with a pick-ax in Washoe may happen upon like good fortune. The world is full of poetry as the earth is of "pay-dirt;" one only needs to know how to "strike" it. An able man can make himself almost anything that he will. It is melancholy to think how many epic poets have been lost in the tea-trade, how many dramatists (though the age of the drama has passed), have wasted their genius in great mercantile and mechanical enterprises. I know a man who might have been the poet, the essayist, perhaps the critic of this country, who chose to become a county-judge, to sit day after day upon a bench in an obscure corner of the world, listening to wrangling lawyers and prevaricating witnesses, preferring to judge his fellow-men rather than enlighten them.

It is fortunate for the vanity of the living and the reputation of the dead that men get almost as much credit for what they do not as for what they do. It was the opinion of many that Burns might have excelled as a statesman, or have been a great captain in war; and Mr. Carlyle says that if he had been sent to a University, and become a trained intellectual workman, it lay in him to have changed the whole course of British literature! A large undertaking, as so vigorous and dazzling a writer as Mr. Carlyle must know by this time, since British literature has swept by him in a resistless and widening flood, mainly uncontaminated, and leaving his grotesque contrivances wrecked on the shore with other curiosities of letters, and yet among the richest of all the treasures lying there.

It is a temptation to a temperate man to become a sot, to hear what talent, what versatility, what genius is almost always attributed to a moderately-bright man who is habitually drunk. Such a mechanic, such a mathematician, such a poet he would be, if he were only sober; and then he is sure to be the most generous, magnanimous, friendly soul, conscientiously honorable, if he were not so conscientiously drunk. I suppose it is now notorious that the most brilliant and promis-

ing men have been lost to the world in this way. It is sometimes almost painful to think what a surplus of talent and genius there would be in the world if the habit of intoxication should suddenly cease; and what a slim chance there would be for the plodding people who have always had tolerably good habits. The fear is only mitigated by the observation that the reputation of a person for great talent sometimes ceases with his reformation.

It is believed by some that the maidens who would make the best wives never marry, but remain free, to bless the world with their impartial sweetness and make it generally habitable. This is one of the mysteries of Providence and New England life. It seems a pity, at first sight, that all those who become poor wives have the matrimonial chance, and that they are deprived of the reputation of those who would be good wives were they not set apart for the high and perpetual office of priestesses of society. There is no beauty like that which was spoiled by an accident, no accomplishments and graces are so to be envied as those that circumstances rudely hindered the development of. All of which shows what a charitable and good-tempered world it is, notwithstanding its reputation for cynicism and de-traction.

Nothing is more beautiful than the belief of the faithful wife that her husband has all the talents, and could, if he would, be distinguished in any walk in life; and nothing will be more beautiful—unless this is a very dry time for signs—than the husband's belief that his wife is capable of taking charge of any of the affairs of this confused planet. There is no woman but thinks that her husband, the green-grocer, could write poetry if he had given his mind to it, or else she thinks small beer of poetry in comparison with an occupation or accomplishment purely vegetable. It is touching to see the look of pride with which the wife turns to her husband from any more brilliant personal presence or display of wit than his, in the perfect confidence that if the world knew what she knows there would be one more popular idol. How she magnifies his small wit, and dotes upon the self-satisfied look in his face as if it were a sign of wisdom. What a councilor that man would make! What a warrior he would be! There are a great many corporals in their retired homes who did more

for the safety and success of our armies in critical moments, in the late war, than any of the "high-cock-a-lorum" commanders. Mrs. Corporal does not envy the reputation of Gen. Sheridan; she knows very well who really won Five Forks, for she has heard the story a hundred times, and will hear it a hundred times more with apparently unabated interest. What a general her husband would have made; and how his talking talent could shine in Congress!

HERBERT. Nonsense. There isn't a wife in the world who has not taken the exact measure of her husband, weighed him and settled him in her own mind, and knows him as well as if she had ordered him after designs and specifications of her own. That knowledge, however, she ordinarily keeps to herself, and she enters into a league with her husband, which he was never admitted to the secret of, to impose upon the world. In nine out of ten cases he more than half believes that he is what his wife tells him he is. At any rate she manages him as easily as the keeper does the elephant, with only a bamboo wand and a sharp spike in the end. Usually she flatters him, but she has the means of pricking clear through his hide on occasion. It is the great secret of her power to have him think that she thoroughly believes in him.

THE YOUNG LADY STAYING WITH US. And you call this hypocrisy? I have heard authors, who thought themselves sly observers of women, call it so.

HERBERT. Nothing of the sort. It is the basis on which society rests, the conventional agreement. If society is about to be overturned, it is on this point. Women are beginning to tell men what they really think of them; and to insist that the same relations of downright sincerity and independence that exist between men shall exist between women and men. Absolute truth between souls, without regard to sex, has always been the ideal life of the poets.

THE MISTRESS. Yes; but there was never a poet yet who would bear to have his wife say exactly what she thought of his poetry, any more than he would keep his temper if his wife beat him at chess; and there is nothing that disgusts a man like getting beaten at chess by a woman.

HERBERT. Well, women know how to win by losing. I think that the reason why most women do not want to take the ballot and stand out in the open for a free trial of power, is that they are reluctant to change the certain domination of centuries, with

weapons they are perfectly competent to handle, for an experiment. I think we should be better off if women were more transparent, and men were not so systematically puffed-up by the subtle flattery which is used to control them.

MANDEVILLE. Deliver me from transparency. When a woman takes that guise, and begins to convince me that I can see through her like a ray of light, I must run or be lost. Transparent women are the truly dangerous. There was one on ship-board [Mandeville likes to say that; he has just returned from a little tour in Europe, and he quite often begins his remarks with, "on the ship going over;"] the Young Lady declares that he has a sort of roll in his chair, when he says it, that makes her sea-sick] who was the most innocent, artless, guileless, natural bunch of lace and feathers you ever saw; she was all candor and helplessness and dependence; she sang like a nightingale and talked like a nun. There never was such simplicity. There wasn't a sounding-line on board that would have gone to the bottom of her soulful eyes. But she managed the captain and all the officers, and controlled the ship as if she had been the helm. All the passengers were waiting on her, fecthing this and that for her comfort, inquiring of her health, talking about her genuineness, and exhibiting as much anxiety to get her ashore in safety, as if she had been about to knight them all and give them a castle a-piece when they came to land.

THE MISTRESS. What harm? It shows what I have always said, that the service of a noble woman is the most ennobling influence for men.

MANDEVILLE. If she is noble, and not a mere manager. I watched this woman to see if she would ever do anything for any one else. She never did.

THE FIRE TENDER. Did you ever see her again? I presume Mandeville has introduced her here for some purpose.

MANDEVILLE. No purpose. But we did see her on the Rhine; she was the most disgusted traveler, and seemed to be in very ill humor with her maid. I judged that her happiness depended upon establishing controlling relations with all about her. On this Rhine boat, to be sure, there was reason for disgust. And that reminds me of a remark that was made.

THE YOUNG LADY. Oh!

MANDEVILLE. When we got aboard at Mayence we were conscious of a dreadful odor somewhere; as it was a foggy morning, we could see no cause of it, but concluded it

was from something on the wharf. The fog lifted and we got under way, but the odor traveled with us, and increased. We went to every part of the vessel to avoid it, but in vain. It occasionally reached us in great waves of disagreeableness. * We had heard of the odors of the towns on the Rhine, but we had no idea that the entire stream was infected. It was intolerable.

The day was lovely, and the passengers stood about on deck holding their noses and admiring the scenery. You might see a row of them leaning over the side, gazing up at some old ruin or ivied crag, entranced with the romance of the situation, and all holding their noses with thumb and finger. The sweet Rhine! By-and-by somebody discovered that the odor came from a pile of cheese on the forward deck, covered with a canvas; it seemed that the Rhinelanders are so fond of it that they take it with them when they travel. If there should ever be war between us and Germany, the borders of the Rhine would need no other defence from American soldiers than a barricade of this cheese. I went to the stern of the steamboat to tell a stout American traveler what was the origin of the odor he had been trying to dodge all the morning. He looked more disgusted than before, when he heard that it was cheese; but his only reply was: "It must be a merciful God who can forgive a smell like that!"

II.

The above is introduced here in order to illustrate the usual effect of an anecdote on conversation. Commonly it kills it. That talk must be very well in hand, and under great headway, that an anecdote, thrown in front of, will not pitch off the track and wreck. And it makes little difference what the anecdote is; a poor one depresses the spirits and casts a gloom over the company; a good one begets others, and the talkers go to telling stories; which is very good entertainment in moderation, but is not to be mistaken for that unwearying flow of argument, quaint remark, humorous color, and sprightly interchange of sentiments and opinions, called conversation.

The reader will perceive that all hope is gone here of deciding whether Herbert could have written Tennyson's poems, or whether Tennyson could have dug as much money out of the Heliogabalus Lode as Herbert did. The more one sees of life, I think the impression deepens that men, after all, play about the parts assigned them, according to their mental and moral gifts, which are limit-

ed and preordained, and that their entrances and exits are governed by a law no less certain because it is hidden. Perhaps nobody ever accomplishes all that he feels lies in him to do; but nearly every one who tries his powers touches the walls of his being occasionally, and learns about how far to attempt to spring. There are no impossibilities to youth and inexperience; but when a person has tried several times to reach high C and been coughed down, he is quite content to go down among the chorus. It is only the fools who keep straining at high C all their lives.

MANDEVILLE here began to say that that reminded him of something that happened when he was on the—

But HERBERT cut in with the observation, that no matter what a man's single and several capacities and talents might be, he is controlled by his own mysterious individuality, which is what metaphysicians call the substance, all else being the mere accidents of the man. And this is the reason that we cannot with any certainty tell what any person will do or amount to, for, while we know his talents and abilities, we do not know the resulting whole, which is he, himself.

THE FIRE TENDER. So if you could take all the first-class qualities that we admire in men and women, and put them together into one being, you wouldn't be sure of the result?

HERBERT. Certainly not. You would probably have a monster. It takes a cook of long experience, with the best materials, to make a dish "taste good;" and the "taste good" is the indefinable essence, the resulting balance or harmony which makes man or woman agreeable, or beautiful, or effective in the world.

THE YOUNG LADY. That must be the reason why novelists fail so lamentably in almost all cases in creating good characters. They put in real traits, talents, dispositions, but the result of the synthesis is something that never was seen on earth before.

THE FIRE TENDER. Oh, a good character in fiction is an inspiration. We admit this in poetry. It is as true of such creations as Colonel Newcomb, and Ethel, and Beatrix Esmond. There is no patch-work about them.

THE YOUNG LADY. Why wasn't Thackeray ever inspired to create a noble woman?

THE FIRE TENDER. That is the standing conundrum with all the women. They will not accept Ethel Newcomb even. Perhaps we shall have to admit that Thackeray was a writer for men.

HERBERT. Scott and the rest had drawn so many perfect women that Thackeray thought it was time for a real one.

THE MISTRESS. That's ill-natured. Thackeray did, however, make ladies. If he had depicted, with his searching pen, any of us just as we are, I doubt if we should have liked it much.

MANDEVILLE. That's just it. Thackeray never pretended to make ideals, and if the best novel is an idealization of human nature, then he was not the best novelist. When I was crossing the channel—

THE MISTRESS. Oh, dear, if we are to go to sea again, Mandeville, I move we have in the nuts and apples, and talk about our friends.

III.

There is this advantage in getting back to a wood-fire on the hearth, that you return to a kind of simplicity; you can scarcely imagine any one being stiffly conventional in front of it. It thaws out formality, and puts the company who sit around it into easy attitudes of mind and body,—lounging attitudes, Herbert said.

And this brought up the subject of culture in America, especially as to manner. The back-log period having passed, we are beginning to have in society people of the cultured manner, as it is called, or polished bearing, in which the polish is the most noticeable thing about the man. Not the courtliness, the easy simplicity of the old-school gentleman, in whose presence the milkmaid was as much at her ease as the countess, but something far finer than this. These are the people of unruffled demeanor, who never forget it for a moment, and never let you forget it. Their presence is a constant rebuke to society. They are never "jolly;" their laugh is never anything more than a well-bred smile; they are never betrayed into any enthusiasm. Enthusiasm is a sign of inexperience, of ignorance, of want of culture. They never lose themselves in any cause; they never heartily praise any man or woman or book; they are superior to all tides of feeling and all outbursts of passion. They are not even shocked at vulgarity. They are simply indifferent. They are calm, visibly calm, painfully calm; and it is not the eternal, majestic calmness of the Sphinx either, but a rigid, self-conscious repression. You would like to put a bent pin in their chair when they are about calmly to sit down.

A setting hen on her nest is calm, but hopeful; she has faith that her eggs are not china.

These people appear to be setting on china eggs. Perfect culture has refined all blood, warmth, flavor, out of them. We admire them without envy. They are too beautiful in their manners to be either prigs or snobs. They are at once our models and our despair. They are properly careful of themselves as models, for they know that if they should break, society would become a scene of mere animal confusion.

MANDEVILLE. I think that the best-bred people in the world are the English.

THE YOUNG LADY. You mean at home.

MANDEVILLE. That's where I saw them.* There is no nonsense about a cultivated English man or woman. They express themselves sturdily and naturally, and with no subservience to the opinions of others. There's a sort of hearty sincerity about them that I like. Ages of culture on the island have gone deeper than the surface, and they have simpler and more natural manners than we. There is something good in the full, round tones of their voices.

HERBERT. Did you ever get into a diligence with a growling Englishman who hadn't secured the place he wanted?

THE MISTRESS. Did you ever see an English exquisite at the San Carlo, and hear him cry "Bwavo"?

MANDEVILLE. At any rate, he acted out his nature, and wasn't afraid to.

THE FIRE TENDER. I think Mandeville is right, for once. The men of the best culture in England, in the middle and higher social classes, are what you would call good fellows,—easy and simple in manner, enthusiastic on occasion, and decidedly not cultivated into the smooth calmness of indifference which some Americans seem to regard as the *sine qua non* of good breeding. Their position is so assured that they do not need that lacquer of calmness of which we were speaking.

THE YOUNG LADY. Which is different from the manner acquired by those who live a great deal in American hotels?

THE MISTRESS. Or the Washington manner?

HERBERT. The last two are the same.

THE FIRE TENDER. Not exactly. You think you can always tell if a man has learned his society carriage of a dancing-master. Well, you cannot always tell by a person's manner whether he is a *habitué* of hotels or of Washington. But these are distinct from

* Mandeville once spent a week in London, riding about on the tops of omnibuses.

the perfect polish and politeness of indifference.

IV.

Daylight disenchants. It draws one from the fireside and dissipates the idle illusions of conversation, except under certain conditions. Let us say that the conditions are: a house in the country, with some forest-trees near, and a few evergreens, which are Christmas-trees all winter long, fringed with snow, glistening with ice-pendants, cheerful by day and grotesque by night; a snow-storm beginning out of a dark sky, falling in a soft profusion that fills all the air; its dazzling whiteness making a light near at hand, which is quite lost in the distant darkling spaces.

If one begins to watch the swirling flakes and crystals he soon gets an impression of infinity of resources, that he can have from nothing else so powerfully, except it be from Adirondack gnats. Nothing makes one feel at home like a great snow-storm. Our intelligent cat will quit the fire and sit for hours in the low window, watching the falling snow with a serious and contented air. His thoughts are his own, but he is in accord with the subtlest agencies of Nature; on such a day he is charged with enough electricity to run a telegraphic battery, if it could be utilized. The connection between thought and electricity has not been exactly determined, but the cat is mentally very alert in certain conditions of the atmosphere. Feasting his eyes on the beautiful out doors does not prevent his attention to the slightest noise in the wainscot. And the snow-storm brings content, but not stupidity, to all the rest of the household.

I can see Mandeville now, rising from his arm-chair and swinging his long arms as he strides to the window, and looks out and up, with, "Well, I declare." Herbert is pretending to read Herbert Spencer's tract on the philosophy of style; but he loses much time in looking at the young lady, who is writing a letter, holding her portfolio in her lap—one of her everlasting letters to one of her fifty everlasting friends. She is one of the female patriots who save the post-office department from being a disastrous loss to the treasury. Herbert is thinking of the great radical difference in the two sexes, which legislation will probably never change; that leads a woman always to write letters on her lap and a man on a table—a distinction which is commended to the notice of the anti-suffragists.

The Mistress, in a pretty little breakfast-cap, is moving about the room with a feather-

duster, whisking invisible dust from the picture-frames, and talking with the Parson, who has just come in, and is thawing the snow from his boots on the hearth. The Parson says the thermometer is 15° and going down; that there is a snow-drift across the main church entrance three feet high, and that the house looks as if it had gone into winter quarters, religion and all. There were only ten persons at the conference meeting last night, and seven of those were women; he wonders how many weather-proof Christians there are in the parish, anyhow.

The Fire Tender is in the adjoining library, pretending to write; but it is a poor day for ideas. He has written his wife's name about eleven hundred times, and cannot get any further. He hears the Mistress tell the Parson that she believes he is trying to write a lecture on the Celtic Influence in Literature. The Parson says that it is a first-rate subject, if there were any such influence, and asks why he doesn't take a shovel and make a path to the gate. Mandeville says that, by George, he himself should like no better fun, but it wouldn't look well for a visitor to do it. The Fire Tender, not to be disturbed by this sort of chaff, keeps on writing his wife's name.

Then the Parson and the Mistress fall to talking about the soup-relief, and about old Mrs. Grumples in Pig Alley, who had a present of one of Stowe's Illustrated Self-Acting Bibles on Christmas, when she hadn't coal enough in the house to heat her gruel; and about a family behind the church, a widow and six little children and three dogs; and he didn't believe that any of them had known what it was to be warm in three weeks, and as to food, the woman said, she could hardly beg cold victuals enough to keep the dogs alive.

The Mistress slipped out into the kitchen to fill a basket with provisions and send it somewhere; and when the Fire Tender brought in a new fore-stick, Mandeville, who always wants to talk, and had been sitting drumming his feet and drawing deep sighs, attacked him.

MANDEVILLE. Speaking about culture and manners, did you ever notice how extremes meet, and that the savage bears himself very much like the sort of cultured persons we were talking of last night?

THE FIRE TENDER. In what respect?

MANDEVILLE. Well, you take the North American Indian. He is never interested in anything, never surprised at anything. He has by nature that calmness and indifference which your people of culture have acquired. If he should go into literature as a critic, he

would scalp and tomahawk with the same emotionless composure, and he would do nothing else.

THE FIRE TENDER. Then you think the red man is a born gentleman of the highest breeding?

MANDEVILLE. I think he is calm.

THE FIRE TENDER. How is it about the war-path and all that?

MANDEVILLE. Oh, these studiously calm and cultured people may have malice underneath. It takes them to give the most effective "little digs;" they know how to stick in the pine-splinters and set fire to them.

HERBERT. But there is more in Mandeville's idea. You bring a red man into a picture gallery, or a city full of fine architecture, or into a drawing-room crowded with objects of art and beauty, and he is apparently insensible to them all. Now I have seen country people,—and by country people I don't mean people necessarily who live in the country, for everything is mixed in these days,—some of the best people in the world, intelligent, honest, sincere, who acted as the Indian would.

THE MISTRESS. Herbert, if I didn't know you were cynical, I should say you were snobish.

HERBERT. Such people think it a point of breeding never to speak of anything in your house, nor to appear to notice it, however beautiful it may be; even to slyly glance around strains their notion of etiquette. They are like the countryman who confessed afterwards that he could hardly keep from laughing at one of Yankee Hill's entertainments.

THE YOUNG LADY. Do you remember those English people at our house in Flushing last summer, who pleased us all so much with their apparent delight in everything that was artistic or tasteful, who explored the rooms and looked at everything, and were so interested? I suppose that Herbert's country relations, many of whom live in the city, would have thought it very ill-bred.

MANDEVILLE. It's just as I said. The

English, the best of them, have become so civilized that they express themselves, in speech and action, naturally, and are not afraid of their emotions.

THE PARSON. I wish Mandeville would travel more, or that he had stayed at home. It's wonderful what a fit of Atlantic sea-sickness will do for a man's judgment and cultivation. He is prepared to pronounce on art, manners, all kinds of culture. There is more nonsense talked about culture than about anything else.

HERBERT. The Parson reminds me of an American country minister I once met walking through the Vatican. You couldn't impose upon him with any rubbish; he tested everything by the standards of his native place, and there was little that could bear the test. He had the sly air of a man who could not be deceived, and he went about with his mouth in a pucker of incredulity. There is nothing so placid as rustic conceit. There was something very enjoyable about his calm superiority to all the treasures of art.

MANDEVILLE. And the Parson reminds me of another American minister, a consul in an Italian city, who said he was going up to Rome to have a thorough talk with the Pope, and give him a piece of his mind. Ministers seem to think that is their business. They serve it in such small pieces in order to make it go round.

THE PARSON. Mandeville is an infidel. Come, let's have some music; nothing else will keep him in good humor till lunch time.

THE MISTRESS. What shall it be?

THE PARSON. Give us the *largetto* from Beethoven's second symphony.

The young lady puts aside her portfolio. Herbert looks at the young lady. The Parson composes himself for critical purposes. Mandeville settles himself in a chair and stretches his long legs nearly into the fire, remarking that music takes the tangles out of him.

After the piece is finished lunch is announced. It is still snowing.

MY HICKORY FIRE.

Oh helpless body of hickory tree,
What do I burn, in burning thee?
Summers of sun, winters of snow,
Springs full of sap's resistless flow;
All past year's joys of garnered fruits;
All this year's purposed buds and shoots;
Secrets of fields of upper air,
Secrets which stars and planets share;
Light of such smiles as broad skies fling;
Sound of such tunes as wild winds sing;
Voices which told where gay birds dwelt,
Voices which told where lovers knelt;—
Oh, strong white body of hickory tree,
How dare I burn all these, in thee?

But I too bring, as to a pyre,
Sweet things to feed thy funeral fire:
Memories waked by thy deep spell;
Faces of fears and hopes which fell;
Faces of darlings long since dead—
Smiles that they smiled, and words they said;
Like living shapes they come and go,
Lit by the mounting flame's red glow.
But sacrest of all, O, tree,
Thou hast the hour my love gave me.
Only thy rhythmic silence stirred
While his low-whispered tones I heard;
By thy last gleam of flickering light
I saw his cheek turn red from white;
O cold gray ashes, side by side
With yours, that hour's sweet pulses died!

But thou, brave tree, how do I know
That through these fires thou dost not go
As in old days the martyrs went
Through fire which was a sacrament?
How do I know thou dost not wait
In longing for thy next estate?—
Estate of higher, nobler place,
Whose shapes no man can use or trace.
How do I know, if I could reach
The secret meaning of thy speech,
But I thy song of praise should hear,
Ringing triumphant, loud and clear,—
The waiting angels could discern,
And token of thy Heaven learn?
Oh, glad, freed soul of hickory tree,
Wherever thine eternity,
Bear thou with thee that hour's dear name,
Made pure, like thee, by rites of flame!

THE HEART OF ARABIA.*



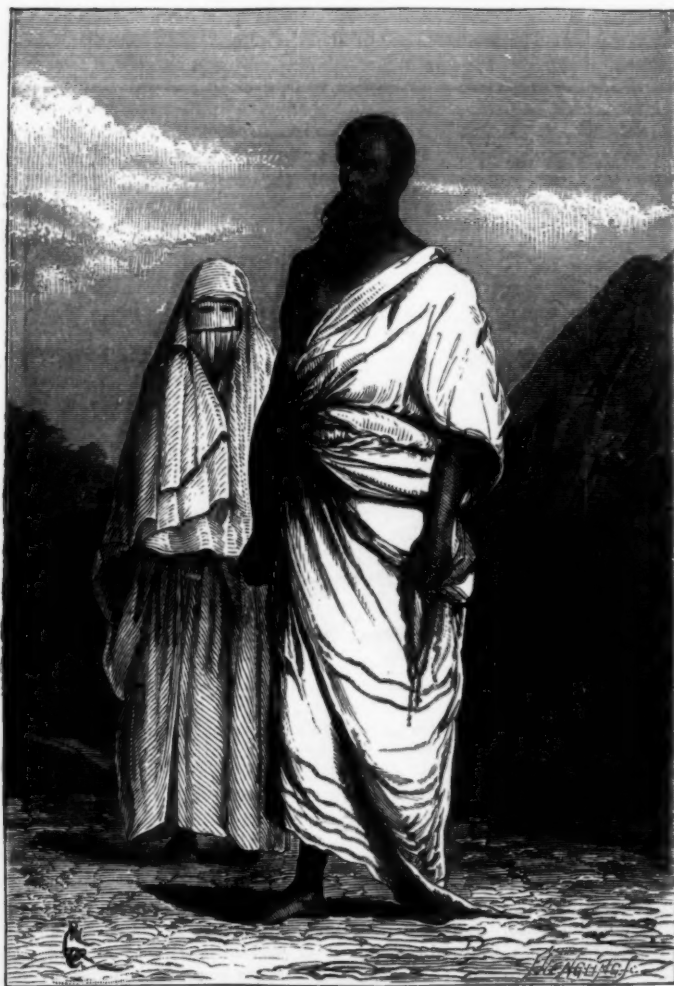
A VALLEY IN OMAN.

THE Peninsula of Arabia, forming the extreme southwestern corner of Asia, is partly detached, both in a geographical and historical sense, from the remainder of the continent. Although parts of it are mentioned in the oldest historical records, and its shores were probably familiar to the earliest navigators, the greater portion of its territory has always remained almost inaccessible and unknown. But unknown only to the geographer and the traveler; for picturesque episodes of its history, of the sense of honor, the refinement and generosity of its people, fragments of the strains of its poets, and traditions of the deeds of its heroes have drifted over its border and found their way into the literature of Europe. Its one great religious reformer—comparing the faith he taught with that which it overthrew—has stamped his whole life upon the annals of the world. Its rude original tribes nurtured the men who ruled in Bagdad, Cordova, and Granada, and who taught, while they menaced, the Europe of the Middle Ages. From the bosom of this mysterious region, guarded by barriers of burning sand, came much of the power, and splendor, and science, which gave the first im-

petus to the growth of our present civilization. Our long ignorance of Arabia is chiefly owing to the early antagonism of the races. While they stood face to face, for centuries, as rival claimants for the mastery of the world, their reciprocal enmity and prejudice prevented each from knowing, or even wishing, truly to know, the other. When "Mahound" was an Antichrist in the eyes of Christians, and all Christians were Polytheists in those of the followers of Islam, even a dispassionate comparison of the differences between them was impossible. Indeed, at this day, only the few are aware of the reverence in which Christ was held by Mohammed, and is still held by the Moslem. The wars of nearly a thousand years so confirmed and intensified this antagonism, that we have been obliged to wait until the West has been able to give back to the East its lost arts,—until the sons of Islam have been forced to base their political power upon systems developed under the influence of Christianity,—in order to behold ancient Arabia in the light of intelligent report.

Indeed, the interior of the great peninsula has never been carefully explored until within the last ten years. It has been inhabited by the same race since the earliest times, and

* *Arabia*, by Bayard Taylor. Chas. Scribner & Co. Vol. III.—35



PILGRIMS TO MUCCA.

appears to have changed less, in the course of at least three thousand years, than any other country on the globe, not excepting China. We have no record of either the Babylonian, Egyptian, Persian, or Assyrian empires having succeeded in gaining possession of more than the narrow coast region. Alexander the Great, it is true, made preparations for a journey of conquest, but it was prevented by his death; and Trajan is the only Roman emperor who penetrated into the interior. From his time until the expedition of Ibrahim Pasha against the Wahabees, in 1818, we have scarcely any record

of the history of those fertile regions in the heart of Arabia, where the race attained, and still preserves, its highest culture,—where an ante-Mohammedan age of epic poetry flourished, which produced almost fabulous models of honor, courage, and generosity, and whence were drawn the germs of that art and science which made illustrious the reigns of the Abbassides and the Ommiades.

The fair land of Nedjed, the home of the aristocratic horse, haunted by the heroic shadows of Hatem and Antar, has seemed to us almost like that Arab myth of the gardens of Irem, which lie beyond the mirage of the Desert, sometimes visible to the eyes of the traveler, but never to be trodden by his foot. Now, when an intrepid Englishman penetrates that guarded region, and lifts the immemorial mystery from its life and

landscapes, we are all the more delighted to find that our picturesque fancies are at least half justified by the reality.

The explorations of Arabia commenced, of course, with its habitable coast-belt, reaching, with a few interruptions, from Suez around to Bassora, at the mouth of the Euphrates. The small commercial ports of the Hedjaz, of Yemen and Hadramaut (which we still know better as Teman, Sheba or Sabæa, and *Arabia Felix*), and of Oman and Ormuz, have known the Frank trader, and occasionally a curious wanderer from Europe, for many centuries; but their very smallness,

and the restricted character of the trade, made it easy to prevent the stranger from penetrating into the interior.

The two or three Europeans who succeeded in reaching Mecca, previous to our day, were either renegades,—like the Italian Bartema, in the sixteenth century; or slaves and compulsory Moslem,—like the Englishman Pitts. Burckhardt, the discoverer of Petra, was the first traveler who visited the holy cities with the special design of describing them. But the first European traveler to whom we are indebted for a thorough account of an interesting portion of Arabia is Carsten Niebuhr (father of the celebrated historian of Rome), who was sent on a scientific expedition to the Orient, in 1761, by the government of Denmark. He reached the port of Loheia, in Yemen, in December of the following year, and spent eight or nine months in a series of journeys through the mountain regions of the ancient Sheba. He adopted the native dress, rode upon a donkey, and traveled in such simple style, accommodating himself to the customs of the people, that he seems never to have encountered any serious difficulty. He even succeeded in reaching Sana, the capital of Yemen, and had a friendly interview with the Sultan.

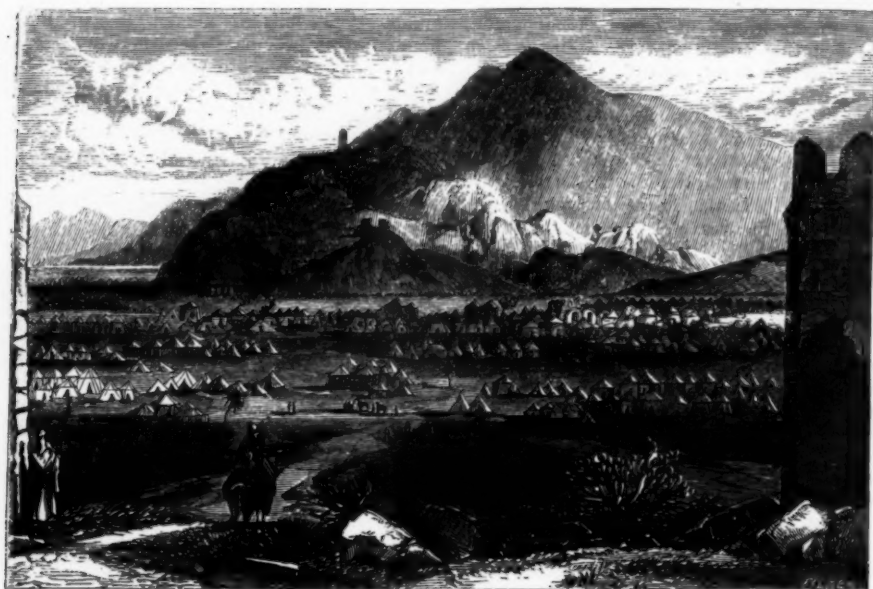
Niebuhr was the first European to visit the

famous coffee-hills of Yemen, the original home of that precious tree, where its berry still has a flavor and fragrance which it seems impossible to transplant. His description of the abrupt change from the burning plains of the low country to high, steep basaltic hills, with their tumbling cascades, their terraces of shade, and the busy friendly people employed in the orchards, vividly reproduces his own delight in the reader's mind. "The coffee-trees were all in flower at Bulgosa, and exhaled an exquisitely agreeable perfume. They are planted upon terraces, in the form of an amphitheater. Most of them are only watered by the rains that fall, but some, indeed, from large reservoirs upon the heights, in which spring-water is collected, in order to be sprinkled upon the terraces, where the trees grow so thick together that the rays of the sun can hardly enter among their branches." When Niebuhr returned to Denmark, five years afterwards, he was the sole survivor of the party of six sent out by the government. In extreme old age, when he had become totally blind, his great solace was to recall, in memory, the warm, bright landscapes of Yemen, as he had beheld them fifty years before. They were still so glowing that they beguiled him into forgetfulness of his own darkness.

Burckhardt's journey to Mecca and Me-



COFFEE-HILLS OF YEMEN



CAMP AT MOUNT ARAFAT.

deeneh was made in the year 1814. It was, apparently, not a part of his original plan of exploration, but it was very admirably and successfully carried out. His Arabic studies had been so thorough, and he was so familiar, after a residence of several years in the East, with all the minor customs and ceremonials of the people, that he was able to pass triumphantly through every test of his assumed character. He made the pilgrimage in company with Mohammed Ali and two of his sons, so that he saw the ceremonies at Mecca and Mount Arafat under circumstances of unusual pomp and splendor. His account of the great Mosque of Mecca,—called the *Beit Allah*, or "House of God,"—with the Kaaba and its famous black stone, and his description of Medeeneh (which he visited on the return journey to Egypt), are exceedingly clear and satisfactory. In fact, they leave nothing to the imagination; for even the picturesque features of the great pilgrimage seem to have impressed him but slightly.

Captain Burton's narrative of the same journey, forty years later, is much more lively and exciting. His original design was to cross the Arabian Peninsula, exploring the unknown land of Nedjed by the way; but he failed to obtain a sufficient leave of absence from the East India Company, in

whose service he then was, and decided to prove at least his fitness for the task, by making the pilgrimage to the holy cities. His long residence in India enabled him to assume the character of an Affghan Mohammedan, which he maintained with little trouble and without exciting much suspicion.

Sailing from Suez in an Arab vessel for Yambo, the port of Medeeneh, he started inland with the company of pilgrims from the latter port, and after a week of severe travel came in sight of the holy city, famous for the tomb of the Prophet. His description of this first view is a good specimen of his power as a painter in words:—"As we looked eastward, the sun arose out of the horizon of low hills, blurred and dotted with small tufted trees, which gained a giant stature from the morning mists, and the earth was stained with gold and purple. Before us lay a spacious plain, bounded in front by the undulating ground of Nedjed; on the left was a grim barrier of rocks, the celebrated Mount Ohod, with a clump of verdure and a white dome or two nestling at its base. Rightward, broad streaks of lilac-colored mists were thick with gathered dew, there pierced and thinned by the morning rays, stretched over the date groves and the gardens of Kuba, which stood out in emerald

green from the dull tawny surface of the plain. Below, at the distance of about two miles, lay El Medina; at first sight it appeared a large place, but a closer inspection proved the impression to be an erroneous one."

Burton's route from Medeenah to Mecca was not the same as that traversed by Burckhardt, and his description of the country is much more minute and graphic. He sketches the singular villages on the borders of Hedjaz, built at the foot of basaltic hills, each with its surrounding gardens and groves of date-palm; the tracts of desolation where, as his Arab companion said, "there is nothing but He (Allah)," and where Nature, scalped and flayed, discovered her unsightly anatomy; the rocky passes, haunts of lurking robbers whose volleys of musketry are the first indication of their presence; and finally, the rich orange orchards, the streams and balmy gardens which heralded their approach to the capital of Islam.

Burton took part in all the ceremonies at Mecca and Mount Arafat. His account corresponds in all essential particulars with that of his predecessor, but he made the additional discovery that the black stone of the Kaaba, which fell from heaven, is, indeed, an aërolite. He concludes his description of a sermon, preached in the great mosque of Mecca, with these words:—"I have seen the religious ceremonies of many lands; but never—nowhere—ought so solemn, so im-



CAPTAIN BURTON AS A PILGRIM.

pressive, as this spectacle." The duties of the Moslem pilgrimage, as described by him, are many and complicated, but there is nothing veiled or mysterious: it is simply a rude symbolism which has been attached to the original faith. When—probably at no very distant day—Mecca shall be free to the Christian traveler, we may have new pictures of the city and its people, but we shall find little more to learn concerning the ceremonials of their religion.

To Mr. William Gifford Palgrave, however, the palm of Arabian exploration is due. Like Niebuhr, the son of a historian (his



MEDEENEH, FROM THE WEST.

father was Sir Francis Palgrave), he betrays a similar courage, skill, and power of endurance, and an equal enthusiasm for the brilliant, fascinating features of Oriental life. Although the Swede, Wallin, a few years before him, had crossed the Arabian Peninsula, Palgrave was the first to reach Nedjed,—the Heart of Arabia,—to successfully brave the suspicion of the fierce Wahabees, and come back to us with a clear and full account of that strange region. His qualifications for the undertaking were in some respects superior to those of either Burckhardt or Burton. To a high degree of general culture, and a vigorous and picturesque style as a writer, he added a knowledge of the Arabic language and literature equal to that of any native scholar; he spoke the language as well as his mother tongue; his features were sufficiently Oriental to disarm suspicion, and years of residence in the East had rendered him entirely familiar with the habits of the people,—even with all those minor forms of etiquette which are so rarely acquired, by a stranger. His narrative, therefore, is as admirable and satisfactory in its character as the fields he traversed were new and fascinating.

After having prepared himself by some years of residence at Damascus, Palgrave associated with him an intelligent native

Syrian, named Barakat, and commenced his hazardous journey. He assumed the character of a physician, relying for his means chiefly upon the patronage which he might receive by the way. Starting from Gaza, he crossed the rugged land of Edom, and without much difficulty reached the little town of Ma'an, to the eastward of Petra, and on the edge of the great Arabian Desert. Beyond this all was unknown, mysterious, and dangerous. Palgrave's description of the commencement of his long journey is very impressive:—"It was the evening of the 16th of June, 1862; the largest stars were already visible in the deep blue depths of a cloudless sky, while the crescent moon, high to the west, shone as she shines in those heavens, and promised us assistance for some hours of our night march. We were soon mounted on our meager long-necked beasts, 'as if,' according to the expression of an Arab poet, 'we and our men were at mast-heads,' and now we set our faces to the east. Behind us lay, in a mass of dark outline, the walls and castle of Ma'an, its houses and gardens, and farther back in the distance the high and barren range of the Sheraa' mountains, merging into the coast chain of Hejaz. Before and around us extended a wide and level plain, blackened over with countless peb-

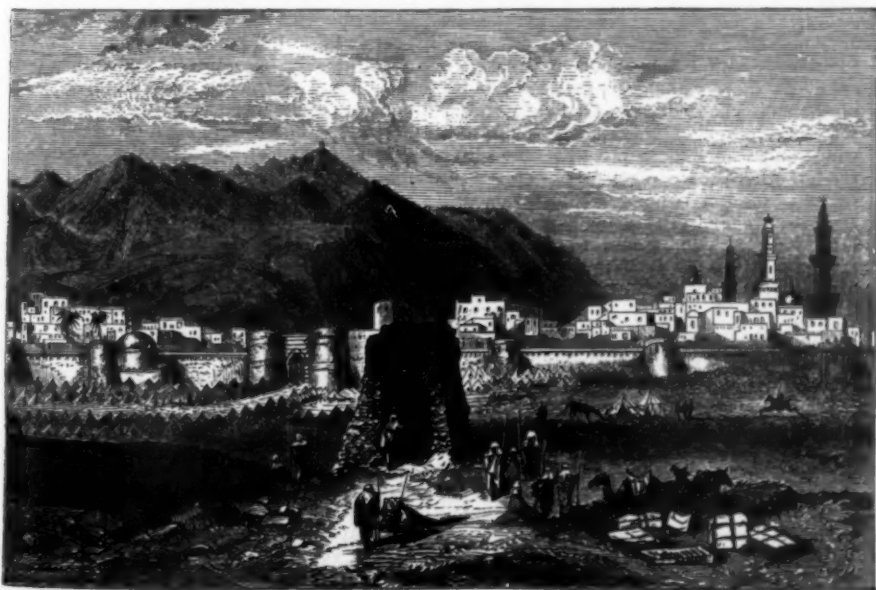
bles of basalt and flint, except where the moonbeams gleamed white on little intervening patches of clear sand, or on yellowish streaks of withered grass, the scanty product of the winter rains, and dried now into hay. Over all a deep silence, which even our Arab companions seemed fearful of breaking; when they spoke it was in a half whisper and in a few words, while the noiseless tread of our camels sped stealthily but rapidly through the gloom, without disturbing its stillness."

The nearest inhabited district of Central Arabia, for which they were first bound, was the Djowf, a kind of outlying station, belonging to the large and fertile region called Djebel Shomer. The distance to be traversed was something more than two hundred miles, over a waterless waste haunted by marauding tribes of Bedouins. They were obliged to travel partly by night, to endure the torments of hunger and thirst, and to conciliate, by cunning, the natives whom they found encamped near brackish springs; but, after fourteen days of hardships, including a narrow escape from being overwhelmed in a sand-storm, their courage was rewarded, when they had threaded the last burning pass between the naked hills, by a sudden and splendid burst of landscape. A broad, deep valley, descending by ledges far into the distance,

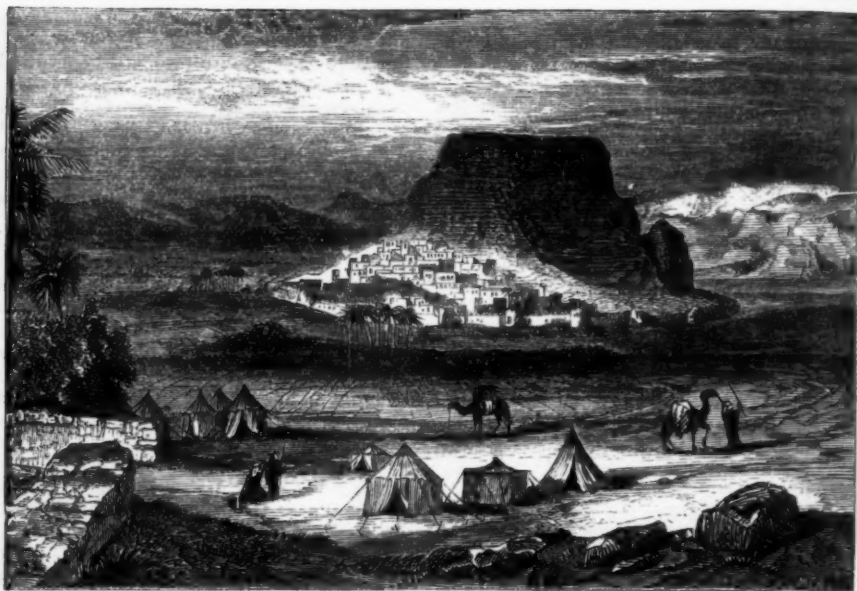
everywhere studded with tufts of palm-groves and dark-green orchards of fruit trees; a large brown fortress crowning a central hill; around its base the round turrets and flat house-tops of the capital town, buried in foliage; and all the broad and grand scene, to the purple mountains along the far horizon, bathed in a flood of the intensest light and heat,—it was a delight and a glory to their weary eyes.

The Djowf is an oasis, seventy miles in length by ten or twelve in breadth, with a population of about 40,000. The people are tall, well-proportioned, and tolerably fair, unusually healthy, and much more intelligent and refined than the Bedouins of the Desert. It was governed at the time of Palgrave's visit by Hamood, the Vicegerent of Telal, Prince of Djebel Shomer, one of the wisest and noblest characters in Arabia. The travelers spent eighteen days in the town, treated with kindness by Hamood and the best native families, and, on leaving, were furnished by the former with a letter of recommendation to Prince Telal.

The hazards of their further journey were very much diminished, so far as the inhabitants were concerned; but another danger awaited them, in the necessity of crossing the terrible "Nefood," or desert of shifting sands, during midsummer. It is an immense ocean



THE PROPRIETOR'S TOWER.



A VILLAGE IN HEDJAZ.

of loose reddish sand, boundless to the eye, and heaped up in enormous parallel ridges, each swell two or three hundred feet in height, its crest furrowed by the winds of the desert. In the depths between, the traveler finds himself, as it were, imprisoned in a suffocating sand-pit, hemmed in by burning walls on every side; while, when he has labored up the slope, he overlooks what seems a vast sea of fire, swelling under a heavy monsoon wind, and ruffled by a cross-blast into little red-hot waves. Nearly a week of terrible travel was required before the caravan, with staggering camels, dry water-skins, and men in a state of half-delirium from thirst and fatigue, reached an encampment on the outskirts of the great oasis of Djebel Shomer.

Palgrave's description of his first view of Ha'yel, the capital of Djebel Shomer, gives us an unexpectedly agreeable picture of the civilization of the heart of Arabia:—"The sun was yet two hours' distance above the western horizon, when we threaded the narrow and winding defile, till we arrived at its further end. Here we found ourselves on the verge of a large plain, many miles in length and breadth, and girt on every side by a high mountain rampart, while right in front of us, at scarce a quarter of an hour's march, lay the town of Ha'yel, surrounded by fortifications of about twenty feet in height, with bastion

towers, some round, some square, and large folding gates at intervals; it offered the same show of freshness, and even of something like irregular elegance, that had before struck us in the villages on our way. This, however, was a full-grown town, and its area might readily hold three hundred thousand inhabitants or more, were its streets and houses close-packed like those of Brussels or Paris. But the number of citizens does not, in fact, exceed twenty or twenty-two thousand, thanks to the many large gardens, open spaces, and even plantations, included within the outer walls, while the immense palace of the monarch alone, with its pleasure-grounds annexed, occupies about one-tenth of the entire city. Our attention was attracted by a lofty tower, some seventy feet in height, of recent construction and oval form, belonging to the royal residence. The plain all around the town is studded with isolated houses and gardens, the property of wealthy citizens or of members of the kingly family, and on the far-off skirts of the plain appear the groves belonging to Kafar, 'Adwah, and other villages, placed at the openings of the mountain gorges that conduct to the capital. The town walls and buildings shone yellow in the evening sun, and the whole prospect was one of thriving security, delightful to view, though wanting in the pe-



A NIGHT MARCH IN THE DESERT.

culiar luxuriance of vegetation offered by the valley of Djowf. A few Bedouin tents lay clustered close by the ramparts, and the great number of horsemen, footmen, camels, asses, peasants, townsmen, boys, women, and other like, all passing to and fro on their various avocations, gave cheerfulness and animation to the scene."

These attractive external features of the region were not counteracted by the reception which Palgrave and his companion met with, and the life which they afterwards led in the city. After having reported themselves at the palace, where they announced, according to the custom of the country: "We desire the favor of God most high, and secondly, that of Telal," they were received by the famous prince, whom Palgrave describes as the model of a ruler. He and his household treated them with the greatest kindness; though Obeyd, Telal's uncle, a jealous, suspicious character, laid a trap for them which might have proved fatal after they reached Nedjed, but for their own shrewdness and knowledge of the Arab character.

During a residence of six weeks in Ha'yel,

Palgrave associated with the best native society. He was popular as a physician; his disguise was unsuspected, and he appears to have been delighted with the place and the fair regions round about; but the chief end of his journey was Nedjed, the inaccessible land of the Wahabees, and he was obliged to avail himself of the first good opportunity for proceeding thither. Telal gave him a passport, with his royal sign manual; and a caravan of twenty-eight persons having collected together, on the 8th of September they left the gates of Ha'yel. So far, they had had better fortune than could have been expected; the danger of being detected had lessened; the summer heats were over, and the belts of desert they must yet cross were less terrible; but the fierce prejudice of the Wahabees was, as it proved in the end, a greater danger than any which had been yet encountered.

After eight days, Palgrave reached Berey dah, the capital of Kaseem, beyond which it seemed impossible to go, on account of the disturbed state of the country. The delay, however, was his good fortune; for it en-

abled him to fall in with a native of Aleppo, named Aboo-'Eysa, who had the post of guide across Arabia to the Persian pilgrims to Mecca, and who was Palgrave's good angel for the remainder of his journey. In company with this new friend the travel was resumed, and after three weeks of picturesque and eventful marches, they saw before them the great valley of Nedjed and the towers of its capital, Ri'ad. In the foreground were the ruins of the ancient capital, Derreyeh, captured and ravaged by Ibrahim Pasha, and never since rebuilt. Around the walls of Ri'ad, over which loomed grand-

ly the great square towers of its central palace, stretched a belt of palm-trees, three miles in width. The rich plain opened and broadened to the south, inclosed by the mountains of Yemamah, which an Arab poet, 1,300 years ago, compared to drawn swords in battle array; and far to the east stretched the blue wall of Djebel Toweyk, celebrated in Arab literature. "In all the countries which I have visited," says Palgrave, "and they are many, seldom has it been mine to survey a landscape equal to this in beauty and in historical meaning, rich and full alike to eye and mind. But should any of my

readers have ever approached Damascus from the side of the Anti-Lebanon, and surveyed the Ghootah from the heights above Mazzeh, they may then form an approximate idea of the valley of Ri'ad when viewed from the north. Only this is wider and more varied, and the circle of vision here embraces vaster plains and bolder mountains; while the mixture of tropical aridity and luxuriant verdure, of crowded population and desert tracks, is one that Arabia alone can present, and in comparison with which Syria seems tame, and Italy monotonous."

The Wahabees derive their name from Abd-el-Wahab, a native of Nedjed, who, early in the last century, scandalized at what he believed to be the corruption of the Moslem faith, began preaching a Reformation. He advocated the slaughter or forci-



AN ARAB CHIEF.



RUINS OF MAKAB-EL-HADJAS, IN HADRAMARET.

ble conversion of heretics, the most rigid forms of fasting and prayer, the disuse of tobacco and coffee, in addition to that of wine, and various other changes in the Oriental habits of life. Having converted the Prince of Nedjed, he took up his residence in Derreyeh, and his followers throughout Central Arabia so increased that they formed an army of 100,000 men, and for many years successfully defied the Ottoman power. But when, in 1803, the Wahabees took and plundered Mecca, and slew great numbers of the pilgrims, the Sultan transferred to Mohammed Ali the duty of suppressing them. He finally succeeded, and their first fierce strength was broken; but their doctrine still prevails throughout all Central Arabia, even Prince Telal, though no longer a devout believer, being obliged to conform to the outward observances of the sect.

The Wahabees are, in fact, a sort of Moslem Puritans in their faith and zeal; while, in the habits of life which they enforce, they might readily fraternize with many of our American Reformers. They lay much greater stress upon personal habits than upon personal character; they consider the wearing of silk or gold, the use of wine, tobacco, or coffee, as deadly sins, and in their zeal for the extermination of these sins they overlook

such minor offenses as falsehood, theft, or adultery. Their prohibitory law is carried out by a system of visitation, an espionage which penetrates into every private household, and which suspends a perpetual menace over the whole population of Nedjed. Suspicion and fear, the concomitants of arbitrary power, have been gradually wrought into the character of the people, and their ignorance has increased in the same proportion as their prejudices.

Palgrave gives a curious illustration of this fact, in the report of his conversation with Abd-el-Kereem, a member of the old nobility of Nedjed, of whom, assuming a profoundly devout air, he asked information concerning the greater and the lesser sins.

"Abd-el-Kereem doubted not that he had a sincere scholar before him, nor would refuse his hand to a drowning man. So, putting on a profound air, and with a voice of first-class solemnity, he uttered his oracle, that 'the first of the great sins is the giving divine honors to a creature.' A hit, I may observe, at ordinary Mahometans, whose whole doctrine of intercession, whether vested in Mahomet or in 'Alee, is classed by Wahabees along with direct and downright idolatry. A Damascene Shekh would have avoided the equivocation by answering, 'infidelity.'



AN ARAB ENCAMPMENT.

"Of course," I replied, "the enormity of such a sin is beyond all doubt. But if this be the first, there must be a second; what is it?"

"Drinking the shameful," in English, 'smoking tobacco,' was the unhesitating answer.

"And murder, and adultery; and false witness?" I suggested.

"God is merciful and forgiving," rejoined my friend; that is, these are merely little sins.

"Hence two sins alone are great, polytheism and smoking," I continued, though hardly able to keep countenance any longer. And Abd-el-Kereem with the most serious asseveration replied that such was really the case.

It is much easier to enter the lion's den than to escape therefrom; and so Palgrave found it. The king, Feysul, was old and blind; his sons were bitterly hostile to each other, and Palgrave's refusal to supply one of them with strychnine made his own position in the capital very hazardous. Nevertheless, by the help of his faithful friend, Aboo'Eysa, he was enabled to avert the constant suspicions of the court, and to practice his profession among the people until a favorable

chance for escape should arise. His account of the Wahabee empire is much the most complete which has yet been given to the world. He estimates the population—his sources of information being the government registers at Ri'ad—at 1,219,000, and the military force at 47,000.

There is some evidence that the severity of the ancient discipline is gradually relaxing in private; but the reign of such a liberal and magnanimous ruler as Prince Telal in Djebel Shomer will accomplish far more for Central Arabia than any armed opposition from

the side of Turkey or Egypt.

By allowing himself to be taken for a veterinary surgeon, Palgrave was enabled to visit the royal stables, where the flower of the famous Nedjed horse-family, renowned for so many centuries, is carefully preserved. There seems to be no doubt that the best



PALGRAVE.

blood of the world was originally drawn from this source. There were three hundred horses in the stables, an equal number being at pasture. Palgrave had never seen or imagined such a beautiful collection of animals. "Remarkably full in the haunches, with a shoulder of a slope so elegant as to make one, in the words of an Arab poet, 'go raving mad about it'; a little, a very little saddle-backed, just the curve which indicates springiness without any weakness; a head broad above and tapering down to a nose fine enough to verify the phrase of 'drinking from a pint-pot'; a most intelligent and yet a singularly gentle look, full eye, sharp thorn-like little ear, legs fore and hind that seemed as if made of hammered iron, so clean and yet so well twisted with sinew; a neat, round hoof, just the requisite for hard ground; the tail set on, or rather thrown out, at a perfect arch; coats smooth, shining, and light; the mane long, but not overgrown or heavy; and an air and step that seemed to say: 'Look at me, am I not pretty?'—their appearance justified all reputation, all value, all poetry."

It was worth some risk to have seen the pure blood of Nedjed on its native soil. We have no further space to relate what serious perils encompassed Palgrave during his stay of several weeks in the capital, nor the courage, firmness, and skill with which he foiled the machinations of the Wahabee princes. His narrative has all the interest of a romance, with the clearness and exactness of a scientific report. He was finally obliged to steal away, without farewells, and to hide in a desert valley until joined by the faithful Aboo'Eysa; then he crossed the mountain of Toweyk, the eastern belt of desert, and descended safely to the palm-groves which border the Persian Gulf, near the famous pearl-fisheries of Bahreyn. After many other mishaps, including a fearful shipwreck on the coast of Oman, he reached Bassora in the delirium of typhus-fever, and was kept alive to tell of his wonderful journey by the skill of the surgeon of an English steamer. In the records of modern exploration there is no more picturesque and adventurous story than that which he relates.

WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.—AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL STORY.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD,

AUTHOR OF "ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD," "ALEX FORBES," "ROBERT FALCONER," ETC.

(Continued from page 466.)

CHAPTER LXI.

THE PARISH REGISTER.

THE sky clouded as we went; it grew very dark, and the wind began to blow. It threatened a storm. I told Styles a little of what I was about—just enough to impress on him the necessity for prudence. The wind increased, and by the time we gained the copse, it was roaring, and the slender hazels bending like a field of corn.

"You will have enough to do with two horses," I said.

"I don't mind it, sir," Styles answered. "A word from me will quiet Miss Lilith; and for the other, I've known him pretty well for two years past."

I left them tolerably sheltered in the winding lane, and betook myself alone to the church. Cautiously I opened the door, and felt my way from pew to pew, for it was quite dark. I could just distinguish the windows from the walls, and nothing more. As soon as I reached the vestry, I struck a light, got

down the volume, and proceeded to moisten the parchment with a wet sponge. For some time the water made little impression on the old parchment, of which but one side could be exposed to its influences, and I began to fear I should be much longer in gaining my end than I had expected. The wind roared and howled about the trembling church, which seemed too weak with age to resist such an onslaught; but when at length the skin began to grow soft and yield to my gentle efforts at removal, I became far too much absorbed in the simple operation, which had to be performed with all the gentleness and nicety of a surgical one, to heed the uproar about me. Slowly the glutinous adhesion gave way, and slowly the writing revealed itself. In mingled hope and doubt I restrained my curiosity; and as one teases oneself sometimes by dallying with a letter of the greatest interest, not until I had folded down the parchment clear of what was manifestly an entry, did I bring my candle close to it and set myself to read it. Then indeed I found I had reason to re-

gard with respect the dream which had brought me thither.

Right under the 1748 of the parchment stood, on the vellum cover, 1747. Then followed the usual blank, and then came an entry corresponding word for word with the other entry of my great grandfather and mother's marriage. In all probability Moldwarp's Hall was mine! Little as it could do for me now, I confess to a keen pang of pleasure at the thought.

Meantime I followed out my investigation, and gradually slipped the parchment off the vellum to within a couple of inches of the bottom of the cover. The result of knowledge was as follows:—

Next to the entry of the now hardly hypothetical marriage of my ancestors stood the summing up of the marriages of 1747, with the signature of the rector. I paused, and, turning back, counted them. Including that in which alone I was interested, I found the number given correct. Next came by itself the figures 1748, and then a few more entries, followed by the usual summing up and signature of the rector. From this I turned to the leaf of parchment; there was a difference: upon the latter the sum was six, altered to seven; on the former it was five. This of course suggested further search: I soon found where the difference indicated lay.

As the entry of *the* marriage was, on the forged leaf, shifted up close to the forged 1748, and as the summing and signature had to be omitted, because they belonged to the end of 1747, a blank would have been left, and the writing below would have shown through and attracted attention, revealing the forgery of the whole, instead of that of the part only which was intended to look a forgery. To prevent this, an altogether fictitious entry had been made, over the summing and signature. This, with the genuine entries faithfully copied, made of the five, six, which the forger had written and then blotted into a seven, intending to expose the entry of my ancestors' marriage as a forgery, while the rest of the year's register should look genuine. It took me some little trouble to clear it all up to my own mind, but by degrees everything settled into its place, and assumed an intelligible shape in virtue of its position.

With my many speculations as to why the mechanism of the forgery had assumed this shape, I need not trouble my reader. Suffice it to say that on more than one supposition I can account for it satisfactorily to myself. One other remark only will I make concerning it: I have no doubt it was an old

forgery. One after another those immediately concerned in it had died, and there the falsehood lurked, in latent power, inoperative until my second visit to Umberden Church. But what differences might there not have been had it not started into activity for the brief space betwixt then and my sorrow?

I left the parchment still attached to the cover at the bottom, and laying a sheet of paper between the formerly adhering surfaces, lest they should again adhere, closed and replaced the volume. Then looking at my watch, I found that, instead of an hour, as I had supposed, I had been in the church three hours. It was nearly eleven o'clock—too late for anything further that night.

When I came out the sky was clear and the stars were shining. The storm had blown over. Much rain had fallen. But when the wind ceased or the rain began, I had no recollection: the storm had vanished altogether from my consciousness. I found Styles where I had left him, smoking his pipe and leaning against Lilit, who—I cannot call her *which*—was feeding on the fine grass of the lane. The horse he had picketed near. We mounted and rode home.

The next thing was to see the rector of Umberden. He lived in his other parish, and thither I rode the following day to call upon him. I found him an old gentleman, of the squire type of rector. As soon as he heard my name he seemed to know who I was, and at once showed himself hospitable.

I told him that I came to him as I might, were I a Catholic, to a father-confessor. This startled him a little.

"Don't tell me anything I ought not to keep secret," he said; and it gave me confidence in him at once.

"I will not," I returned. "The secret is purely my own. Whatever crime there is in it, was past punishment long before I was born; and it was committed against, not by my family. But it is rather a long story, and I hope I shall not be tedious."

He assured me of his perfect leisure.

I told him everything, from my earliest memory, which bore on the discovery I had at length made. He soon showed signs of interest; and when I had ended the tale with the facts of the preceding night, he silently rose and walked about the room. After a few moments, he said:

"And what do you mean to do, Mr. Cumbermede?"

"Nothing," I answered, "so long as Sir Giles is alive. He was kind to me when I was a boy."

He came up behind me where I was seated, and laid his hand gently on my head; then, without a word, resumed his walk.

"And if you survive him, what then?"

"Then I must be guided partly by circumstances," I said.

"And what do you want of me?"

"I want you to go with me to the church, and see the book, that, in case of anything happening to it, you may be a witness concerning its previous contents."

"I am too old to be the only witness," he said. "You ought to have several of your own age."

"I want as few to know the secret as may be," I answered.

"You should have your lawyer one of them."

"He would never leave me alone about it," I replied; "and positively I shall take no measures at present. Some day I hope to punish him for deserting me as he did."

For I had told him how Mr. Coningham had behaved.

"Revenge, Mr. Cumbermede?"

"Not a serious one. All the punishment I hope to give him is but to show him the fact of the case, and leave him to feel as he may about it."

"There can't be much harm in that."

He reflected for a few moments, and then said:

"I will tell you what will be best. We shall go and see the book together. I will make an extract of both entries, and give a description of the state of the volume, with an account of how the second entry—or more properly the first—came to be discovered. This I shall sign in the presence of two witnesses, who need know nothing of the contents of the paper. Of that you shall yourself take charge."

We went together to the church. The old man, after making a good many objections, was at length satisfied, and made notes for his paper. He started the question whether it would not be better to secure that volume at least under lock and key. For this I thought there was no occasion—that in fact it was safer where it was, and more certain of being forthcoming when wanted. I did suggest that the key of the church might be deposited in a place of safety; but he answered that it had been kept there ever since he came to the living forty years ago, and for how long before that, he could not tell; and so a change would attract attention, and possibly make some talk in the parish, which had better be avoided.

Before the end of the week, he had his document ready. He signed it in my presence, and in that of two of his parishioners, who as witnesses appended their names and abodes. I have it now in my possession. I shall inclose it, with my great-grandfather and mother's letters—and something besides—in the packet containing this history.

That same week, Sir Giles Brotherton died.

CHAPTER LXII.

A FOOLISH TRIUMPH.

I SHOULD have now laid claim to my property, but for Mary. To turn Sir Geoffrey with his mother and sister out of it, would have caused me little compunction, for they would still be rich enough; I confess, indeed, it would have given me satisfaction. Nor could I say what real hurt of any kind it would occasion to Mary; and if I were writing for the public, instead of my one reader, I know how foolishly incredible it must appear that for her sake I should forego such claims. She would, however, I trust, have been able to believe it without the proofs which I intend to give her. The fact was simply this: I could not, even for my own sake, bear the thought of taking, in any manner or degree, a position if but apparently antagonistic to her. My enemy was her husband: he should reap the advantage of being her husband; for her sake he should, for the present, retain what was mine. So long as there should be no reason to fear his adopting a different policy from his father's in respect of his tenants, I felt myself at liberty to leave things as they were; for Sir Giles had been a good landlord, and I knew the son was regarded with favor in the county. Were he to turn out unjust or oppressive, however, then duty on my part would come in. But I must also remind my reader that I had no love for affairs; that I had an income perfectly sufficient for my wants; that, both from my habits of thought and from my sufferings, my regard was upon life itself—was indeed so far from being confined to this chrysalid beginning thereof, that I had lost all interest in this world save as the porch to the house of life. And, should I ever meet her again, in any possible future of being, how much rather would I not stand before her as one who had been even Quixotic for her sake—as one who, for a hair's-breadth of her interest, had felt the sacrifice of a fortune a merely natural movement of his life! She would then know not merely that I was true to her, but that I had been

true in what I professed to believe when I sought her favor. And if it had been a pleasure to me—call it a weakness, and I will not oppose the impeachment;—call it self-pity, and I will confess to that as having a share in it;—but, if it had been a shadowy pleasure to me to fancy I suffered for her sake, my present resolution, while it did not add the weight of a feather to my suffering, did yet give me a similar vague satisfaction.

I must also confess to a certain satisfaction in feeling that I had power over my enemy—power of making him feel my power—power of vindicating my character against him as well, seeing one who could thus abstain from asserting his own rights could hardly have been one to invade the rights of another; but the enjoyment of this consciousness appeared to depend on my silence: if I broke that, the strength would depart from me; but while I held my peace, I held my foe in an invisible mesh. I half deluded myself into fancying that while I kept my power over him unexercised, I retained a sort of pledge for his conduct to Mary, of which I was more than doubtful; for a man with such antecedents as his; a man who had been capable of behaving as he had behaved to Charley, was less than likely to be true to his wife: he was less than likely to treat the sister as a lady, who to the brother had been a traitorous seducer.

I have now to confess a fault as well as an imprudence—punished, I believe, in the results.

The behavior of Mr. Coningham still rankled a little in my bosom. From Geoffrey I had never looked for anything but evil; of Mr. Coningham I had expected differently, and I began to meditate the revenge of holding him up to himself: I would punish him in a manner which, with his confidence in his business faculty, he must feel: I would simply show him how the precipitation of selfish disappointment had led him astray, and frustrated his designs. For if he had given even a decent attention to the matter, he would have found in the forgery itself hints sufficient to suggest the desirableness of further investigation.

I had not, however, concluded upon anything, when one day I accidentally met him, and we had a little talk about business, for he continued to look after the rent of my field. He informed me that Sir Geoffrey Brotherton had been doing all he could to get even temporary possession of the park, as we called it; and, although I said nothing of it to Mr. Coningham, my suspicion is,

that, had he succeeded, he would, at the risk of a law-suit in which he would certainly have been cast, have ploughed it up. He told me also that Clara was in poor health; she who had looked as if no blight could ever touch her, had broken down utterly. The shadow of her sorrow was plain enough on the face of her father, and his confident manner had a little yielded, although he was the old man still. His father had died a little before Sir Giles. The new baronet had not offered him the succession.

I asked him to go with me yet once more to Umerden Church—for I wanted to show him something he had overlooked in the register—not, I said, that it would be of the slightest furtherance to his former hopes. He agreed at once, already a little ashamed perhaps of the way in which he had abandoned me. Before we parted we made an appointment to meet at the church.

We went at once to the vestry. I took down the volume and laid it before him. He opened it, with a curious look at me first. But the moment he lifted the cover, its condition at once attracted and as instantly riveted his attention. He gave me one glance more, in which questions and remarks and exclamations numberless lay in embryo; then turning to the book, was presently absorbed, first in reading the genuine entry, next in comparing it with the forged one.

"Right after all!" he exclaimed at length.

"In what?" I asked. "In dropping me without a word, as if I had been an impostor? In forgetting that you yourself had raised in me the hopes whose discomfiture you took as a personal injury?"

"My dear sir!" he stammered in an expostulatory tone, "you must make allowance. It was a tremendous disappointment to me."

"I cannot say I felt it quite so much myself; but at least you owed me an apology for having misled me."

"I had *not* misled you," he retorted angrily, pointing to the register.—"There!"

"You left *me* to find that out though. *You* took no further pains in the matter."

"How *did* you find it out?" he asked, clutching at a change in the tone of the conversation.

I said nothing of my dream, but I told him everything else concerning the discovery. When I had finished—

"It's all plain sailing now," he cried. "There is not an obstacle in the way. I will set the thing in motion the instant I get home. It will be a victory worth achieving!" he added, rubbing his hands.

"Mr. Coningham, I have not the slightest intention of moving in the matter," I said.

His face fell.

"You do not mean—when you hold them in your very hands—to throw away every advantage of birth and fortune, and be a nobody in the world?"

"Infinite advantages of the kind you mean, Mr. Coningham, could make me not one whit more than I am: they *might* make me less."

"Come, come," he expostulated; "you must not allow disappointment to upset your judgment of things."

"My judgment of things lies deeper than any disappointment I have yet had," I replied. "My uncle's teaching has at last begun to bear fruit in me."

"Your uncle was a fool!" he exclaimed.

"But for my uncle's sake I would knock you down for daring to couple such a word with *him*."

He turned on me with a sneer. His eyes had receded in his head, and in his rage he grinned. The old ape-face, which had lurked in my memory ever since the time I first saw him, came out so plainly that I started; the child had read his face aright! the following judgment of the man had been wrong! the child's fear had not imprinted a false idolon upon the growing brain.

"What right had you," he said, "to bring me all this way for such tomfoolery?"

"I told you it would not further your wishes. But who brought me here for nothing first?" I added, most foolishly.

"I was myself deceived. I did not intend to deceive you."

"I know that. God forbid I should be unjust to you. But you have proved to me that your friendship was all a pretence; that your private ends were all your object. When you discovered that I could not serve those, you dropped me like a bit of glass you had taken for a diamond. Have you any right to grumble if I give you the discipline of a passing shame?"

"Mr. Cumbermede," he said, through his teeth, "you will repent this."

I gave him no answer, and he left the church in haste. Having replaced the register, I was following at my leisure, when I heard sounds that made me hurry to the door. Lilith was plunging and rearing and pulling at the bridle which I had thrown over one of the spiked bars of the gate. Another moment and she must have broken loose, or dragged the gate upon her—more likely the latter, for the bridle was a new one with broad reins—when some frightful

injury would in all probability have been the consequence to herself. But a word from me quieted her, and she stood till I came up. Every inch of her was trembling. I suspected at once, and in a moment discovered plainly that Mr. Coningham had struck her with his whip; there was a big weal on the fine skin of her hip and across her croup. She shrunk like a hurt child when my hand approached the injured part, but moved neither hoof nor head.

Having patted and petted and consoled her a little, I mounted and rode after Mr. Coningham. Nor was it difficult to overtake him, for he was going a foot-pace. He was stooping in his saddle, and when I drew near, I saw that he was looking very pale. I did not, however, suspect that he was in pain.

"It was a cowardly thing to strike the poor dumb animal," I cried.

"You would have struck her yourself," he answered with a curse, "if she had broken your leg."

I rode nearer. I knew well enough that she would not have kicked him if he had not struck her first, and I could see that his leg was not broken; but evidently he was in great suffering.

"I am very sorry," I said. "Can I help you?"

"Go to the devil," he groaned.

I am ashamed to say the answer made me so angry that I spoke the truth.

"Don't suppose you deceive me," I said.

"I know well enough my mare did *not* kick you before you struck her. Then she lashed out, of course."

I waited for no reply, but turned and rode back to the church, the door of which, in my haste, I had left open. I locked it, replaced the key, and then rode quietly home.

But as I went, I began to feel that I had done wrong. No doubt Mr. Coningham deserved it, but the law was not in my hands. No man has a right to *punish* another. Vengeance belongs to a higher region, and the vengeance of God is a very different thing from the vengeance of man. However it may be softened with the name of retribution, revenge runs into all our notions of justice; and until we love purely, so it must ever be.

All I had gained was self-rebuke, and another enemy. Having reached home, I read the Manual of Epictetus right through before I laid it down, and, if it did not teach me to love my enemies, it taught me at least to be ashamed of myself. Then I wrote to Mr.

Coningham, saying I was sorry I had spoken to him as I did, and begging him to let by-gones be by-gones; assuring him that if ever I moved in the matter of our difference, he should be the first to whom I applied for assistance.

He returned me no answer.

CHAPTER LXIII.

A COLLISION.

AND now came a dreary time of reaction. There seemed nothing left for me to do, and I felt listless and weary. Something kept urging me to get away and hide myself, and I soon made up my mind to yield to the impulse and go abroad. My intention was to avoid cities, and, wandering from village to village, lay my soul bare to the healing influences of Nature. As to any healing in the power of Time, I despised the old bald-pate as a quack who performed his seeming cures at the expense of the whole body. The better cures attributed to him are not his at all, but produced by the operative causes whose servant he is. A thousand holy balms require his services for their full action, but they, and not he, are the saving powers. Along with Time I ranked, and with absolute hatred shrank from—all those means which offered to cure me by making me forget. From a child, I had a horror of forgetting; it always seemed to me like a loss of being, like a hollow scooped out of my very existence—almost like the loss of identity. At times I even shrank from going to sleep, so much did it seem like yielding to an absolute death—a death so deep that the visible death is but a picture or type of it. If I could have been sure of dreaming, it would have been different, but in the uncertainty it seemed like consenting to nothingness. That one who thus felt should ever have been tempted to suicide, will reveal how painful if not valueless his thoughts and feelings—his conscious life—must have grown to him; and that the only thing which withheld him from it should be the fear that no death, but a more intense life might be the result, will reveal it yet more clearly. That in that sleep I might at least dream—there was the rub.

All such relief, in a word, as might come of a lowering of my life, either physically, morally, or spiritually, I hated, detested, despised. The man who finds solace for a wounded heart in self-indulgence, may indeed be *capable* of angelic virtues, but in the meantime his conduct is that of the devils who

went into the swine rather than be bodiless. The man who can thus be consoled for the loss of a woman, could never have been worthy of her, possibly would not have remained true to her beyond the first delights of possession. The relief to which I could open my door must be such alone as would operate through the enlarging and elevating of what I recognized as *myself*. Whatever would make me greater, so that my torture, intensified it might well be, should yet have room to dash itself hither and thither without injuring the walls of my being, would be welcome. If I might become so great that, my grief yet stinging me to agony, the infinite *I* of me should remain pure and calm, God-loving and man-cherishing, then I should be saved. God might be able to do more for me—I could not tell: I looked for no more. I would myself be such as to inclose my pain in a mighty sphere of out-spacing life, in relation to which even such sorrow as mine should be but a little thing. Such deliverance alone, I say, could I consent with myself to accept, and such alone, I believed, would God offer me—for such alone seemed worthy of Him, and such alone seemed not unworthy of me.

The help that Nature could give me I judged to be of this ennobling kind. For either Nature was nature in virtue of having been born (*nata*) of God, or she was but a phantasm of my own brain—against which supposition the nature in me protested with the agony of a tortured man. To Nature, then, I would go. Like the hurt child who folds himself in the skirt of his mother's velvet garment, I would fold myself in the robe of Deity.

But to give honor and gratitude where both are due, I must here confess obligation with a willing and thankful heart. The *Excursion* of Wordsworth was published ere I was born, but only since I left college had I made acquaintance with it: so long does it take for the light of a new star to reach a distant world! To this book I owe so much that to me it would alone justify the conviction that Wordsworth will never be forgotten. That he is no longer the fashion, militates nothing against his reputation. We, the old ones, hold fast by him for no sentimental reminiscence of the fashion of our youth, but simply because his humanity has come into contact with ours. The men of the new generation have their new loves and worships: it remains to be seen to whom the worthy amongst them will turn long ere the frosts of age begin to gather and the winds of the hu-

man autumn to blow. Wordsworth will recede through the gliding ages until, with the greater Chaucer, and the greater Shakspeare, and the greater Milton, he is yet a star in the constellated crown of England.

Before I was able to leave home, however, a new event occurred.

I received an anonymous letter, in a handwriting I did not recognize. Its contents were as follows:—

"SIR—Treachery is intended you. If you have anything worth watching, *watch it.*"

For one moment—so few were the places in which through my possessions I was vulnerable—I fancied the warning might point to Lilith, but I soon dismissed the idea. I could make no inquiries, for it had been left an hour before my return from a stroll by an unknown messenger. I could think of nothing besides but the register, and if this was what my correspondent aimed at, I had less reason to be anxious concerning it, because of the attested copy, than my informant probably knew. Still its safety was far from being a matter of indifference to me. I resolved to ride over to Umberden Church and see if it was as I had left it.

The twilight was fast thickening into darkness when I entered the gloomy building. There was light enough, however, to guide my hand to the right volume, and by carrying it to the door I was able to satisfy myself that it was as I had left it.

Thinking over the matter once more as I stood, I could not help wishing that the book were out of danger just for the present; but there was hardly a place in the bare church where it was possible to conceal it. At last I thought of one—half groped my way to the pulpit, ascended its creaking stair, lifted the cushion of the seat, and laid the book, which was thin, open in the middle, and flat on its face, under it. I then locked the door, mounted, and rode off.

It was now more than dusk. Lilith was frolicsome, and, rejoicing in the grass under her feet, broke into a quick canter along the noiseless, winding lane. Suddenly there was a great shock, and I lay senseless.

I came to myself under the stinging blows of a whip, only afterwards recognized as such, however. I sprung staggering to my feet, and rushed at the dim form of an assailant, with such a sudden and I suppose unexpected assault that he fell under me. Had he not fallen, I should have had little chance with him, for, as I now learned by his voice, it was Sir Geoffrey Brotherton.

"Thief! Swindler! Sneak!" he cried, making a last harmless blow at me as he fell.

All the wild beast in my nature was roused. I had no weapon—not even a whip, for Lilith never needed one. It was well, for what I might have done in the first rush of blood to my reviving brain, I dare hardly imagine. I seized him by the throat with such fury that, though far the stronger, he had no chance as he lay. I kneeled on his chest. He struggled furiously, but could not force my gripe from his throat. I soon perceived that I was strangling him, and tightened my grasp.

His efforts were already growing feebler, when I became aware of a soft touch, apparently trying to take hold of my hair. Glancing up without relaxing my hold, I saw the white head of Lilith close to mine. Was it the whiteness—was it the calmness of the creature—I cannot pretend to account for the fact, but the same instant before my mind's eye rose the vision of one standing speechless before his accusers, bearing on his form the marks of ruthless blows. I did not then remember that just before I came out I had been gazing, as I often gazed, upon an *Ecce Homo* of Albert Dürer's that hung in my room. Immediately my heart awoke within me. My whole being still trembling with passionate struggle and gratified hate, a rush of human pity swept across it. I took my hand from my enemy's throat, rose, withdrew some paces, and burst into tears. I could have embraced him, but I dared not even minister to him, for the insult it would appear. He did not at once rise, and when he did, he stood for a few moments, half-unconscious, I think, staring at me. Coming to himself, he felt for and found his whip—I thought with the intention of attacking me again, but he moved towards his horse, which was quietly eating the grass now wet with dew. Gathering its bridle from around its leg, he mounted, and rode back the way he had come.

I lingered for a while utterly exhausted. I was trembling in every limb. The moon rose and began to shed her low yellow light over the hazel copse, filling the lane with brightness and shadow. Lilith, seeming in her whiteness to gather a tenfold share of the light upon herself, was now feeding as gently as if she had known nothing of the strife, and I congratulated myself that the fall had not injured her. But as she took a step forward in her feeding, I discovered to my dismay that she was quite lame. For my own part, I was now feeling the ache of numerous

and severe bruises. When I took Lilith by the bridle to lead her away, I found that neither of us could manage more than two miles an hour. I was very uneasy about her. There was nothing for it, however, but to make the best of our way to Gastford. It was no little satisfaction to think, as we hobbled along, that the accident had happened through no carelessness of mine beyond that of cantering in the dark, for I was on my own side of the road. Had Geoffrey been on his, narrow as the lane was, we might have passed without injury.

It was so late when we reached Gastford, that we had to rouse the hostler before I could get Lilith attended to. I bathed the injured leg, of which the shoulder seemed wrenched; and having fed her, but less plentifully than usual, I left her to her repose. In the morning she was considerably better, but I resolved to leave her where she was, and, sending a messenger for Styles to come and attend to her, I hired a gig, and went to call on my new friend the rector of Umberden.

I told him all that had happened, and where I had left the volume. He said he would have a chest made in which to secure the whole register, and meanwhile would himself go to the church and bring that volume home with him. It is safe enough now, as any one may find who wishes to see it—though the old man has long passed away.

Lilith remained at Gastford a week before I judged it safe for her to come home. The injury, however, turned out to be a not very serious one.

Why should I write of my poor mare—but that she was once hers all for whose hoped perusal I am writing this? No, there is even a better reason: I shall never, to all my eternity, forget, even if I should never see her again, which I do not for a moment believe, what she did for me that evening. Surely she deserves to appear in her own place in my story!

Of course I was exercised in my mind as to who had sent me the warning. There could be no more doubt that I had hit what it intended, and had possibly preserved the register from being once more tampered with. I could think only of one. I have never had an opportunity of inquiring, and for her sake I should never have asked the question, but I have little doubt it was Clara. Who else could have had a chance of making the discovery, and at the same time would have cared to let me know it? Also she would have cogent reason for keeping such a part in the affair a secret. Probably she had heard

her father informing Geoffrey; but he might have done so with no worse intention than had informed his previous policy.

CHAPTER LXIV.

YET ONCE.

I AM drawing my story to a close. Almost all that followed bears so exclusively upon my internal history, that I will write but one incident more of it. I have roamed the world, and reaped many harvests. In the deepest agony I have never refused the consolations of Nature or of Truth. I have never knowingly accepted any founded in falsehood, in forgetfulness, or in distraction. Let such as have no hope in God drink of what Lethe they can find; to me it is a river of Hell, and altogether abominable. I could not be content even to forget my sins. There can be but one deliverance from them—namely, that God and they should come together in my soul. In His presence I shall serenely face them. Without Him I dare not think of them. With God, a man can confront anything; without God, he is but the withered straw which the sickle of the reaper has left standing on a wintry field. But to forget them would be to cease and begin anew, which to one aware of his immortality is a horror.

If comfort profound as the ocean has not yet overtaken and unfolded me, I see how such may come—perhaps will come. It must be by the enlarging of my whole being in truth, in God, so as to give room for the storm to rage yet not destroy; for the sorrow to brood yet not kill; for the sunshine of love to return after the east wind and black frost of bitterest disappointment; for the heart to feel the uttermost tenderness while the arms go not forth to embrace; for a mighty heaven of the unknown, crowded with the stars of endless possibilities, to dawn when the sun of love has vanished, and the moon of its memory is too ghastly to give any light: it is comfort such and thence that I think will one day possess me. Already has not its aurora brightened the tops of my snow-covered mountains? And if yet my valleys lie gloomy and forlorn, is not light on the loneliest peak a sure promise of the coming day?

Only once again have I looked in Mary's face. I will record the occasion, and then drop my pen.

About five years after I left home, I happened in my wanderings to be in one of my favorite Swiss valleys—high and yet sheltered. I rejoiced to be far up in the moun-

tains, yet behold the inaccessible peaks above me—mine, though not to be trodden by foot of mine—my heart's own, though never to yield me a moment's outlook from their lofty brows; for I was never strong enough to reach one mighty summit. It was enough for me that they sent me down the glad streams from the cold bosoms of their glaciers—the offspring of the sun and the snow; that I too beheld the stars to which they were nearer than I.

One lovely morning, I had wandered a good way from the village—a place little frequented by visitors, where I had a lodging in the house of the syndic—when I was overtaken by one of the sudden fogs which so frequently render those upper regions dangerous. There was no path to guide me back to my temporary home, but, a hundred yards or so beneath where I had been sitting, lay that which led down to one of the best known villages of the canton, where I could easily find shelter. I made haste to descend.

After a couple of hours' walking, during which the fog kept following me, as if hunting me from its lair, I at length arrived at the level of the valley, and was soon in one of those large hotels which in the summer are crowded as bee-hives, and in the winter forsaken as a ruin. The season for travelers was drawing to a close, and the house was full of homeward-bound guests.

For the mountains will endure but a season of intrusion. If travelers linger too long within their hospitable gates, their humor changes, and, with fierce winds and snow and bitter sleet, they will drive them forth, preserving their winter privacy for the bosom friends of their mistress, Nature. Many is the winter since those of my boyhood which I have spent amongst the Alps; and in such solitude I have ever found the negation of all solitude, the one absolute Presence. David communed with his own heart on his bed and was still—there finding God: communing with my own heart in the winter valleys of Switzerland, I found at least what made me cry out: "Surely this is the house of God; this is the gate of heaven!" I would not be supposed to fancy that God is in mountains and not in plains—that God is in the solitude and not in the city: in any region harmonious with its condition and necessities, it is easier for the heart to be still, and in its stillness to hear the still small voice.

Dinner was going on at the *table d'hôte*. It was full, but a place was found for me in a bay window. Turning to the one side, I

belonged to the great world, represented by the Germans, Americans, and English, with a Frenchman and Italian here and there, filling the long table; turning to the other, I knew myself in the temple of the Most High, so huge that it seemed empty of men. The great altar of a mighty mountain rose, massy as a world, and ethereal as a thought, into the upturned gulf of the twilight air—its snowy peak, ever as I turned to look, mounting up and up to its repose. I had been playing with my own soul, spinning it between the sun and the moon as it were, and watching now the golden and now the silvery side, as I glanced from the mountain to the table, and again from the table to the mountain, when all at once I discovered that I was searching the mountain for something—I did not know what. Whether any tones had reached me, I cannot tell;—a man's mind may, even through his senses, be marvelously moved without knowing whence the influence comes;—but there I was searching the face of the mountain for something, with a want which had not begun to explain itself. From base to peak my eyes went flitting and resting, and wandering again upwards. At last they reached the snowy crown, from which they fell into the infinite blue beyond. Then, suddenly, the unknown something I wanted was clear. The same moment, I turned to the table. Almost opposite was a face—pallid, with parted lips and fixed eyes—gazing at me. Then I knew those eyes had been gazing at me all the time I had been searching the face of the mountain. For one moment they met mine and rested; for one moment, I felt as if I must throw myself at her feet, and clasp them to my heart; but she turned her eyes away, and I rose and left the house.

The mist was gone, and the moon was rising. I walked up the mountain path towards my village. But long ere I reached it, the sun was rising; with his first arrow of slenderest light, the tossing waves of my spirit began to lose their white tops, and sink again towards a distant calm; and ere I saw the village from the first point of vision, I had made the following verses. They are the last I will set down.

I know that I cannot move thee

To an echo of my pain,

Or a thrill of the storming trouble

That racks my soul and brain;

That our hearts through all the ages

Shall never sound in tune;

That they meet no more in their cycles

Than the parted sun and moon.

But if ever a spirit flashes
Itself on another soul,
One day, in thy stillness, a vapor
Shall round about thee roll ;

And the lifting of the vapor
Shall reveal a world of pain,
Of frosted suns, and moons that wander
Through misty mountains of rain.

Thou shalt know me for one live instant—
Thou shalt know me—and yet not love :
I would not have thee troubled,
My cold, white-feathered dove.

I would only once come near thee—
Myself, and not my form ;
Then away in the distance wander,
A slow-dissolving storm.

The vision should pass in vapor,
That melt in aether again ;
Only a something linger—
Not pain, but the shadow of pain.

And I should know that thy spirit
On mine one look had sent ;
And glide away from thy knowledge,
And try to be half-content.

CHAPTER LXV.

CONCLUSION.

THE ebbing tide that leaves bare the shore, swells the heaps of the central sea. The tide of life ebbs from this body of mine, soon to lie on the shore of life like a stranded wreck ; but the murmur of the waters that break upon no strand is in my ears ; to join the waters of the infinite life, mine is ebbing away.

Whatever has been his will is well—grandly well—well even for that in me which feared, and in those very respects in which it feared that it might not be well. The whole being of me past and present shall say : it is infinitely well, and I would not have it otherwise. Rather than it should not be as it is, I would go back to the world and this body of which I grew weary, and encounter yet again all that met me on my journey. Yes—final submission of my will to the All-will—I would meet it *knowing what was coming*. Lord of me, Father of Jesus Christ, will this suffice ? Is my faith enough yet ? I say it, not having beheld what thou hast in store—not knowing what I shall be—not even absolutely certain that thou art—confident only that, if thou be, such thou must be.

The last struggle is before me. But I have passed already through so many valleys of death itself, where the darkness was not only palpable, but choking and stinging, that I cannot greatly fear that which holds but the

shadow of death. For what men call death, is but its shadow. Death never comes near us ; it lies behind the back of God ; he is between it and us. If he were to turn his back upon us, the death which no imagination can shadow forth, would lap itself around us, and we should be—we should not know what.

At night I lie wondering how it will feel ; and, but that God will be with me, I would rather be slain suddenly, than lie still and await the change. The growing weakness, ushered in, it may be, by long agony ; the alienation from things about me, while I am yet amidst them ; the slow rending of the bonds which make this body a home, so that it turns half alien, while yet some bonds unsevered hold the live thing fluttering in its worm-eaten cage—but God knows me and my house, and I need not speculate or forebode. When it comes, death will prove as natural as birth. Bethink thee, Lord—nay, thou never forgettest. It is because thou thinkest and feelest that I think and feel ; it is on thy deeper consciousness that mine ever floats ; thou knowest my frame, and rememberest that I am dust : do with me as thou wilt. Let me take centuries to die if so thou wiltest, for thou wilt be with me. Only if an hour should come when thou must seem to forsake me, watch me all the time, lest self-pity should awake, and I should cry that thou wast dealing hardly with me. For when thou hidest thy face, the world is a corpse, and I am a live soul fainting within it.

Thus far had I written, and was about to close with certain words of Job which are to me like the trumpet of the resurrection, when the news reached me that Sir Geoffrey Brotherton was dead. He leaves no children, and the property is expected to pass to a distant branch of the family. Mary will have to leave Moldwarp Hall.

I have been up to London to my friend Marston—for it is years since Mr. Coningham died. I have laid everything before him, and left the affair in his hands. He is so confident in my cause, that he offers, in case my means should fail me, to find what is necessary himself ; but he is almost as confident of a speedy settlement.

And now, for the first time in my life, I am about—shall I say, to court society ? At least I am going to London, about to give and receive invitations, and cultivate the acquaintance of those whose appearance and conversation attract me.

I have not a single relative, to my knowledge, in the world, and I am free, beyond question, to leave whatever property I have or may have to whomsoever I please.

My design is this: if I succeed in my suit, I will offer Moldwarp to Mary for her lifetime. She is greatly beloved in the county, and has done much for the laborers, nor upon her own lands only. If she had the full power she would do yet better. But of course it is very doubtful whether she will accept it. Should she decline it, I shall try to manage it myself—leaving it to her, with reversion to the man, whoever he may be, whom I shall choose to succeed her.

What sort of man I shall endeavor to find, I think my reader will understand. I will not describe him, beyond saying that he must above all things be just, generous, and free from the petty prejudices of the country gentleman. He must understand that property involves service to every human soul that lives or labors upon it—the service of the elder brother to his less burdened yet more enduring and more helpless brothers and sisters; that for the lives of all such he has in his degree to render account. For surely God never meant to uplift any man *at the expense* of his fellows; but to uplift him that he might be strong to minister, as a wise friend and ruler, to their highest and best needs—first of all by giving them the justice which will be recognized as such by him before whom a man *is* his brother's keeper, and becomes a Cain in denying it.

Lest Lady Brotherton, however, should like to have something to give away, I leave my former will as it was. It is in Marston's hands.

Would I marry her now, if I might? I cannot tell. The thought rouses no passionate flood within me. Mighty spaces of endless possibility and endless result open before me. Death is knocking at my door.

No—no; I will be honest, and lay it to no half reasons, however wise. I would rather meet her then first, when she is clothed in that new garment called by St. Paul the spiritual body. That, Geoffrey has never touched; over that he has no claim.

But if the loveliness of her character should have purified his, and drawn and bound his soul to hers?

Father, fold me in thyself. The storm so long still, awakes; once more it flutters its fierce pinions. Let it not swing itself aloft in the air of my spirit. I dare not think, not merely lest thought should kindle into agony, but lest I should fail to rejoice over the lost and found. But my heart is in thy hand. Need I school myself to bow to an imagined decree of thine? Is it not enough that, when I shall know a thing for thy will, I shall then be able to say: Thy will be done? It is not enough; I need more. School thou my heart so to love thy will, that in all calmness I leave to think what may or may not be its choice, and rest in its holy self.

She has sent for me. I go to her. I will not think beforehand what I shall say.

Something within tells me that a word from her would explain all that sometimes even now seems so inexplicable as hers. Will she speak that word? Shall I pray her for that word? I know nothing. The pure Will be done!

THE END.

IN THE BROOK.

SYLVIA DARE had come back. This piece of news, whispered from one to another, was enough to set all the caps in Baybrook nodding, and to stir the village into a ripple of unusual excitement.

I wish I could make you see Baybrook as it stood that day, knee-deep in fallen yellow leaves, and rimmed by mountain ranges of pale blue which seemed melting into the pale November sky. Hush was the predominant character of the place. The bare and songless woods into which the long street

plunged at either end, where it sought the open country, were no stiller than the village at its busiest center. There was absolutely no sound in the air, no voices, no hammers, no stir of occupation, only the cawing of crows in the fields, and one faint shriek from a distant locomotive ten miles away. The closely-shuttered houses looked dumb and lifeless. There was life enough going on in back regions,—life, and hard domestic trial,—but it was not visible to the road. The men of the place, gathered in the customary circle about

the post-office store, conversed, if at all, in low husky tones, varying their talk with the life and interest of frequent expectation. The sidewalk was deserted. Once or twice in the course of the morning a woman with fluttering garments passed along, or dodged into this door or that, but her presence brought no relief to the prevailing sense of lifelessness, or broke it only with that slight surprise which we experience when some bird, a robin or belated woodpecker, brushes by us in the wintry woods.

But for all this peaceful exterior, Baybrook did not lack its gossips. In the remote kitchens, where so much unseen business was daily done, great interchange of neighborly chat was going on. At Mis' Wilder's, for instance, old Mis' Philbrick had run over "cross lots" to interview her crony on the topic of the day, and Mis' Wilder, taking out her knitting and banishing "the girls" in clumsily contrived errand to the buttery, had fairly settled down for enjoyment. While Hepsy and Pris, indignant at being sent off, and on very tip-toe of curiosity, were doing their little all to overhear through the chink of the door.

"Who's Sylvia Dare?" asked Pris, catching the name amid the tantalizing hum, hum, hum of the low voices.

"I don't know," replied Hepsy, with wide-open eyes. "Somebody awful, I guess."

Poor Sylvia! It was not so very long—ten or twelve years at utmost—since she left her native village, and already her name was a strange one in the ears of the generation who now usurped her place. She wasn't "somebody awful" then. The elders remembered her, a willful, beautiful girl, carrying all before her with the insolence of youth and vanity, flirting now with this young man, now with that, and breaking more than one heart. They recollected the time of her brief engagement to Phil Thorpe—the likeliest fellow in the county—and his wretched looks when, some months after it was all broken off, she vanished from home to return no more. "Gone on a long visit to some friends in York," old Miss Dare said, in a last effort to save her darling's credit; but a year later, when she lay dying, the poor aunt confessed the truth,—she did not know where Sylvia was, she had never known,—neither word nor sign had come from the child since the day she went away. A dark cloud of surmise rested thenceforward over the fate of the village beauty, never lifted until now, when, marvelous to relate, she had come back.

"But when did she come?" asked Mis' Wilder.

"Last night," replied Mis' Philbrick, bringing her cap nearer. "Jehiel Forbes was to the depot with his team, and he fetched her over. She didn't speak, nor give no sign who she was, and he never mistrusted at first—she was so changed! Not much of handsome Sylvie Dare left, I reckon. But by-and-by he asked where did she want to be set down? and she says, says she, in a kind of hesitating voice, 'Is old Miss Dare alive yet?' And then Jehiel he said, 'Why, no; Mis' Dare died a long piece back, not more'n a year after her niece went off.' And at that she kind of choked, and pulled down her veil, and then Jehiel guessed. So he didn't say anything more till they got real near the village, and then he asked again where would she be set down? And at first she didn't answer, and then she said: 'Oh, I don't know; drive to the house where Miss Dare used to live. Perhaps they'll take me in there to board,' says she, and she burst right out crying. Jehiel says he felt real bad, and he took her there and fixed it all straight with Mis' Clark, and she's got the room her aunt used to have. Mis' Clark don't know yet who it is she's got boarding with her. She 'n Mr. Clark's pretty much strangers yet in these parts, you know. But I wouldn't wonder if somebody was to tell her before long."

"Poor Sylvie! I hope not," said the gentler woman. "And Jehiel says she's so changed?"

"He says she don't look to him as if she was long for this world," responded Mis' Philbrick. "Dreadful thin and holler, and with a cough that it shakes you all to pieces to hear. Poor cretur, as you say, Mis' Wilder. The way of the transgressor *is* hard—there's no doubt about it! Well, I must be goin'."

"Mother," cried Pris and Hepsy, released at last from their buttery, "who *is* Sylvia Dare that you and Mis' Philbrick was talking about? Do tell us about her."

"She's a poor child who used to live here, and who's come back to die, I'm afraid," replied the mother, cautiously. "Don't mind about her, girls, but come up stairs with me, and help pick over the carpet-rags. It's time they was sorted out."

And in the excitement of matching blues and yellows, and arranging for black stripes and brown, Hepsy and Pris forgot their curiosity. But their mother did not forget, and prayed long and earnestly that night for the

wanderer brought so strangely back to her home.

Meantime Sylvia was lying in the bed where, as a child, she had slept beside her kind old aunt. The room was little changed. There was the old-fashioned cherry bureau, the maple wash-stand, the pine shelf in the corner, on which Miss Dare's black-bound Bible used to lie. Sylvia even recognized the musty smell which breathed from the closet, a sort of ghostly waft from by-gone and traditional apparel. There was the wall-paper, with its wavy pattern, which once she had loved to follow with her finger until it lost itself in the corner angle. There was the small looking-glass which had reflected a fair young face in those other days, not so very long ago; and the broken slat in the blind, not mended yet, through which the sun sent his morning greeting. His beams lay, a bright spot, on the same strip of faded carpet. Could they have been lying there all this time? Sylvia thought, pursuing her recollections with languid interest. She felt tired—too tired to rise. She would lie still for a day or two, and then she should be better. And she wondered if anybody would remember her? would come to see her? and for the first time in years a painful curiosity to know what had been said of her absence awoke in her mind. Once she had not cared. Could it be true, what Jehiel said, that her aunt's death had really had anything to do with *that*? And Sylvia closed her eyes, then opened them again, and tossed feverishly about.

All that day and the next she lay languid and restless. Her landlady came now and then, bringing up tea and such other "vittles" as suggested themselves; but a sharp inquisitive manner had replaced the fussy good-nature of her earlier greeting, and Sylvia guessed that her story was known. Why had she come back? she asked herself, in fits of miserable despondency. She did not know that it was but the instinct of all hunted and dying things, turning with desperate longing to the morning covert where their race began, and which to the end is home.

The third morning was warm and sunny. A dreamy haze softened the mountain outline and clothed the bare woods with many-hued mists. Sylvia felt stronger. Rising feebly, she dressed, and, wrapped in a shawl, sat down beside the open window. The pure air, the quiet and peace of all out-door things, the lovely penciling of the elm-boughs as they fell between her eyes and the sky, thrilled her with vague pleasure. No-

body seemed to be moving; all things slept or appeared to sleep, though blue smokes curled from chimneys, and here and there the upper half of a front door stood open to admit the air. How pretty, how hushed it was; how like the old life, and yet how different. By-and-by a girl came by—a girl about the age of that girl who had passed from all these peaceful things so long ago. As she walked she glanced upward, and, catching a glimpse of Sylvia's head against the side of the window, paused, stared curiously, and then hurried on again with a look of shy confusion. Sylvia shrank back. Why had she come? she again asked herself.

The next day was Sunday. A bright and fitful sun shone in at the pane, but the clouds had deepened on the mountains, and the wind blew with a keener edge. It braced Sylvia's languid frame like a tonic. Looking out towards noon, she saw orderly groups of people passing home from church, and a desire to leave the house seized her. Perhaps she had been mistaken; perhaps nobody would know her, after all, or, knowing, some kind soul might speak tenderly and pityingly to her. Even pity would be sweet, thought Sylvia in her loneliness, and wrapping herself in shawl and veil, she crept down stairs and into the street.

People were not going home from church, however. An unusual throng was pouring through Squire Welch's gate, and moving in long lines across the brown meadow which lay beyond. What could it mean?

"Where are the folks going?" asked Sylvia of a little boy who stood with pocketed hands near the gate.

"Down to see the baptizin'," replied the boy. "Ain't you goin'? There's ten on 'em beside the Elders a goin' in. I guess the water 'll be pretty cold too."

Some vague recollection floated through Sylvia's mind, as her feet rather than her will bore her along in the track of the procession; recollections of a baptizing to which she had been taken years before. Yes, it must have been here that it took place; here, where Bayberry Brook—pretty Bayberry, from which the village borrowed its name—ran deepest. But at first sight of the stream, curving through its banks of sedge and golden grass, this remembrance forsook her, lost in a tide of other thoughts. Half her childhood had been passed in this meadow beside the brook. There was the shallow where she and Phil built the dam. Under that bank he found the lark's nest which he showed to her and kept a secret

from all the other girls. Just then she had caught her first trout. She remembered how the hook got tangled in her curls, and how Phil worked for half an hour getting it out. She could feel his fingers now, and see the bright boyish face close to her own, and feel his breath on her cheek. And on that hummock—strangest memory of all—they had sat that evening when he asked her to marry him. Poor Phil! She had felt sorry about him sometimes of late years. She wondered if he were alive yet—if he had quite got over feeling bad about her. But pshaw! of course he had. And as thus—

“Down the all golden water-ways
Her thoughts flew—”

the path, pursued almost unconsciously, brought her to the bank where people were standing in silent attentive groups.

For a moment Sylvia shrank back. Then, perceiving that no one turned or seemed to notice her presence, she ventured to linger, even to press forward a little, and soon, absorbed in what was going on, she forgot all else. Directly beneath where she stood lay the deep pool in which Bayberry, losing for a time its happy, rippling murmurs, ran with placid and noiseless force. The farther bank was soft with tufts of yellow grass. There stood the choir, and even as she gazed the leader raised his hand and led the air of a wild, sweet hymn, full of that blended triumph and pathos which distinguishes the Methodist hymnal, and which seems caught from those early days when, on lonely hill-tops and Cornish moors, John Wesley stood and poured his burning message into the ears of the common people, who heard him gladly. Never under gray English skies did the strains ring with gladder meaning than now beneath the blue New England heavens, with the distant solemn mountains looking on, and the splash and jingle of Bayberry Brook sounding each note like an unseen accompaniment. One verse,—no more,—then a bustle and stir took place in the crowd below, and, slowly emerging, two figures descended the bank and passed into the water.

One was the gray-haired Elder; the other a young woman, with long, streaming hair and black garments. Step by step they gained the center of the pool, where the water was deepest, and, standing waist-deep, paused, and turned so as to face the people. Sylvia bent forward. She heard the sacred formula pronounced, saw the girl's head with its heavy tresses bend suddenly backward

and vanish beneath the swirling waves. Another moment it rose again, and dripping and gasping the girl was led by the Elder toward the shore, and assisted up the bank by her friends, while a wild strain of welcome rang from the choir. Another baptism followed, and another. Then some unusual excitement shook the audience, as a tall man's figure came forward leading a young woman by the hand. Sylvia just caught sight of the girl's face as they passed: a fair, modest one, framed in light, braided hair; but the Elder advanced, and, placing himself between the two, led them into the brook. The words of consecration were uttered, the dark head and the fair vanished in turn beneath the water, and the forms turned again toward the bank, the young man holding up the girl with a strong arm. Her sweet, dripping face was quite unruffled in expression. His—Sylvia gasped as she gazed—wore a look of steadfast, honest peace, which made the strong features absolutely beautiful. It was Philip Thorpe, the lover of her youth—no longer a boy, but a man, every inch of him; a man of whom a woman might well be proud. And just then a gust of wind seized and blew aside her veil, and Philip's eyes, as he slowly ascended the bank, met hers, and he knew his lost love's face!

“How dreadful white Phil Thorpe looks, don't he?” whispered somebody near by in the crowd. “I wouldn't wonder if he'd taken his death of chill.”

“But Mary Allen don't,” was the reply. “She's just as pretty and calm as if she hadn't been in the water at all. No wonder Phil thinks such a heap of her. Elder Quinn he wanted them to go in separate, but Phil wouldn't hear to it. ‘She and me's going through life together, and we're going to be baptized together,’ he said. The Elder couldn't do nothing with him. I don't blame him one mite, for my part.”

Sylvia heard no more. The burning flush which had rushed into her face on meeting Phil's eyes gave place to death-like pallor and a feeling of sickly faintness. With desperate footsteps she hurried back across the meadow, feeling each moment as if she must sink. The wild, sweet strain of the choir pursued her—

“He will save you—
He will save you—
He will save you just now—
Just now—
He will save you just now.”

Would He? Oh, if He would!
When a girl is, in country parlance, “sit-

ting up with a young man," it is desirable that her parents should make a practice of going to bed early. Farmer Allen and his dame were not behind-hand in this respect. They knew what was expected of them, and duty, fortunately, coincided with both habit and inclination. So by eight o'clock all was still that Sunday evening in the old homestead, except for the distant creak of some bedstead bending under the weight of a sleeper, and the crackling of the ample fire upon the kitchen hearth, beside which the lovers sat. Philip was in the farmer's big chair, and Mary on a low stool drawn up close to it. There were tears on her fair cheek, and Philip looked grave and pale as he stroked her small fingers in his broad palm.

"And so it's been like a cloud over the day—the day we said was going to be so happy, Mary. Not that it hasn't been happy, dear,—I must take that back,—happy in some ways. But all the time I am seeing that face—that poor changed face."

"Is she good-looking still?" faltered Mary.

"No, not good-looking now. You needn't worry, dear. The bright pretty face of old times is all gone. Nobody will ever have to fret any more over Sylvia Dare's beauty."

"Oh, Phil, I'm not worrying," said Mary, almost crying; "it's only—only—"

"I know, dear," very tenderly. "It's only that to-day, of all days, you and I were to belong entirely to each other—and to God. And we do, darling. I wouldn't go back if I could to that old time when Sylvie made me so miserable. This new time is more to me than that; and you, my Mary, a thousand times dearer than ever she was. But some men can't ever forget the past, or lay it aside, or bury it away out of sight, and I am one of them. My love for Sylvia Dare died long ago. I wouldn't dig it up again if I could by saying the word. But when I saw her face to-day, so unhappy, dear, so changed, I forgot all that has come between, all her wrong and my anger, and saw only the little Sylvia who used to be my sweetheart at school and play with me beside Bayberry Brook. Don't be angry with me, darling; but help me to think what we can do for poor Sylvie."

"Angry, Phil"—kissing him—"why, how could I? I love you all the more for being so tender-hearted—just like a woman, dear—for all you're so big and strong. But what can we do?"

"I am trying to think, darling. If you

were my wife it would be easy. We would go together to Sylvie, and comfort her together. But it won't do for me to go now; and if you made friends with her, people would talk so. Even your—"

"But Phil," cried true-hearted Mary, "why need we mind people's talking, if what we do is right? Tell me that you wish me to go, and I'll go to-morrow. Or you needn't tell me; I'll go any way, because I want to go. And, dear," the sweet face grew tender, "you know we said that we would try to look out for something good to do,—something we could help or give to in memory of this day when we professed church membership together. Perhaps this is the very work. Perhaps He has sent this poor thing specially to us; who knows, Phil?"

While thus tender souls took counsel over her fate, Sylvia stood alone beside Bayberry Brook. A long afternoon of fever had bred within her such restless disquiet and impatience of the confined air of her room, that, haunted with the longing to escape, she had risen from her bed about nine o'clock in the evening, and, wrapped in a shawl, had crept unperceived from the house.

The night was wild and gusty. It had rained heavily over the mountains all day, and masses of heavy cloud, driven by the wind, were now scudding across the sky, catching up in their folds and then releasing the moon, which here and there gleamed out with fitful splendor. A boding moan came on the breeze, significant of coming storm. It fell like some awful, tortured human voice upon the ears of the half-delirious girl, as with rapid steps she passed along the meadow-path, now silent and deserted. Gaining at last the bank where in the morning she had stood, she paused and bent over, with clasped hands, weeping and talking to herself.

"Oh, what a dreadful, dreadful world it is!" she sobbed; "I didn't know how dreadful till I came back here. That girl's face! Did my face ever look like that?—so happy and quiet! I had forgotten girls could look so! How Phil changed when he saw me! He turned white, and his eyes stared as if I was something awful. And I am! I am a ghost!—the ghost of little Sylvia Dare, who used to play beside Bayberry Brook. Oh, if I could only go back and be her,—go back to the time when I went to school across this meadow, and Aunt Orpah used to call me a 'good child!' Good! Ah, no! Nobody will ever say that to me again!

"If there was only some way of going back—going back! Any way to get rid of the

burden of one's self! What did that hymn say—

“He will save you just now?”

Not me! That couldn't mean me! I wish it did. I wish the Elder would take hold of my hand and lead me in and dip me under, as he did this morning, and say those words, and all these wretched years could slip off and float away, and I could rise up again washed clean, with a face like that girl's, and walk out and begin over! Oh dear! That would be good!”

She filled her hands with the water and poured it over her burning head. “That is nice,” she said,—“nice and cool. Perhaps, if I went in and stood just there where Phil stood this morning, I should be cool all through, and this pain would go away. I'll leave my shawl here, though, to keep dry till I come out.”

She threw the shawl upon the ground and waded in. The stream had risen since morning, fed by the mountain rains, but she never heeded the added depth. Intent upon reaching the middle of the pool, where the morning's baptism had taken place, she hurried forward. Now the water was at her waist—now above her breast. A hasty slip,—her footing gave way,—the water was over her head. Instinctively she struggled, for one moment grasped the air—then a sudden gladness possessed her: “Just now,” she murmured, with a wild smile on her white face—then gave herself to the stream and sank. The moon plunged into sudden eclipse of cloud; the wind sounded with drearier moan,—then, ere the ripples of Sylvia's passage had

ceased in the brook, the silvery radiance again streamed forth and lit the eddying circles. The breeze died into stillness, and hush and night possessed the place.

They found her in the morning. The stream had floated her down a little way to where a tiny cape of yellow grasses arrested its flow,—and there, half in, half out of the water, she lay pillowed on the slope. The brown waves played lightly with her garments and lapped and caressed her form as a mother caresses her child. A smile of perfect peace rested on her lips. She was fair and young and innocent: the deep baptism of Death had washed away all stain of life's anguish, and she seemed as one fallen asleep.

“She looks dreadful happy, don't she?” said old Mis' Philbrick.

But Philip and Mary were heavy at heart. “We were going to help her—we were going to be so good to her on the morrow,” they said to each other; “if she had only known—if she only had lived one day longer!”

In the meadow, not far from the water's edge, is Sylvia's grave. Rough hands laid her to rest and smoothed the brown sods over her; but many kind words were spoken, and no harsh ones, for the village folk were not ungently at heart. The murmur of Bayberry sounds forever past her bed, and Philip's little children come sometimes to put daisies and pink mallow-buds on the mound. And sometimes, though rarely, Philip comes himself, and stands, and thinks, and stoops to brush a stick or a dead leaf from the grass. The blue sky arches her in, the curving mountain chain encircles her—and so Sylvia rests.

THE FALSE CLAIM OF MORMONISM.

SOME may have thought the statements of President Grant's Message on Mormon polygamy to be severe. There is not, however, a nation of Asia whose customs and laws would not justify these statements. The expressions of the Message are: “In Utah there still remains a remnant of barbarism, repugnant to civilization, to decency, and to the laws of the United States.” To indicate one chief particular in which polygamy is opposed to the whole spirit of law, both in this and other nations, the President suggests: “It may be advisable for Congress to consider what, in the execution of the law against polygamy, is to be the status of plu-

ral wives and their offspring. The expediency of Congress passing an enabling act, authorizing the Legislature of Utah to legitimate all children born prior to a time fixed in the act, might be justified by its humanity to these innocent children.” Yet further to indicate the cloak of religious hypocrisy under which these marriages are justified, the President declares: “Neither polygamy nor any other violation of existing statutes will be permitted within the territory of the United States. It is not with the religion of the self-styled saints, but with their practices, we are now dealing. They will be protected in the worship of God according to the dictates of

their consciences, but they will not be permitted to violate the laws under the cloak of religion."

As already remarked, these statements may seem to some dictatorial in tone; but they would be justified in any nation even of Asia, not to say of Europe.

The views of the Chief Magistrate have not been adopted and thus publicly set forth without thorough investigation and wise counsel.

Many years ago intelligent foreigners wondered that in this land, and in the nineteenth century, after Christianity had become fundamental law, people could be found who would be deluded by sophistries and absurdities worthy of the ignorance of the Middle Ages. Two things are to be remembered in regard to this suggestion. So extreme has been the American view that religion should not be interfered with, that practices have been tolerated which pertain not at all to duties to the Divine Being, but to the rights and welfare of present and future generations; these abuses being cloaked under the garb of religion. It is further to be remembered, that the people who are so ignorant as to be deluded by Mormon elders are nearly all from the dregs of European populations, with comparatively few native-born Americans.

It has been generally supposed that the Mormon practice is justified by Asiatic and patriarchal customs, and by both Mohammedan and Mosaic statutes. No greater perversion of fact, as to existing society in Asia, and patriarchal practice, as well as to Mosaic laws, could be conceived than this. The fact being mistaken, no wonder the principle has been misconstrued. The facts of history will show that the Mormon polygamy is opposed to the customs of every age and nation; that it is contrary to the spirit and letter of Mosaic as well as American law; and that even the religious statutes of the Mormon Bible forbid the practice.

It should be understood, in dealing with Mormon polygamists, that they are professedly a community of men with more than one wife apiece—an absurdity and infamy such as was never dreamed of by the Orientals. Asiatic, as well as European nations, from the days of Aristotle, have known that there are substantially as many males as females born into the world by the Creator's appointment.

Of course polygamy, as a custom for a community or a nation, is an absurdity in itself; and, in our day, it is an infamy; since, as Aristotle argues, if all men are equal in their rights, he is a robber of the most villain-

ous order who appropriates more than one female as his wife.

Hence in all countries, China and Turkey being of the number, where polygamy as the exception is allowed, it is the special privilege of official rank to have a harem with a plurality of wives. There is not one man in ten thousand, therefore, that has more than one wife.

Three things conspire to make monogamy the law, and polygamy the rare exception. In the first place, very few men, if permitted, could meet the expenses of sustaining two families. Again, the law makes polygamy not simply the privilege, but the indispensable condition of official position, the plurality of wives being a part of the equipage of official rank; while, yet more, many persons entitled to the privilege, from preference avoid it, if possible.

These facts are seen illustrated in the following cases occurring in Turkey and China. The late Sultan of the Turkish Empire, Abdül Mejîd, the eldest son of Selim, who was a man of great ability, came to the throne in 1839, at the age of about twenty. Prior to his accession to the throne he had a wife to whom he was tenderly attached. As the wife of his youth, he wished no other. By the precept of the Koran and the accordant law of the Empire, on becoming the Sultan he was compelled to divorce the wife of his sole attachment and take four Georgian slaves. It was the general conviction that this unnatural divorce and official connection preyed on his spirit, and led him to habits which shortened his life; his brother, Abdül Aâtîz, succeeding him at his death some years ago. A kindred case, so far as the fact of polygamy is concerned, occurred in China some years since. A promising Chinese youth, converted to Christianity, was promoted under the Imperial Government to a position whose perquisite—or encumbrance—was the taking of a second wife. The unnatural connection was, of course, in conflict with both the desire and the religious convictions of the young candidate for office.

These facts present the general law as to polygamy, both in Buddhist China and in Mohammedan Turkey. Such an idea as a community of polygamists, we repeat, never was dreamed of in Asia. On the other hand, polygamy is one of the most odious relics of Asiatic despotism,—no more to be tolerated in a country like ours than the plunder and hoarding of any universal privilege. The American people had a specimen of the spirit that such a monopoly

awakens even in the Chinese mind, when a vessel some months since came into San Francisco with a cargo of females designed for the exclusive appropriation of some few lordly merchant princes, whose superior success in money accumulations permitted them to set up as aristocrats. The mob thronged the ship and the carriages that brought up the women into the town; and it required all the nerve and force of a large American police to prevent another seizure like that of the Sabines.

And this calls attention to another fact: the indispensable accompaniment to polygamy, which the ancient Greek historian mentions as a feature of Asiatic custom in certain small and warlike tribes, is a kindred perversion of law on the part of both sexes. Polygamy is, indeed, a two-edged sword. In the Turkish army, while civil and military officers singly appropriate many women, many men appropriate in common one woman.

Here is a fact worthy of special notice: that nothing could be further from the truth than the idea that the pious patriarchs, before the days of Moses, were polygamists. Let the fact be noted, that of all the model men among all the patriarchs, commended during two thousand five hundred years of the world's history prior to Moses, there is but one polygamist to be found; and he becomes such by the fraud of a heathen father-in-law. To the record. The antediluvian history shows a line of ten generations of good men from Adam to Noah, every one of whom are monogamists. In the race descended from Cain even, it is not until the seventh generation that polygamy originates; when the severest of curses is pronounced on its author, and its influence is stated to be the principal cause of the deluge. Generation after generation of pure and true men succeed, among whom no one, from Noah to Abraham, is a polygamist. And it is not in this line alone, down to the era of Abraham, that this fact is true. Job on the Euphrates, and Melchisedek on the border of the Mediterranean, are not living in this practice. Indeed, Abraham was a true monogamist; for his brief and unwilling connection with a servant-woman was induced by the short-sighted pride of his own wife, of which she soon bitterly repented. Isaac was the husband of one wife; and Joseph, while prime minister of Egypt, was not compelled, by the then existing court custom, to have more than one wife. Only Jacob, in the long history of two thousand five hundred years, is the husband of two wives; and he,

against his own wish and convictions, is tricked into the union by the fraud of his idolatrous and selfish father-in-law. Where is the honesty of men in reading this ancient history?

A new way this of showing that "the exception proves the rule." One poor, dependent young man, cheated by his avaricious employer, has foisted on him a daughter that he does not choose; and then afterwards marries, at the same suggestion, the daughter he does love. And this single case, met as an exception in a history of twenty-five centuries, proves the patriarchs to be a set of polygamists! If any other history were thus belied, the literary world could not restrain its just indignation.

Now since "custom" makes law, since the "common law" of every country, as of England, is nothing but the collated customs of a people, it is beforehand to be supposed that the *customs* of Asiatic nations as to polygamy find an echo in their laws. There is not, let it be distinctly noted, a single Asiatic code of laws, ancient or modern, that does not make monogamy the rule according to which men ought to live; while it only legislates about divorce and polygamy as abuses to be guarded by law, since the public morals of the day could not wholly suppress them. We cite three instances: the code of Mohammed, published about A.D. 550; that of Moses, given about A.C. 1490; and that of Menu, doubtless of a still greater antiquity.

Here the distinction must be drawn between *polygamy*, or association with more than one wife at the same time, and *divorce*, which is the changing of wives according to the whim of the husband. In confirmation of the truth that polygamy has always been an exceptional practice, and that divorce is unnatural, three facts are worthy of consideration as illustrative of the code now to be examined. First, Jesus Christ condemns divorce in the strongest terms, citing the fact that Adam lived when only one woman existed, so that divorce and remarriage was impossible; while to polygamy he has no occasion to allude as a custom of his day. Again, divorce is now despised by the Mohammedans; and the man who divorces his wives becomes a pest and an outcast from respectable society, since the instinct of all men, in any community, insists that each is entitled to a wife that has not been corrupted by the lechery of a beastly divorcer.

Taking up, then, first, the Koran of Mo-

hammered, we find the Fourth Sura, or chapter, devoted mainly to the laws of marriage; while allusions to its laws are occasionally made in subsequent chapters. It is to be remembered that for nearly twenty years Mohammed had lived the husband of one wife, whom he almost adored; and that it was not until after he wrote this chapter, and when the ambition of Oriental despotism possessed him, that he added other wives to his retinue. Among the Arab chieftains, and among the monarchs of Persia and Egypt, whom he sought to win to his faith, he found men, wedded to their official titles, to be polygamists. Hence, he begins with the primitive history which Christ cited; thus: "O men, fear your Lord who hath created you out of one man, and out of him created his wife." Then, alluding to the practical objection to polygamy, that it makes helpless orphans of the children of all the wives except the favored one, he adds: "If ye fear that ye shall not act with equity towards the orphans, take in marriage of such women as please you, two, or three, or four, and not more. And if ye fear that ye cannot act equitably towards so many, marry one only." Finding also divorce a practice of those who received his religion, he gave this stringent law; even for a divorce permitted virtually in all Oriental countries, from a betrothal made by parents, from which, when grown to maturity, it was certainly legitimate that the parties should be allowed to seek a release. "O believers, it shall be no crime in you if ye divorce your wives, provided ye have not touched them, nor settled any dowry on them. But provide for their temporary necessities what is reasonable; for this is a duty of the righteous. And if ye divorce them before ye have touched them, yet after ye have already settled a dowry on them, then ye shall give them a half of what ye have settled; unless they release any part." The case here is what modern law calls breach of promise; and certainly this law of Mohammed is quite as equitable as any statute of modern times. The fact that these cases are singled out as "no crime" implies that in the view of Mohammed's original law, divorce, after actual marriage, was a crime. That he himself departed from his own law, and that many of his followers, disposed to gratify their *lust*, have departed from it, alters not the fact that the moral sentiment of Asiatics has always, as a rule, anciently and now, regarded divorce, as well as polygamy, a violation not only of the rights of woman,—thus subject in the married relation to an in-

dividual caprice,—but even more, a violation of the rights of men, who feel that no one man is authorized thus to trifle with their common title to a wife uncontaminated.

Thus prepared, we may, perhaps, be ready for an impartial examination of the Mosaic law. Here it is to be remembered that Moses, though brought up as a courtier in Egypt, was the husband of but one wife; and for a reason presently to be cited, at a court where probably polygamy never had existed. It is, then, beforehand unlikely that he would legislate in favor of polygamy. Everything in his law, on the other hand, goes to show that he legislates for monogamists, and them alone. In the first place, the Moral Law, placed at the head of his code and repeated elsewhere in it, is based on the idea, as seen in the Tenth Commandment, that men have but one wife. Beginning with the code proper, whose epitome is condensed into three chapters of Exodus, then reading through the entire body of laws in the Levitical statutes and in the revised code called Deuteronomy, we find hundreds of statutes alluding to the "wife," but *never* to the "wives," of a citizen of the Hebrew commonwealth. Pausing at the statutes relating to inheritance, again we find that they presuppose as truly as does the English Common Law, which rules in the American States, that a man has but one wife; and it would be as impossible to apply the Mosaic code in this particular to a community of polygamists as American jurists find our common law for inheritance inapplicable to the wives and children of Mormons.

There are two or three statutes which Mormon prophets have sought to wrest to their purposes; but these statutes, which might, perhaps, be doubtful if found in the Koran of Mohammed, are clear in the statutes of Moses from the prevailing spirit of the whole as just cited. Thus we read (Deut. xxi. 15-17): "If a man have two wives, one beloved and another hated, and they have borne him children, both the beloved and the hated; and if the first-born son be hers that was hated, then it shall be, when he maketh his sons to inherit that which he hath, that he may not make the son of the beloved first-born before the son of the hated, which is indeed the first-born." The inference is here illegitimately drawn that the husband might have two wives at the same time; whereas violations of the spirit of this statute may be found under English and American law, in cases where a widower on second marriage makes favorites, both during life and at his death, of the children of the second wife.

This is made more manifest by the provision recorded Deut. xxv. 5-10; a case illustrated in the history of Ruth, and alluded to in Christ's teachings. From this it is apparent that a younger brother of one betrothed only, but not married, who dies before marriage, and therefore without an heir, should enter into the betrothal engagement of the first-born son and heir to the homestead, so as to prevent a disputed succession under the right of primogeniture. The declining of such a succession and betrothal was regarded only an apparent disgrace, though not a real dereliction from duty.

Strangely enough, the statement (Lev. xviii. 18): "Neither shalt thou take a wife to her sister, to vex her, to uncover her nakedness, beside the other in her lifetime," has been construed into an indication that Moses' law recognized polygamy; as if any *other* woman than a "wife's sister" might be a second wife during the life of the first. The Presbyterian and some other branches of the Christian Church have thought they saw in this statute the suggestion of danger to a husband's fidelity in the close intimacy into which a wife's sister would be brought during the period of child-bearing; and hence their rule of second marriages drawn from this statute. Certainly this, like the single other disputed statute just considered, gives, when fairly weighed, no ground whatever for the idea that Moses legislated for polygamists. The statutes are clear enough in themselves, aside from the fact that they are part of a code which in all its allusions and special statutes is adapted only to a nation of monogamists.

It may be added that divorce is only three times mentioned in the Mosaic writings; that two of these are mere irrelevant allusions; while the special statute justifies Christ's unanswerable declaration that Moses condemned instead of justifying divorce. The statute is as follows (Deut. xxiv. 1): "When a man hath taken a wife, and married her, and it come to pass that she find no favor in his eyes, because he hath found some uncleanness in her, then let him write a bill of divorcement, and give it in her hand, and send her out of his house." In reference to this, three points are to be observed. The statute is found in Deuteronomy; as the name implies, the Revised Code, written forty years after the original code given on Mount Sinai. As that does not anywhere allude to divorce, there is reason to suppose, that the practical experience of Moses led him to give a statute for the protection of society as well as of the

divorced woman. This is more manifest from the fact that the cause of divorce cited is one which would under Christian law either justify a divorce, or at least lead a husband of sensitive spirit to the course suggested, as Matthew states, to the mind of Joseph, the betrothed husband of Mary, before the birth of Jesus. The meaning of this statute as to divorce is made more apparent by the severe judgment (Deut. xxii. 15-19, mentioned just before the statute) of the man who should mis-judge the virtue of his newly married wife. Surely Mormon prophets are too far down in the scale of moral convictions to be intelligent interpreters of the Laws of Moses. This becomes yet more apparent when we take up for examination the code of Menu, which there is reason to believe was known to Moses as a student in the colleges of Egypt.

Here a statute of Moses is to be noted, which is a hinging confirmation of the view just taken of the Mosaic code; while at the same time it is an explanatory transition to the Indian code, now to be considered. Even polygamy as the official perquisite of an Oriental king is forbidden by Moses, on the supposition that the Hebrew nation, for whom he legislated, should in future days seek a king. His words are (Deut. xvii. 17): "Neither shall he multiply wives to himself, that his heart turn not away." Just before Moses had said (Deut. iv. 6-8): "Keep therefore and do them: for this is your wisdom and your understanding in the sight of the nations, which shall hear all these statutes, and say, Surely this great nation is a wise and understanding people. For what nation is there so great, who hath God so nigh unto them, as the Lord our God is in all things that we call upon him for? And what nation is there so great, that hath statutes and judgments so righteous as all this law, which I set before you this day?" This he could not have said unless the Hebrew people, as well as he, were familiar with other nations and other codes.

And now, after this positive statute of the Hebrew legislators against polygamy, even as the perquisite of an Asiatic despot, no fair mind can fail to dispose aright of the practice of David, Solomon, and other Hebrew kings. Their polygamy was just like the exceptional vices of a few truly Christian men in our day. The penalty of this violation of law was sufficiently severe upon David in the revolt of his sons, Absalom and Adonijah, in his own disgraceful conduct and the humiliation it brought, and in the bitterness of his lament

over children ruined by his fault. As for Solomon, his case was a counterpart of that of Abdül Mejid, the late Sultan above alluded to. His sweet "Song of Songs"—so little comprehended by lustful modern minds supposing themselves specially refined—pictures a sincere and deep attachment which he had formed in early youth for Abishag, the Shulamite brunette, who had nursed his father in old age; whom he, like Abdül, could not, as a sovereign, wed, but who had so won his true love that when Adonijah asked her hand his passion was stirred more than if he had asked the kingdom. To that pure and genuine affection, which could hold only one object, his mind turns when in mature manhood he writes: "Rejoice with the wife of thy youth. Let her embrace satisfy thee at all times. Be thou always ravished with her love." To this he sadly reverts when in his harassed old age, with his three hundred wives and seven hundred concubines about him, he pens the exclamation: "One man among a thousand have I found; but one woman among them all have I not found." Of this pure transport of early love it is that in his youth he sings in the "Song of Songs." If any human mind can extract a law for polygamy out of these histories, that mind must be strangely constituted. Americans have too much common sense—it is to be hoped too much high-toned honesty—to be beguiled by special pleading from such cases.

The Laws of Menu, the most ancient code of India, were translated by Sir William Jones at a time when a part of Hindostan was by conquest brought under British sway. The question then arose in the British Parliament whether the people of the conquered province should be subjected to the sway of the English Common Law, or be left under the authority of their own time-honored code. The conclusions of Sir William Jones are, that this code was earlier than that of Moses. The evidence is ample that by commerce and national intercourse India, Egypt, and Assyria were from the earlier times brought into the closest contact; that the Brahmins, one of whom wrote the laws of Menu, ruled in Egypt as well as in India, and that this body of laws was known to Moses when he claimed superiority for his own code. All this, however, is of no present force, except as the laws of the two great sages illustrate each other in the special question here considered. The laws of Menu relate to four classes of men: the Brahmins or sages; the military class, whose head was the king; the middle, or mercantile class;

and the lower, or laboring class. The statutes as to marriage apply to all these classes.

After a chapter on "Education," called the "First Order," the second chapter relates to "Marriage," or the second order. Here the laws of marriage are embodied; and they are also referred to in several succeeding chapters of the code. No statute is found as to divorce. Polygamy is not recognized; though concubinage is referred to as a perversion of the true law of the married relation. The following statutes sufficiently indicate that *monogamy* is the law, divine and human, of this most ancient Asiatic code. As soon as the young Brahmin, says the code, has so studied the Vedas as "perfectly to comprehend them," let him, as a "twice-born man," "espouse a wife of the same class with himself, and endued with the marks of excellence; and let him constantly be satisfied with her alone." As the law of this mutual relation for all classes, the statute is, "*Let mutual fidelity continue until death*; this, in a few words, may be considered as the supreme law between husband and wife." "Let a man and woman united by marriage continually beware lest at any time, disunited, they violate their mutual fidelity. Thus has been declared unto you the law, abounding in the purest affection, for the conduct of man and wife."

The following is the law laid down for a king even: "Having prepared his mansion for this end, let him choose a consort of the same class with himself, endued with all the bodily marks of excellence, born of exalted race, captivating his heart, adorned with beauty and the best qualities." These are the principles ruling marriage in the purest and best days of the noblest country of Asia, in a code never since abrogated: union to one person, and that for life; fidelity unwavering to one consort; and the rule of all domestic ties mutual affection. Not a word of polygamy or divorce is to be found in this time-honored code.

To confirm all, and yet indicate one point of difference made between the wife and husband, the statute of marriage enjoins that, while the widow, on the death of a husband, shall never "even pronounce the name of another man," it is permitted that the husband, if he "has lived by these rules" of marriage already cited, "having performed the funeral rites of his wife who dies before him, may marry again." Surely the Mormons have little ground for their *Community* of polygamists in either the customs or codes

of ancient or modern Asia. No religion on earth was ever found that denied manifest Divine ordinances, and that outraged all human instincts, natural, moral, and religious, by such a perversion of all the laws of human nature as does polygamy.

Where then, pray, did the Mormons find the sanction now pleaded before an intelligent world for such a profanation? Not even in the Book of Mormon, nor in the law of their own Community, strange as the fact may appear. The Book of Mormon is generally known to have been published from the manuscript of a romance written by a clergyman named Spalding, which, having been left with a printer for some years unpublished, was bought for his purposes by Joseph Smith about 1830, and thus fell into hands that were guided by more of cunning than of shrewdness.

The idea of this clergyman was that the American Indians were descendants of an old patriarchal family mentioned by Moses, which—possessing a knowledge of much of the Mosaic and prophetic writings, as well as a clear promise of the religion of Christ—crossed from the Eastern to the Western continent, and wandered on to the region now known as the State of New York. It is not wonderful that the good pastor, writing to strengthen the faith of his readers in the Old and New Testaments, should have introduced a precept of Mormon, the professed author of this book, binding his people always to

have but one wife. The prohibition, however, was too incidental to arrest the attention of so dull a student as Joseph Smith, and so bookless a manager as Brigham Young. There, however, it stands, to forbid any appeal to “religious scruples” and their “sacred volume” as sanctioning the outrage on humanity in the customs and laws, which this “community of polygamists” have for a generation inflicted upon a few deluded souls.

Where, again, is the “civil law,” even of their own enacting, to sustain their practice? It is well urged before the court now trying polygamists, that no statute ever enacted by themselves as an independent State, or as a Territory of the United States, gives any sanction to polygamy. What, then, have these men to plead before any bar, human or divine? Under what constitution or code can they defend their practice?

It is enough to say, in summary, that polygamy never could exist except as the privilege of a despotic aristocracy. In every republic men certainly have an equal right to the one woman for each man which the Creator persistently sees fit to provide. That Constitution which pledges a republican government to each State in the Union must put an end to this worst of aristocracies. Yet again, neither the common law nor any code ever made could legitimate and provide an inheritance for the orphans that in the second generation of Mormondom will be left destitute by their beastly fathers.

STATISTICS OF STATIRA.

STATIRA was the last of a noble race. She was one of those wonderful old New England servants who could do everything, and, like the parson who was “passing rich on forty pounds a year,” she was content with one dollar a week, and would take no more.

She was a fixture in our house when I was born, and I remember no childhood without Statira. I have often been told how my beautiful young mother was struggling, as New England housekeepers struggled forty years ago, with those appalling giants—winter, with its unyielding severity; houses in which there were yet no furnaces, and through which scarlet-fever, croup, and consumption wandered at will; spring, with its backward garden; summer, with its unfulfilled promises and its typhoid fever; autumn, with its “pickling and preserving;” and all seasons with their cry, which has continued ever

since, “Help! more help!”—when she found Statira. Plymouth Rock, and Republicanism, and Equal Rights (miserable misnomer) have given us many good things, but they have taken good servants away from us forever.

Often have I been with Statira to the melancholy farm-house where she was brought up. Often have I wondered how the large family were reared in its miserable boundaries, under its incomplete defense against winter’s snow and summer’s heat, in its atmosphere of utter and hopeless poverty and misery,—and have heard her tell the story of my mother’s finding her.

Statira had had a disappointment in love, which meant as much to her as it would have done to an Italian countess, and she was suffering all that cruel disgrace which the people of a rustic neighborhood visit upon the “jilted.”

I shall never forget the pitiless expression which would come over the faces of a New England tea-party when one said of another, "Oh, she has been *filled*, you know!"

Poor Statira had been jilted, and was eating her heart out in the miserable atmosphere of her forlorn, cheerless home, when my mother drove up in her carriage, looking, as Statira was fond of saying, "like a very angel," and asked if she could get "a girl" to come and cook, wash, iron, bake, brew, and all the rest.

Statira offered herself, was accepted, and the connection continued for forty years.

When I remember the capacities of that woman for labor, when I remember what she must necessarily have done, and when I measure it with what one woman can do now, I am almost disposed to go back to the Scandinavian theory, and believe that the race began mightily, and is constantly degenerating. It was not mere strength; it was skill of the highest. Her cookery was superb: her soups were clear as wine; her coffee equally so; her bread was like that of a French restaurant; her roasts and boils perfect of their kind. Certain dishes have expired with her. No one can ever give the lusciousness to succotash, or the flavor to a broiled chicken, that she did. It was not alone that I ate her dishes with a certain sauce which has since also been lost,—*i. e.*, the appetite of youth,—for she was praised by gourmands who had had more experience than I in the best foreign cookery.

Then her *laundresse*, if I may coin a word (why not *laundresse* as well as *largesse*?), was perfect. Not only did she do a mighty day's washing, but she did it with a perfection which has also vanished. She delighted in seeing her ladies in white dresses, and spared no pains in fluting, plaiting, and other graces to make those spotless dresses beautiful.

I sometimes wish, as a bundle comes home now from my French laundress, with a bill of twenty, thirty, or more dollars pinned on, that the muslins were as clear as Statira's.

Then she had the enormous and never-ending work of a country gentleman's family, where the hay was to be cut and the men to be fed; where the fat porkers were to be killed and the meat salted down; where nothing could be bought on the instant, but where everything was to be made. She took care of a large dairy, and made butter and cheese (and both were perfect), and in all these varied and overwhelming duties she positively disliked help. She wanted to do it alone.

Of course help was forced upon her, and

she was made to rest, or she would have died, daughter of Thor though she was; but it always made her cross, and we all suffered. She had no administrative ability—she could not direct others—her wonders were accomplished by sheer strength, great capacity, and a heart wholly devoted to her work.

But I have not got half through her accomplishments. She was the most tender, true nurse in sickness that ever lived. She was always taking care of some sick or well child during all her years of service. She begged as a favor to be allowed to have one of the children sleep with her, and she chose generally the teething one. So I wonder that she slept at all. To children she was always kind and sympathetic. What tooth-aches have been hidden and forgotten in that ample bosom! What bruised fingers, what aching bones, what contused knees, have received treatment at her hand. Her apron was like the fabled tent, which could contract to the size of a lady's palm or expand to cover a multitude. How many slices of bread and butter did that humble Charlotte, unmentioned in romance, spread for her hungry flock; and she sprinkled sugar on them all, literally and metaphorically.

She was an ignorant and timid woman, afraid of thunder and afraid of ghosts, a reader of dream-books,—so far as she could read at all,—and afraid of sickness and of death, as are the unenlightened always. But when sickness and death came into our house, amongst those whom she had loved and tended, affection made her a heroine. She forgot her terrors in her love, and found time to wipe the damp brow, cool the fevered hand, and to catch the last sigh of the children whom she loved better than life itself. She has gone now to join them, and it is not, I trust, an irreverent wish that they may have been the first to greet her in that world of rest and consummation.

Statira was wonderful with babies. No baby could withstand her for a moment. She took the *cryingest* baby into her Lethæan arms, and rocked him in a kitchen-chair, with a jerk which almost dislocates my joints to think of; and he became happy and somnolent. She was all the soothing syrups incorporated. Her great healthy organization seemed to draw from the poor little sufferer all his pains and aches, and her plump yielding figure afforded him a downy nest into which he sank, as in a bed, to repose. She would even leave the beloved washing to inferior and incompetent hands, to put on a clean dress and tend a sick baby.

Imagine what she was to a poor New England mother with eight children!

During her forty years' service I do not remember that she was ill more than once or twice. Then she was taken care of, of course, by the whole family. The daughters of the house were only too glad to take turns as her faithful nurses. They had a long debt to pay, and paid it willingly. But she always resisted. She had the feudal element strongly in her constitution, and she had lived too near to the Revolution and its English memories not to have a strong sense of the difference of classes. She could not bear to be called a "servant,"—so much indeed of the Declaration of Independence had reached her,—but neither could she bear that her young ladies should work; and the modernized servants whom we got in from time to time to help her, and who took airs and were above their business, were objects of her unmitigated abhorrence. One who aspired to a seat at the family table was especially put down by her. "Don't you respect yourself too much to go to a table full of clean people in your working-clothes?" was her sensible remark to this young lady. On one point she was, however, very disagreeable. She never liked "strange folks in her kitchen." That was her throne, and she guarded it with a jealousy which would become any potentate. We used to try to learn to make bread, to do up fine muslins with something of her skill, but she drove us forth, with the remark that the parlor was our place, and that our hands were meant to be white. Perhaps she felt as Mr. Webster did towards the rising statesmen (according to the Marshfield farmers): "he did not like to have the things botched."

Her temper was faulty, and we were often afraid of her. She could, if she pleased, deprive us of the key of the store-room, and then, alas for the tea-table! Some of our guests did not please her, and she did not fail to let them know it. She was not a thornless rose, by any means, on the occasion of picnics, when we wanted to force her exquisite pies and her glorious cakes into dirty baskets, and "eat the good things on the dirty ground," as she would remark. But these faults were mole-hills, while her virtues were, like herself, mountainous.

Her superstitions were very curious. She believed in the oracular teacup, and in all signs and wonders. She was haunted through a long and innocent life by the idea that she had "deadly enemies," and I think the idea was a great comfort to her. Perhaps next to having friends, the possession of enemies is

the most flattering thing possible to our self-love. Statira would dream of snakes, for instance, after, probably, eating of one of her own superb mince-pies, and then she would indulge in comforting reveries of "deadly enemies." She consulted a greasy pack of cards, and read of "letters which were coming to her across a river, written by a light-haired man," if perchance the ace of hearts instead of the ace of spades appeared first. But no duty was neglected because of these imaginative recreations. The bread was never sour, and the coffee never bitter. She never scorched her fine linen, even if her deadliest enemy haunted her thoughts; nor even when age and infirmity began to weigh her down—those two deadliest of enemies—did she forget her kind, unselfish soothing of little children.

She lived to take care of the second generation, and to fondle the babies of her own first babies. Her beloved mistress had gone before her, and she seemed to be waiting, almost forgotten, when a fatal disease made its appearance. But she was not destined to suffer long. She went quietly to sleep one night, in her usual health almost, and awoke the next morning in a brighter world. To her was answered Mrs. Barbauld's beautiful prayer "To Her Spirit":—

—"Give me no warning,
But in some brighter world
Wish me good morning."

One of her especial children, with whom she was living at the time of her death, in the same family home at whose altars she had ministered so long, wrote of her with peculiar sweetness:—

"Those who have known Statira, and the family whose children, and whose children's children she served so long, will be glad to know that in tenderness for her age, infirmity, and timorous nature, God took her gently, in her sleep."

Such was Statira, a woman ignorant of books, having no training in those household arts in which she so admirably excelled but such as nature and experience gave her: who for nearly half a century lived a life of eminent usefulness and respectability; who gave of her scanty earnings a handsome support to a number of lazy relatives; and who left, at her life's end, a sum by no means contemptible, which now helps them to shun labor, as well as to pursue the occupation most congenial to the female part of the family—that of becoming caricatures of fine ladies.

I see no hope of future Statiras. Why did not her mantle descend on some of her nieces and cousins?

Because the pernicious idea has crept in, that household labor is degrading to an American woman. The American man has no such mistaken idea. He will pound stone, chop down the forest, drive the horses, black the boots, and still vote for President with undiminished self-respect. In fact he sells his labor; it is his capital and his "stock in trade." But the effect of Republican institutions has been less grand on woman. She will often prefer a life of grinding poverty and of shabby gentility to the position of an independent, helpful industry, in which her trained intelligence would produce the most noble and gratifying results. Nothing can be conceived of finer in its way than a union of the New England brain with the modern improvements for the simplifying of labor. If a New England woman would learn to cook as Soyer could teach her, with a modern "*Batterie de Cuisine*," she would excel the French, those masters of social science. No science has greater surprises or triumphs than that of cookery; what perpetual voyages of discovery could not a female Columbus make on the savory surface of a soup-pot? And what greater goddess than Juno—who only "fringes and flutes" the clouds of a summer afternoon—would she be who presided over the snowy clouds of an unimpeachable laundry!

We see occasional glimpses of this perfection—work done with intelligence—when the lady of the house does it herself.

We have all eaten of those glorified biscuit, and have drunk of that ambrosial coffee. But a woman cannot be Mother, Wife, Housekeeper, Reader, Thinker, and Cook long. She dies. The graves of overworked women are green on the hillside. No man assumes to be Editor, Lawyer, Minister, and Engine-driver at the same time. Yet his wife, in the present state of things, must be all these and more. We are killing our "Rose-breasted Grosbeaks," our birds born to sing, and to make life beautiful, by freighting them with tasks which would have killed a race of Giants.

And, strange to say, side by side with these overfreighted women are thousands of women, unmarried, sighing for a career! They have fine physiques, but not the requisite gifts for teaching; they have excellent intelligence, but perhaps no instinct for the arts of painting or sculpture. The old farm on which they were born has given out; they must work, or beg, or starve. They are ashamed of the splendid example of their Father, or Mother, or Aunt Statira; and they drag on a miserable

existence, determined on one thing only: they "will not work in anybody's kitchen."

Would that some Florence Nightingale might arise, and say to them:—

"My sisters, let us form an association called the 'College of the Useful Hands.' Let us study cookery, washing, and house-keeping generally, as we do the other fine arts. Let us see how much we can accomplish with the least expenditure of strength. Let us become the Raphaels of the bread-trough, the Michael Angelos of the wash-tub. Instead of sending poor sculptors to Rome, let us send good cooks into every New England village. Let us reform the eating and drinking of a great nation. It is charged upon American women that their bad cookery has led to the fatal preponderance of drunkenness. Let us wipe out this stain, and by feeding a man well keep him from the necessity of stimulants of a hurtful character. A good beefsteak, well cooked, is the best of stimulants, and the hardest to find."

It is considered no disgrace in a class in college that certain boys find out that they were meant to row a boat, bat a ball, run faster and farther than their neighbors; while others find that they are to do their fighting, running, and rowing with pen and ink, and to conquer their fortunes from the study chair and table, while their more robust companion is to meet the enemy on the plains, in the ranks of the army, or on the top of the rolling waves. Women, on the contrary, are ashamed of physical superiority—that strength which old Homer praised in such glorious, high-resounding words. That capacity of the "neat-handed Phillis," which the poets have sung from time immemorial, has no laureate now; to "work" is to be vulgar, to be idle is to be "genteel." Most miserable of words, more miserable of mistakes! The "sixty thousand unmarried women," without money or career, who are often quoted in the census, would find, if they tried it, that service, rendered with intelligence and an amiable spirit, would breed the most friendly relations between the employer and employed. There might necessarily be separation in their daily lives, but there need not be alienation. The position which Statira filled, ignorant and prejudiced as she was, was not an ignoble or unhappy one: no wedding was perfect without her presence; no funeral in the family but she took her place in decent mourning garb—the humble friend of the family, whose smiles and tears mingled with hers over a common joy or sorrow. There was no patronage on one side, no presump-

tion on the other. She was deeply concerned for the honor and welfare of the family she served. They respected her rights and cared for her in sickness and in health. When death thinned their ranks, or marriage separated and scattered them, her venerable figure

remained for many years a rallying-point for the little flock to whom she had been so faithful. She rests from her labors. She sleeps at the feet of the mistress whom she loved and served. Was there anything degrading in such a servitude?

THROUGH THE RED SEA.

HARDLY any other of the historical facts of the Bible has been the subject of such persistent attack and defense as the description of the manner in which the Children of Israel, in their exodus from Egypt, were enabled to pass the seemingly absolute barrier of the Red Sea. Although the crossing itself was participated in by all the multitudes of Israel, and its record handed down from those witnesses through all the succeeding generations of that undying nationality, the skepticism of modern times has selected this "self-evident impossibility" as the object of its keenest ridicule and its most contemptuous denials. With reference to all this discussion, it may be enough to say that both attack and defense have been conducted mainly in an acceptance of the existing topography of south-eastern Egypt, and with but an imperfect study of even the physical conditions now visible. Recent explorations, conducted for purposes of practical engineering, have thrown upon the subject a new light, which may have value to even those who unhesitatingly accept the Mosaic record.

The engineers of M. de Lesseps, in their surveys and cuttings for the Suez Canal, following approximately the line of the strait which in ancient times separated Asia from Africa, ascertained the previously conjectured fact that the dividing of the waters of the Red Sea for Israel was by no means a miracle for the sake of a miracle. It became evident that Moses did not lead his fugitive myriads around the head of the sea at what is now Suez, for the simple reason that there was no "head of the sea" there in his time. Eight and a half centuries later, Isaiah prophesied, "And the Lord shall utterly destroy the tongue of the Egyptian sea" (Isaiah xi. 15 and xix. 5), but in the days of Moses that tongue or gulf extended to the northward at least fifty miles above its present terminus, or to the supposed site of Serapeum. The Bitter Lakes fill four-fifths of this distance with brackish water to this very day. The necessity of searching for the miraculous pass at any

point below Suez is thus entirely obviated and the whole question happily simplified.

Another fact established by the survey is, that at an isthmus of sandy land then existed between the northern extremity of the gulf at Serapeum and the waters of Lake Timsah, it was probably but five or six miles wide. It is but little more now. That exit, if used, would have led out the Israelites in the direction of the warlike tribes of the Philistines, with whom they were not yet prepared to contend. This is the very practical reason given in Exodus xiii. 17, why a different route was selected.

All the lands northwest and west of Lake Timsah, including all the region of the Delta of the Nile, belonged to the irrigated or agricultural portion of Egypt, in which the pastoral Hebrews had no possession or fixed residence. Indeed nearly all the commentators, sacred and profane, are inclined to follow the dictates of reason, and place the Goshen assigned to Israel in the south-easterly part of Egypt, and thus more conveniently for the rapid mustering which took place at the Exodus. Such of the Israelites as were scattered elsewhere were given ample time and notice.

There are excellent reasons, in local monuments, traditions, and otherwise, for accepting as correct the position given by the usual maps to the city of Rameses, where the Hebrews rendezvoused (Ex. xii. 37). This was about twenty miles northwest of Serapeum, and therefore well adapted for the initial point of a movement around the then head of the sea, had that been deemed advisable. No other Biblical name can be assigned in this vicinity to a more than plausibly probable locality, except by a consideration of topographical peculiarities, and we may therefore set aside, as of no authority or importance, every part and parcel of the guesswork geography according to which the march of Moses has hitherto been designated.

The entire nation of the Hebrews, as may be seen in the 11th and 12th chapters of Exodus, were fully warned of the events about



VERTICAL SECTION, from the maps of the cutting for the Suez Canal, showing the ancient and modern beds of the "Tongue of the Red Sea."

A, present head of Red Sea; B, present level of Pi-hahiroth; C, Bitter Lakes; D, Scrapeum, the ancient head of the Red Sea; E, Lake Timsah, a possible connection of the Red Sea in ancient times; FF, sand-drift or surface formation; HH, solid formation, underlying the sand-drift.

to come to pass, and in consequence were ready to move forward as soon as Moses broke up his headquarters at Rameses. This was done at last in great urgency and haste, and they began their southward march on the fifteenth of the month Abib or Nisan (Numbers xxxiii. 3). Their next encampment was at Succoth, or "booths;" this name indicating, perhaps, their hasty provision for shelter. Their numbers have been variously estimated at from two millions to over three millions of souls, and as their very multitude has been employed to point a scoff at the Red Sea crossing, it may be as well to accept the larger number. From Succoth they journeyed to Etham, "in the edge of the wilderness" (Ex. xiii. 20), and the only importance of determining either of these localities would be to afford a more likely guess as to whether they afterwards marched by the shore of the sea, between that and the eastern slope of the broken elevation of Ghebel Geneffe, or whether they made their way through the caravan-road between Ghebel Awabet and Ghebel Attaka. The latter seems more likely, from the fact that they turned from Etham (Ex. xiv. 1) after leaving that encampment.

They were commanded to leave Etham and encamp "before Pi-hahiroth, between Migdol and the sea" (Ex. xiv. 2), and they did so. It is possible that this word "Pi-hahiroth," which in Hebrew signifies "the mouth of the hollow," may have some reference to the physical fact which is made to appear by the maps of the French engineers. It was while the Hebrews were encamped at this place that Pharaoh and his host, in whose hearts grief had been succeeded by revenge, came thundering on for their destruction. Well might the Egyptian king say, "they are entangled in the land, the wilderness hath shut them in" (Ex. xiv. 3); for before them rolled the deep waters of the Gulf of Suez. Reaching far inland on their left flank was "the tongue of the Egyptian sea," not to be dried up for a thousand years except for their own miraculous relief; while to their right,

piled up between them and Upper Egypt, were the rugged rocks of Ghebel Attaka (Migdol?), impassable utterly by such a host as theirs; and through the passes behind them the chariots of Pharaoh and his warriors were coming in hot haste. The Hebrews themselves appreciated the extreme peril of their position even more vividly than did Pharaoh, and there is something truly magnificent in the unflinching faith with which Moses bade them, in their slavish terror, "Fear ye not! Stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord" (Ex. xiv. 13). But that he supplemented his faith by earnest prayer is also evident (Ex. xiv. 15).

And now we come to a point which has been by no means overlooked by those who deny the miracle. The sacred narrative details the precise physical agency by which the deliverance was effected: "The Lord

caused the sea to go, by a strong east wind all that night, and made the sea dry, and the waters were divided." (Ex. xiv. 21). It was God who sent the wind, but only by the wind-power was the passage made. "Never!" says the scoffer who has taken soundings in the deep water below Suez. "If the wind had blown until this day there would have been no passage made." It may be that, according to his own miserable light,



FROM RAMESSES TO PI-HAHIROTH.

the scoffer is not so far wrong; but for the canal explorations his argument might still have weight.—In the accompanying map we have given the profile of the cuttings for the canal, from Suez to the entrance of the Bitter Lakes, which were then a part of the sea. The varying elevation above low-water level is composed wholly of sand, drifted in from the desert by the winds of many centuries, but even now only a few feet in average depth. The more solid formation which underlies the sand arises nearly to the line of low-water level, so that before the drying up, or filling in, of this part of the "tongue of the sea," there must obviously have existed here a shallow, or "bar," which would have deserved the name of Pi-hahiroth. The length of this shallow north and south was not far from ten miles, while its width could not probably have been more than five or six. Along its western border, "before Pi-hahiroth," lay the multitudes of Israel, with the fear of Pharaoh pressing them closer and closer to its sandy edge. No dweller by any shore of the ocean will see any difficulty in believing that a strong east wind stripped bare this sandy bar, especially at low tide,* and left it a hard, smooth level, like a clean floor, over which Moses and his men could execute their swift flank movement into the wilderness beyond. A glance at the relative positions of the Bitter Lakes and the Gulf of Suez on the map, will show that an east wind from the desert, of all winds that could blow, would bring up no water from either, but would rather drive it away in both directions, so that, as Moses has written, it would be "divided." It was therefore through no narrow and contracted pass, no mere wind-blown hole in the sea, that the emancipated millions followed their great leader; marching by the flank, as they did, their front on Pi-hahiroth may have been ten miles long, and, in close array, their six hundred thousand warriors, twenty thousand men abreast, need have been but thirty deep. They had, moreover, only a few miles to go, and all night to march in. Behind them, between their rearguard and the host of Pharaoh, towered the mysterious "Pillar of Fire," and the sea to the north and the south rendered anything like "flanking" them out of the question. "The waters a wall unto them on their right hand and on their left" (Ex. xiv. 22), evidently has reference to this manifest protection.

* The Israelites crossed the Red Sea in the latter part of the month Nisan, or near the vernal equinox, at which time the difference between high and low tide at Suez is about eleven feet.

It is more than likely that Pharaoh and his generals, regarding their prey as securely caged, were quite willing, after their forced march in the hot sun, to wait until morning before beginning their feast of vengeance, and kept but indifferent watch of what might be going on beyond that terrible symbol of power which blocked their way.

When the morning came, however, their disappointment smote them in the face and stirred them up to instant and energetic action. To their eyes, superstitious as they were, and doubly inclined to dread the God of Moses, there was no evidence of any present miracle. They understood perfectly well the meaning of the shallow at Pi-hahiroth, and there had been low tides and east winds before, even if no such remarkable result had followed. Besides, was not the wind still blowing and the flat still bare? The sand which had been firm enough for the multitudes of Israel would surely bear the warriors of Egypt, and they unhesitatingly marched on (Ex. xiv. 23). There could still be no "flanking," and close on the heels of the fugitives pressed the eager chariots of Pharaoh. Then the wind began to die away and the waters to return, and in the softening, melting sands the chariot wheels drove heavily and were torn from their tugging axles. In from the main gulf, through the deep channel of Suez, and down from the high-piled reservoir of what is now *Lacs Amers*, poured the destroying billows. Never before or since came such a tide across the level sands of Pi-hahiroth; but the east winds of that desert into which Moses led his triumphant people vindicated well, in after ages, their power to make the dry land there appear, and to keep permanently open the fatal path on which the pride of Egypt lay dead in their harness on that memorable morning.

It is not recorded that the entire army of Pharaoh perished, but only "the chariots and the horsemen, all the host of Pharaoh that came into the sea after them" (Ex. xiv. 28). This would have been the flower of their array, and if indeed there were foot-soldiers who escaped, it was only because their slower movement prevented them from coming up in time. After their crossing at Pi-hahiroth the Hebrews marched down the eastern shore of the sea for three days before they reached a supply of water, and it may be worthy of note that precisely the same condition, in that respect, still obtains, even to the fact that, except at the traditional "fountain of Moses," the brackish and undrinkable springs may well be termed "Marah."

AT HIS GATES

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER VII.



NOTHING happened, however, to justify Drummond's fears. The success of Rivers's in its new form was as great and as steady to all appearance as that of its ancient phase. People vied with each other in rushing into it, in crowding its coffers and its share lists.

Stephen Haldane, "left to himself," according to Mr. Burton's instructions, had long since deposited all he had in its hands; and almost all of Robert's professional friends who had any money to invest, invested it in the bank which had an R.A. upon the roll of directors. People came to him to ask his advice who in other times would have given him theirs freely, with no such respect for his judgment. But though this was the case, and though ignorant persons in society sometimes wondered how he could make the two occupations compatible, and carry on business and art together, yet the fact was that business and Robert had very little to do with each other. He went to the meetings of the directors now and then. He was blandly present sometimes at an auditing of accounts. He listened at times to the explanations given by Mr. Golden, the manager, and found them everything that was reasonable and wise. But beyond that he cannot be said to have taken much part in the management. For this mild part he was abundantly rewarded—so abundantly that he sometimes felt half ashamed, reflecting that the clerks in the offices actually contributed more to the success of the place than he did, though they did not profit half so much. He felt himself justified in taking a nice house in the country, though not at Dura, at the end of the first season, and he

gave his wife a pretty little carriage with two ponies on her birthday, in which she drove about with a pleasure perhaps more real than that which any other circumstance of their prosperity gave her. They did not leave their house in St. Mary's Road, for it was dear to them in many ways, and still satisfied all their wants; and Robert could not tolerate the idea of another painter using the studio he had built, or another woman enjoying the conservatory which had been made for Helen. "However rich we may grow—even if we should ever be able to afford that house in Park Lane—we must keep this," he said; "no profane foot must come in, no stranger intrude upon our household gods; and Norah must have it after us, the house she was born in." Thus they planned their gentle romance, though they had been a dozen years married and more, and bought the house they loved with their first disposable money. And Robert still loved his work and kept to it, though he did not need now to trouble about the exhibitions and push on his picture, working from the early morning down to twilight to get it ready. He got a little lazy about finished pictures, to tell the truth. Even Francesca, though he loved her, had been put aside on the spare easel, and never completed. "I will get up early and set to work in earnest to-morrow," he always said; but to-morrow generally found him like the day before, making a study of something—sketching in now one subject, now another—tormenting his wife with questions as to which was best. She had a good deal to put up with in this period; but she kept up under it and bore it all smilingly. And Robert, like so many more, made his sketches much better than his pictures, and put ideas upon his canvas which, if he could but have carried them out, might have been great.

Thus two years passed over the pair; and there were times when Helen thought, with a leap of her heart, that ease and leisure had done what care and toil could not do—had roused a spark of divine genius in her husband's breast. Now and then he drew something that went right to her heart, and it was she who had always been his harshest critic. When she said to him one day suddenly, without purpose or meaning, "I like that, Robert," he turned round upon her all flushed and glowing, more radiant than when he was made an R.A. It was not that he

had supreme confidence in her knowledge of art, but that her backing of him, the support which he had longed for all these years, was more than the highest applause, and invigorated his very soul. But he was so pleased to have pleased her, that he set up his sketch upon a bigger canvas, and worked at it and improved it till he had improved the soul out of it, and Helen applauded no more. He was much mortified and disappointed at this failure; but then in his humility he said to himself, "What does it matter now? I am an R.A., which is the best I could be in my profession, so far as the world is concerned, and we have something else to stand upon besides the pictures." Thus he consoled himself, and so did she.

And, in the meantime, Norah kept growing, and became a more distinct feature in the household. She was a feature more than an agent still; though she was nearly twelve not much was heard of her except the scales, which she still rattled over dutifully every morning, and the snatches of songs she would sing in the lightness of her heart as she went or came. On most ordinary occasions she simply composed such a foreground to the family picture as Maurice had seen that October night. She sat on a stool or on the floor somewhere, with a book clasped in her arms, reading; in summer she and her book together crouched themselves against the window in the room, getting the last gleam of daylight, and in winter she read by the firelight, which crimsoned her all over with a ruddy glow, and scorched her cheeks. Perhaps it was because she was kept conscientiously at work all day that Norah thus devoured all the books she could lay hands on in the evenings. She sat in her corner and read, and heard what was going on all the same, and took no notice. She read everything, from Grimm's Tales and the Arabian Nights to Shakspeare, and from Shakspeare to Tennyson, with an indiscriminating all-devouring appetite; and as she sat in a dream, lost in one volume after another, the current of life flowed past, and she was aware of it, and heard a hundred things she was unconscious of hearing, yet remembered years after. She heard discussions between her father and mother which she was supposed to pay no attention to. And she did not pay any attention to them: but only innocently—an unconscious eavesdropper—heard everything, and received it into her mind. This was the child's position in the house; she was the centre of the picture—everything somehow

bore a reference to her; she alone was silent in the midst. The other two—who loved her, talked of her, planned for her, contrived that everything that was pretty and pleasant and sweet should surround her waking and sleeping—had yet no immediate need of Norah. They were each other's companions, and she was the third—the one left out. But she was too young to feel any jealousy, or to struggle for a place between them. She had her natural place, always in the foreground, a silent creature, unconsciously observing, laying up provision for her life.

"Are you not afraid to talk of everything before your daughter?" Mr. Golden said one day when she had left the room. "You know the old proverb, 'Little pitchers have long ears.'"

"Afraid of—Norah?" said Robert. The idea was so extraordinary that he laughed first, though the moment after he felt disposed to be angry. "My child understands what honour is, though she is so young," he said with paternal pride, and then laughed, and added, "That is highflown of course, but you don't understand her, Golden; how should you? She is a thousand times too deeply occupied to care for what we are saying. Pardon me, but the suggestion, to one who knows her, is so very absurd."

"Ah, you never know where simplicity ends and sense begins," said the bank manager. He had become a frequent guest at St. Mary's Road. He was a man of Mr. Burton's type, but younger, slightly bald, perfectly brushed, clean, and perfumed, and decorous. He was a little too heavy for the rôle of a young man in society: and yet he danced and flirted with the best when an opportunity offered. He never spoke of the City when he could help it: but he spoke a great deal about Lady So-and-so's party, and the fine people he knew. It was difficult to make out how he knew them; but yet he visited, or professed to visit at a great many of what are called "good houses." As manager of the bank he had every man's good opinion—he was at once so enterprising and so prudent, with the most wonderful head for business. There was no one like him for interpreting the "movements" on the Stock Exchange, or the fluctuations of the Funds. He explained business matters so lucidly that even Drummond understood them, or at least thought he did. But there were a good many people who did not like Mr. Golden. Helen for one had a natural antipathy to the man. She allowed that she had no reason for it; that he was very civil, sometimes amusing, and

had never done anything she could find fault with. But she disliked him all the same. Norah was more decided in her sentiments, and had a clearer foundation for them. He had insisted on disturbing her from her book one afternoon to shake hands with her; on another he had offered to kiss her, as a child, and she nearly twelve! "But then you are so little of your age, Miss Norah. I daresay the gentleman took you for nine," said her maid—an explanation which did not render Norah more favourably inclined towards the manager. And now he was trying to libel her, to traduce her to her father! Even Robert himself was moved by this enormity; it shook his opinion of his counsellor. "That is all he knows," Drummond said to himself; and he resumed his conversation more distinctly than ever when Norah came back.

In the meantime the Haldanes had thriven too, in their way. Stephen was as helpless, as far from any hope of moving as ever; but he was well off, which alleviates much suffering. The walls of his room were hung with Drummond's sketches, half a dozen of them, among which were two pictures of Norah. He lived in an arm-chair elaborately fitted with every possible contrivance, with a reading-desk attached to its arm, and a table close by, which could be raised to any height: and his helpless limbs were covered with a silken quilt of Mrs. Haldane's own working. There he passed the day and night without change: but thanks to Miss Jane and her mother, no strange eye had looked upon the helpless man's humiliation; they moved him from his chair to his bed, and did everything for him. The bed was closed up by day, so that no stranger might suspect its existence; and the room was kept airy and bright by the same unwearied watchers. Here he lived, making no complaint. Whatever his feelings might be, whatever the repinings in his mind, he said nothing of them to mortal ear. A shade of weariness the more upon his face, a deeper line than usual between his eyes, were the only tokens that now and then the deep waters overflowed his soul. And as for the mother and sister, who were his slaves and attendants, they had forgotten that there was anything unusual in his condition—they had become accustomed to it. It seemed to them in some sort the course of nature. And God knows whether unconsciously a feeling that it was "for the best" might not sometimes steal into their minds. He was theirs for ever; no one could step in between them, or draw his heart from their

love. Had it been suggested to Miss Jane that such a sentiment was possible, she would have rejected it with horror; and yet in the depths of her heart it was there, out of her own sight.

And he had an occupation in his seclusion which was a blessing to him. He had become the editor of a little magazine, which belonged to his "denomination" before he fell ill, and he had been allowed to retain the post. This was the refuge of his mind in his trouble. Poor Stephen, he pleased himself with the idea of still influencing somebody, of preserving his intercourse with the outer world. It had been a very homely little publication when it came into his hands—a record of what the "denomination" was doing; the new chapels it was building; the prayer-meetings gathered here and there, which might grow into congregations; and the tea-parties, which furnished at once intellectual and social enjoyment for the people. But Stephen had changed that; he had put his mind into it, and worked it into a sort of literary organ. There were reviews in it, and essays, and a great deal of discussion of the questions of the day. These were approached from the standing ground of the denomination, it is true, but the discussions were often far from being denominational. Up to this time, however, the community gave no signs of disapproval. Mr. Baldwin favoured the magazine, and the writer of it was still popular, and not yet forgotten. They gave him some fifty pounds a year for this hard though blessed work which kept his mind alive; and his late congregation gave him fifty pounds; and the money in Rivers's bank had last quarter paid ten per cent. of profit. He was well off, he was indeed rich for his wants, though he was not rolling in wealth like Drummond. Money makes no man happy, but how much good it does! Nothing could make this poor man happy, rooted thus in his immovable calm; but his ten per cent. kept him in comfort, it gave him worship in the eyes of his people, who were not fond of poverty; it procured to him his only consolation. He had no need to be indebted to any one; he could even help the poor people of his former flock, and feel himself independent. He could buy books, and give such quiet comforts and pleasures as they could enjoy to the women who were so good to him. All these were great alleviations of the sick man's lot. But for Rivers's how different would his position have been! He would have been subject to the constant inspection of deacons and brethren; he would have been interfered with in respect to

his magazine. All the comfort and freedom which remained to him were the result of the little more which made him independent and put him above criticism. What a poor thing money is, which cannot buy either health or happiness! and yet what a great thing! only the poor know how great.

This time of prosperity had lasted for two years, when Mr. Burton withdrew from the direction of the bank. He had enlarged his business greatly in another way, and had no longer time to bestow upon this; and, indeed, he had professed all along his desire to be free. This had been the object of the old company in taking in "new blood," and now the new company was able to proceed alone upon their triumphant way.

"It is your turn to get into harness, Drummond," he said, with a glance in which there was some contempt. Robert did not see the scorn, but he laughed with perhaps a little gentle confidence in his own power to be of use if he should choose to exert himself.

"I must put myself into training first," he said.

"Golden will do that for you. Golden is the best coach for business I have ever come across," said Mr. Burton. "He will put you up to everything, good and bad—the dodges as well as the legitimate line. Golden is not a common man of business—he is a great artist in trade."

There was a certain elation in his air and words. Was he glad to have shaken off the bonds of Rivers's, though they were golden bonds? This was the question which Helen asked herself with a little surprise. The two men were dining at St. Mary's Road on the night after Burton's withdrawal, and she was still at table, though they had begun to talk of business. As usual, she who took no part was the one most instructed by the conversation. But she was bewildered, not instructed, by this. She could not make out what it meant. She knew by the best of all proofs that the bank was profitable and flourishing. Why, then, did her cousin show such high spirits? What was his elation about? Long after she remembered that she had noted this, and then was able to divine the mystery. But now it only surprised her vaguely, like a foreign phrase in the midst of the language she knew.

"The dodges are amusing," said Mr. Golden. "The legitimate drama is more dignified and imposing, but I rather think there is more fun in the work when you are living on the very edge of ruin. The hair-

breadth escapes one has—the sense that it is one's own cleverness that carries one through—the delight of escaping from the destruction that seemed down upon you! There is nothing like that," he said with a laugh, "in the steady platitudes of ordinary trade."

And Mr. Burton laughed too, and a glance passed between them, such as might have passed between two old soldiers who had gone many a campaign together. There was a twinkle in their eyes, and the "Do you remember?" seemed to be on their very lips. But then they stopped short, and went no further. Helen, still vaguely surprised, had to get up and go away to the drawing-room; and what more experiences these two might exchange, or whether her husband would be any the wiser for them, she was no longer able to see. Norah waited her in the other room. She had just come to the end of a book, and, putting it down with a sigh, came and sat by her mother's side. They were alike in general features and complexion, though not in the character of their faces. Norah's hair was brighter, and her expression less stately and graceful than Helen's—she had not so much *distinction*, but she had more life. Such a woman as her mother she was never likely to be, but her attractions would be great in her own way.

"How nice your velvet gown is, mamma!" said Norah, who was given to long monologues when she spoke at all. "I like to put my cheek upon it. When I am grown up, I will always wear black velvet in winter, and white muslin in summer. They are the nicest of all. I do not think that you are too old for white. I like you in white, with red ribbons. When I am a little bigger I should like to dress the same as you, as if we were two sisters. Mayn't we? Everybody says you look so young. But, mamma, ain't you glad to get away from those men, and come in here to me?"

"You vain child!" said Helen. "I can see you whenever I like, so it is no novelty to me; while papa's friends—"

"Do you think they are papa's friends? I suppose there are no villains nowadays, like what there are in books?" said Norah. "The world is rather different from books somehow. There you can always see how everything happens; and there is always somebody clever enough to find out the villains. Villains themselves are not very clever, they always let themselves be found out."

"But, my dear, we are not talking of villains," said Helen.

"No, mamma, only of that Mr. Golden.

I hate him! If you and I were awfully clever, and could see into him what he means——"

"You silly little girl! You have read too many novels," said Helen. "In the world people are often selfish, and think of their own advantage first; but they don't try to ruin others out of pure malice, as they do in stories. Even Norah Drummond sometimes thinks of herself first. I don't know if she is aware of it, but still it happens; and though it is not always a sin to do that, still it is the way that most sins come about."

This purely maternal and moral turn of the conversation did not amuse Norah. She put her arm round her mother's waist, and laid her cheek against the warm velvet of Helen's gown.

"Mamma, it is not fair to preach when no one is expecting it," she said in an injured tone; "and just when I have you all to myself! I don't often have you to myself. Papa thinks you belong to him most. Often and often I want to come and talk, but papa is so greedy; you ought to think you belong to me too."

"But, my darling, you have always a book," said Helen, not insensible to the sweet flattery.

"When I can't have you, what else am I to do?" said crafty Norah; and when the gentlemen came into the drawing-room, the two were still sitting together, talking of a hundred things. Mr. Golden came up, and tried very hard to be admitted into the conversation, but Norah walked away altogether, and went into her favourite corner, and Mrs. Drummond did not encourage his talk. She looked at him with a certain flutter of excited curiosity, wondering if there was anything under that smooth exterior which was dangerous and meant harm; and smiled at herself and said, no, no; enemies and villains exist only in books. The worst of this man would be that he would pursue his own ends, let them suffer who might; and his own ends could not harm Drummond—or so at least Helen thought.

CHAPTER VIII.

It was in the summer of the third year of his bank directorship that Robert made his first personal entry into business. The occasion of it was this. One of his early friends who had been at school with him, and with whom he had kept up a private and often interrupted intercourse, came to him one morning with an anxious face. He was in business himself, with a little office in one of the dreary lanes in the City, a single clerk,

and very limited occupation. He had married young, and had a large family; and Drummond was already aware that while the lines had fallen to himself in pleasant places, poor Markham's lot had been hard and full of thorns. He was now at the very crisis of his troubles. He gave a glance round the painter's handsome studio when he entered, at the pictures on the walls and the costly things about, and the air of evident luxury that pervaded everything, and sighed. His own surroundings were poor and scant enough. And yet he could and did remember that Drummond had started in life a poorer man, with less hopeful prospects than himself. Such a contrast is not lively or inspiring, and it requires a generous mind to take it kindly, and refrain from a passing grudge at the old companion who has done so much better for himself. Poor Markham had come with a petition, on which, he said, all his future life depended. He had made a speculation which would pay him largely could he only hold out for three months; but without help from his friends this was impossible.

It was a large sum that he wanted—more than any private friend would be likely to give him—something between two and three thousand pounds. The welfare of his family, his very existence in a business point of view, and the hopes of his children depended on his ability to tide those three months over. For old friendship's sake, for all the associations of their youth, would Drummond help him? Robert listened with his kindly heart full of sympathy. Long before the story was done, he began to calculate what he had at his disposal, how much he could give; but the sum startled him. He could not produce at a moment's notice a sum of nearly three thousand pounds. With a troubled heart he shook his head and said it was impossible—he had not so much money at his disposal—he could not do it. Then Markham eagerly explained. It was not from his friend's own purse that he had hoped for it; but the bank! On Drummond's introduction, the bank would do it. Rivers's could save him. No such request had ever been made to Robert before. Very few of his friends were business men. Their needs were private needs, and not the spasmodic wants of trade. There were people who had borrowed from himself personally, and some who had been helped by him in other ways; but this was the first appeal made to his influence in the bank. He was startled by it in his innocence of business ways. It seemed to him as if it was like

asking a private favour, turning over his own petitioner to a third person. "He is my friend, give him three thousand pounds." It seemed to him the strangest way of being serviceable to his neighbour. But poor Markham had all the eloquence of a partially ruined man. He made it clear to Robert, not only that such things were, but that they happened continually, and were in the most ordinary course of nature. The end was that they went out together, and had an interview with Mr. Golden at the bank. And then Robert found that his acquaintance had not exaggerated, that the matter was even easier than he had represented it, and that there would not be the slightest difficulty in "accommodating" the man who was Mr. Drummond's friend. Markham and he parted at the door of the bank, the one with tears of gratitude in his eyes, blessing God and Robert for saving him, and the other with a bewildered sense of power which he had not realised. He had not known before how much he could do, nor what privileges his directorship put in his hands, and he was confused by the discovery. It bewildered him, as a man might be bewildered to know that he could bestow fertility or barrenness on his fields by a glance—how strange the power was, how sweet in this instance, how—dangerous. Yes, that was the word. He felt afraid of himself as he went home. If such complaints came to him often, it would be so difficult to resist them; and then a kind of horrible dread came over his mind. Would the money ever be paid back that he had got so easily? The thought made his hand shake when he went back to the peaceable work, at which no such bewildering risks were run.

When the three months were over, Markham's money was not paid; on the contrary, he had fled to Australia, he and all his children, leaving nothing but some wretched old furniture behind him. Poor Drummond was nearly beside himself. He rushed to the bank when he heard the news, and protested that the loss must be his. It was his fault, and of course he must repay it. Mr. Golden smiled at him with a genuine admiration of his simplicity. He told him in a fatherly way of a speculation which had been very successful which had cleared nearly the same sum of money. "Putting the one to the other, we are none the worse," he said, "every commercial concern must make some bad debts."

Drummond went away with more bewilderment still, with many new thoughts

buzzing in his head, thoughts which troubled the composure of his life. He himself being but an artist, and not a merchant, was afraid of money. He touched it warily, trafficked in it with a certain awe. He knew how much labour it required to earn it, and how hard it was to be without it. He could not understand the levity with which Burton and Golden treated that potent thing. To them it was like common merchandise, sugar or salt. A heap of it, as much as would make a poor man's fortune, melted away in a moment, and the bland manager thought nothing of it—it was a bad debt. All this was so strange to him, that he did not know what to make of it. He himself was guilty, he felt, of having thrown away so much which belonged to other people. And every other director on the board had the same power which he had with a painful pleasure discovered himself to have. And they knew better about it than he did; and what check could there be upon them? If every other man among them had been art and part in losing three thousand pounds, what could Robert say? It would not be for him to throw the first stone. He felt like Christian in the story, when, upon the calm hillside, he suddenly saw a door through which there was, open and visible, the mouth of hell. It occurred to Robert to go down to the next meeting of directors, to tell them his own story, and beg that the money lost through his means should be subtracted from his private share of the capital, and to beg all of them to do likewise. He quite made up his mind to this in the first tumult of his thoughts. But before the time for that meeting came, a sense of painful ridicule, that bugbear of the Englishman, had daunted him. They would call him a fool, they would think he was "canting," or taking an opportunity to display his own disinterestedness. And accordingly he accepted the misfortune, and was content to permit it to be called a bad debt. But the enlightenment which it threw on the business altogether gave Robert a shock which he did not easily recover. It seemed to show him a possible chasm opening at his very feet, and not at his only, but at the feet of all the ignorant simple people, the poor painters, the poor women, the sick men like Haldane, who had placed their little seed-corn of money in Rivers's bank.

These thoughts were hot in his heart at the time of this misadventure with Markham; and then there came a lull, and he partially forgot them. When no harm is visible, when the tranquil ordinary course of affairs seems to

close over a wrong or a blunder, it is so difficult to imagine that everything will not go well. He said as little as possible to Helen on the subject, and she did not take fright fortunately, having many things to occupy her nowadays. There was her own enlarged and fuller household, the duties of society, her charities; for she was very good to the poor people near Southlees, their house in the country, and kept watch over them even from St. Mary's Road. And she had now many friends who came and occupied her time, and carried her off from her husband; so that he had not that resource of talking about it which so often lightens our anxiety, and so often deepens it. In this instance, perhaps it was as well that he could not awaken her fears to increase and stimulate his own.

And thus everything fell into its usual quietness. Life was so pleasant for them. They had so much real happiness to cushion the angles of the world, and make them believe that all would always be well. Those who have been experienced in pain are apt to tremble and doubt the continuance of happiness when they attain it; but to those who have had no real sorrows it seems eternal. Why should it ever come to an end? This the Drummonds felt with an instinctive confidence. It was easier to believe in any miracle of good than in the least prognostic of evil. The sun was shining upon them; summer was sweet and winter pleasant. They had love, they had ease, they had wealth, as much as they desired, and they believed in it. The passing cloud rolled away from Robert's mind. He reflected that if there was danger there, there was danger in everything; every day, he said to himself, every man may be in some deadly peril without knowing it. We pass beneath the arch that falls next moment; we touch against some one's shoulder unaware whose touch of infection might be death; we walk over the mined earth, and breathe air which might breed a pestilence, and yet nothing happens to us. Human nature is against everything violent. Somehow she holds a balance, which no one breaks down, though it is possible to be broken down at any moment. The directors might ruin the bank in a week, but they would not, any more than the elements, which are ever ready for mischief, would clash together and produce an earthquake. Such things might be: but never—or so seldom as to be next to never—are.

In the early autumn of that year, however, another shock came upon the ignorant painter. His wife and Norah were at Southlees, where

he himself had been. Business had brought him up against his will, business of the gentler kind, concerning art and the Academy, not the bank. He was alone at St. Mary's Road, chafing a little over his solitude, and longing for home and the pleasant fields. London, the London he knew and cared for, had gone out of town. August was blazing upon the parks and streets; the grass was the colour of mud, and the trees like untanned leather. The great people were all away in their great houses, and among his own profession those who could afford it had started for Switzerland or some other holiday region, and those who could not had gone for their annual whiff of sea-air. Robert was seated by himself at breakfast, mournfully considering how another day had to be got over, before he could go home, when a hansom dashed up to the door, and Mr. Golden, bland and clean as ever, but yet with a certain agitation in his face, came in. He explained eagerly that he had come to Drummond only because the other directors were out of town. "The fact is," he said, "I want you to come with me, not to give you much trouble or detain you long, but to stand by me, if you will, in a crisis. We have had some losses. Those people in Calcutta who chose to stop payment, like fools, and the Sullivans' house at Liverpool.—It is only temporary.—But the Bank of England has made itself disagreeable about an advance, and I want you to come with me and see the governor."

"An advance! Is Rivers's in difficulties; is there anything wrong? You take away my breath."

"There is no occasion for taking away your breath," said Mr. Golden; "it is only for the moment. But it is an awkward time of the year, for everybody is out of town. I should not have troubled you, knowing you were not a business man, but of course the presence of a director gives authority. Don't be alarmed, I beg. I will tell you all about it as we drive along."

But what Mr. Golden told was very inarticulate to Robert, what with the wild confusion produced in his own mind, and the noise and dust of the sultry streets. It was the most temporary difficulty; it was not worth speaking of; it was a simple misunderstanding on the part of the authorities of the Bank of England. "Why, we are worth twenty times the money, and everybody knows it," said Mr. Golden. His words, instead of making Robert confident, made him sick. His sins in that matter of Markham

came darkly before him; and, worse even than that, the manager's words recalled Markham's to him. In his case, too, it was to have been merely a temporary difficulty. Drummond's imaginative mind rushed at once to the final catastrophe. He saw ruin staring him in the face—and not only him.

The interview with the authorities of the Bank of England did not make things much clearer to the amateur. They talked of previous advances; of their regret that the sacred name of "Rivers's" should be falling into mist and darkness; of their desire to have better securities, and a guarantee which would be more satisfactory: to all of which Robert listened with consternation in his soul. But at last the object was attained. Mr. Golden wiped the moisture from his forehead as they left the place. "That has been a tough battle," he said, "but, thank heaven! it is done, and we are tided over. I knew they would not be such fools as to refuse."

"But, good God!" said Robert, "what have you been doing? What is the meaning of it? Why do you require to go hat in hand to any governor? Is Rivers's losing its position? What has happened? Why don't you call the shareholders together and tell them if anything is wrong?"

"My dear Mr. Drummond," said Mr. Golden. He could scarcely do more than smile and say the words.

"Don't smile at me," said Drummond in the ardour of his heart. "Do you consider that you have the very lives of hundreds of people in your hands? Call them together, and let them know what remains for God's sake! I will make good what was lost through me."

"You are mad," said Golden, when he saw that his gentle sneer had failed; "such a step would be ruin. Call together the shareholders! Why, the shareholders—Mr. Drummond, for heaven's sake, let people manage it who know what they are about."

"For heaven's sake! for hell's sake, you mean," said Robert in his despair. And the words reverberated in his ears, rang out of all the echoes, sounded through the very streets, "It would be ruin!" Ruin! that was the word. It deafened him, muttering and ringing in his ears.

And yet even after this outburst he was calmed down. Mr. Golden explained it to him. It was business; it was the common course of affairs, and only his own entire inexperience made it so terrible to him. To the others it was not in the least terrible, and yet he had no right to conclude that his col-

leagues were indifferent either to their own danger, or to the danger of the shareholders of whom he thought so much. "The shareholders of course know the risks of business as well as we do," Mr. Golden said. "We must act for the best, both for them and for ourselves." And the painter was silenced if not convinced. This was in the autumn, and during the entire winter which followed the bank went on like a ship in a troubled sea. After a while such a crisis as the one which had so infinitely alarmed him became the commonest of incidents even to Drummond. Now that his eyes had been once enlightened, it was vain to attempt any further concealment. One desperate struggle he did indeed make, when in the very midst of all this anxiety a larger dividend than usual was declared. The innocent man fought wildly against this practical lie, but his resistance was treated as utter folly by the business board, who were, as they said, "fighting the ship." "Do you want to create a panic and a run upon us?" they asked him. He had to be silent, overpowered by the judgment of men who knew better than himself. And then something of the excitement involved in that process of "fighting the ship" stole into his veins. Somehow by degrees, nobody had been quite aware how, the old partners of Rivers's had gone out of the concern. It was true there had been but three or four to start with; now there was but one left—Lord Rivers, the head of the house, who never took any share in the business, and was as ignorant as the smallest shareholder. The new directors, the fighting directors, were men of a very different class. As the winter went on the ship laboured more and more. Sometimes it seemed to go down altogether, and then rose again with a buoyancy which almost seemed to justify hope. "*Tout peut se rétablir*," they said to each other. "After all we shall tide it over." And even Robert began to feel that thrill of delight and relief when a danger was "tided over," that admiration, not of his own cleverness, but of the cleverness of others, which Golden had once described. Golden came out now in his true colours; his resources were infinite, his pluck extraordinary. But he enjoyed the struggle in the midst of his excitement and exertion, and Drummond did not enjoy it, which made an immense difference between them.

Things became worse and worse as spring came on. By that time, so far as Drummond was concerned, all hope was over. He felt himself sucked into the terrible whirlpool whence nothing but destruction could

come. With a heart unmanned by anxiety, and a hand shaking with suppressed excitement, how could he go into his peaceable studio and work at that calmest work, of art? That phase of his existence seemed to have been over for years. When he went into the room he loved it looked to him like some place he had known in his youth—it was fifty years off or more, though the colour was scarcely dry on the picture which stood idly on the easel. When he was called to Academy meetings, to consultations over an

old master, or a new rule, a kind of dull amazement filled his soul. Did people still care for such things—was it still possible that beauty and pleasantness remained in life? There were people in these days who felt even that the painter had fallen into bad ways. They saw his eyes bloodshot and his hand trembling. He was never seen with his wife now when she drove her ponies through the park—even in society Helen went sometimes out alone. And they had been so united, so happy a pair. "Drummond



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will have nothing ready in April," the painters said to each other—"even his diploma picture has never been finished—prosperity has not agreed with him." When he was visible at all, his vacant air, his tremulous look, the deep lines under his eyes, frightened all his friends. Dr. Maurice had spoken to him very seriously, begging that he would be candid and tell his ailments. "You cannot go on like this," he said. "You are killing yourself, Drummond." "How much can a man go through without being killed, I wonder?" poor Robert asked, with an unsteady smile, and even his friend stopped short in

dismay and perplexity. Was it dissipation? Was it some concealed misery? Could his wife have anything to do with it? These suggestions flitted vaguely through the doctor's mind without bringing any certainty with them. Once he seemed to be getting a clue to the mystery, when Robert rushed in upon him one day, and with a show of levity suggested that Haldane's money should be taken out of the bank. "I know a better investment, and he should have the very best that is going," said Drummond. Dr. Maurice was somewhat startled, for he had money in Rivers's too.

"Where is there a better investment?" he asked.

"In the Three per Cents.," said Robert, with a hoarse laugh.

Was he mad? Was he—drunk? The doctor took a day to consider it, to think whether there could be anything in it. But he looked at the dividend papers, showing that Rivers's that year had paid ten per cent. And he called upon Dr. Bradcliffe, and asked him to go with him privately, *accidentally*, one of these days, to see a friend whose brain was going, he feared. The two physicians shook their heads, and said to each other mournfully how common that was becoming. But Fate moved faster than Dr. Maurice, and the accidental call was never made.

CHAPTER IX.

THE life which Helen Drummond lived during this winter would be very hard to describe. Something wrong had happened, she saw, on that rapid visit to town which Robert had made on Academical business in October, leaving her at Southlees. No anxiety about business matters connected with the bank had ever been suggested to her mind. She had long ago accepted, as a matter of course, the fact that wealth was to come from that source, with an ease and regularity very different from the toilsome and slow bread-winning which was done by means of art. She was not surprised by it as Robert was; and enough of the *bourgeois* breeding was left in her to make her pleased that her husband should see the difference between the possibilities of his profession and of the commerce which she had been wont to hear lauded in her youth. She was almost proud that Trade had done so much for him. Trade came from her side, it was she who had the hereditary connection with it; and the innate idealism of her mind was able to cling to the old-fashioned fanciful conception of beneficent commerce, such as we have all heard of in our educational days. But her pride was not sensitive on this point. What really touched her was the praise or the blame which fell upon him as a painter, and the dread that instantly sprang into her mind was that he had met with something painful to him in this respect—that his opinion had not been received as of weight in the deliberations of the Academy, or his works been spoken off with less respect than they ought to have secured. This was the foolish fancy that took hold of her mind. She questioned him about the Academy meeting till poor Robert—his thoughts occu-

ried about things so very different—grew sick of the subject. Yet he was almost glad of some subject on which to vent a little of his excitement. Yes, they were a set of old fogies, he said, with audacious freedom. They potted about things they did not understand. They puzzled and hesitated over that Rembrandt, which any one with half an eye could see had been worked at by some inferior hand. They threw cold water upon that loveliest Francia which nobody could see without recognising. They did what they ought not to do, and neglected what was their duty. "We all do that every day of our lives," said Helen; "but what was there that specially vexed you, Robert?" "Nothing," he said, looking up at her with eyes full of astonishment; but there was more than astonishment in them. There was pain, dread, anxiety—a wistful, restless look of suffering. He will not tell me: he will keep it to himself and suffer by himself, not to vex me, Helen said in her own thoughts. And though the autumn was lovely, Robert could not be happy at Southlees that year. He had been very happy the two previous summers. The house was situated on the Thames beyond Teddington. It was rustic and old, with various additions built to it; a red-brick house, grown over with all manner of lichens, irregular in form and harmonious with its position, a house which had grown—which had not been artificially made. The family had lived on the lawn, or on the river in those halcyon days that were past. There was a fringe of trees at every side except that, shutting in the painter's retirement; but on the river side nothing but a few bright flower-beds, and the green velvet lawn, sloping towards the softly flowing water. One long-leaved willow drooped over the stone steps at which the boat was lying. It was a place where a pair of lovers might have spent their honeymoon, or where the weary and sick might have come to get healing. It was not out of character either with the joy or the grief. Nature was so sweet, so silent, so meditative and calm. The river ran softly, brooding over its own low liquid gurgle. The stately swans sailed up and down. The little fishes darted about in the clear water, and myriads of flying atoms, nameless insect existences, fluttered above. Boating parties going down the stream would pause, with a sigh of gentle envy, to look at the group upon the lawn; the table with books and work on it, with sometimes a small easel beside it or big drawing pad supported on a

stand; a low chair with Helen's red shawl thrown over it, and Norah, with her red ribbons, nestled on the sunny turf. They sat there, and worked, and talked, or were silent, with an expansion of their hearts towards everything that breathed and moved; or they spent long days on the river, catching the morning lights upon those nooks which are only known to dwellers on the stream; or pursuing waterlilies through all the golden afternoon in the backwaters which these retired flowers love. The river was their life, and carried them along, day after day. Such a scene could not but be sweet to every lover of nature; but it is doubly sweet when the dumb poetic imagination has by its side that eye of art which sees everything. The painter is a better companion even than the poet—just as seeing is better than saying that you see. Robert was not a genius in art; but he had the artist's animated, all-perceiving eye. Nothing escaped him—he saw a hundred beautiful things which would have been imperceptible to ordinary men—a dew-drop on a blade of grass at his feet charmed him as much as a rainbow—his “Look, Helen!” was more than volumes of descriptive poetry. They were out and about at all times “watching the lights,” as he said in his pleasant professional jargon; in the early mornings, when all was silvery softness and clearness, and the birds were trying over their choicest trills before men woke to hear; in the evening when twilight came gently on, insinuating her filmy impenetrable veil between them and the sunset; and even at full noon, when day is languid at the height of perfection, knowing that perfectness is brother to decadence. The painter and his wife lived in the middle of all these changes, and took them in, every one to the firmament in their hearts.

Why do we stop in this record of trouble to babble about sunset skies and running waters? Is it not natural? The “sound as of a hidden brook, in the leafy month of June” comes in, by right, among all weird mysterious harmonies of every tragical lute. “The oaten pipe and pastoral reed” have their share even in the hurly-burly of cities and noisy discord of modern existence. Robert Drummond had his good things as well as his evil things. For these two summers never man had been more happy—and it is but few who can say as much. His wife was happy with him, her old ghosts exorcised, and a new light suffusing her life. It seemed a new life altogether, a life without discontents, full of happiness, and tranquillity, and hope.

But this autumn Robert was not happy at Southlees. He could not stay there peaceably as he had done before. He had to go to town “on business,” he said, sometimes twice a week. He took no pleasure in his old delights. Though he could not help seeing still, his “Look, Helen!” was no longer said in a tone of enthusiasm; and when he had uttered the familiar exclamation he would turn away and sigh. Sometimes she found him with his face hidden in his hands, and pressed against the warm greensward. It was as if he were knocking for admission at the gates of the grave, Helen thought, in that fancifulness which comes of fear as much as of hope. When she questioned him he would deny everything and work with pretended gaiety. Every time he went to town it seemed to her that five years additional of line and cloud had been added to the lines on his forehead. His hair began to get grey; perhaps that was no wonder, for he was forty, a pilgrim already in the sober paths of middle age; but Helen was nearly ten years younger, and this sign of advancing years seemed unnatural to her. Besides, he was a young man in his heart, a man who would be always young; yet he was growing old before his time. But notwithstanding his want of enjoyment in it he was reluctant that his wife should leave Southlees sooner than usual. He would go into town himself, he declared. He would do well enough—what did it matter for a few weeks? “For the sake of business it is better that I should go—but the winter is long enough if you come in the end of the month. No, Helen, take the good of it as long as you can—this year.”

“What good shall I get of it alone, and how can I let you live for weeks by yourself?” said Helen. “You may think it is fine to be independent; but you could not get on without Norah and me.”

“No,” he said, with a shudder. “God knows life would be a poor thing without Norah and you; but when it is a question of three weeks—I’ll go and see my friends; I’ll live a jovial bachelor life—”

“Did you see the Haldanes,” she asked, “when you were in town last?”

It was the most innocent unmeaning question; but it made him grow pale to the very lips. Did he tremble? Helen was so startled that she did not even realise how it was he looked.

“How cold the wind blows,” he said, with a shiver. “I must have caught cold, I suppose, last night. The Haldanes? No; I had no time.”

"Robert, something worries you," she said earnestly. "Tell me what it is. Whatever it is, it will not be so heavy when you have told me. You have always said so—since ever we have been together."

"And truly, my darling," he said. He took her hand and held it tenderly, but he did not look at her. "I cannot tell you of worries that don't exist, can I?" he added, with an exaggerated cheerfulness. "I have to pay a little attention to business now the other men are out of town. And business bores me. I don't understand it. I am not clever at it. But it is not worth while to call it a worry. By-and-by they will come back, and I shall be free."

When he said this he really believed it, not being then fully aware of the tormenting power of the destruction which was about to overwhelm him. He thought the other directors would come back from their holidays, and that he himself would be able to plunge back into that abyss of ignorance which was bliss. But Helen did not believe it: not from any true perception of the state of affairs, but because she could not believe it was business at all that troubled him. Was Robert the kind of man to be disturbed about business? He who cared nothing for it but as a means, who liked money's worth, not money, whose mind was diametrically opposite to all the habits and traditions of trade? She would as soon have believed that her cousin Reginald Burton would be disturbed by a criticism or troubled to get a true balance of light and shade. No, it was not that. It was some *real* trouble which she did not know of, something that struck deeper than business, and was more important than anything that belonged to bank or market. Such were Helen's thoughts; they are the thoughts that come most natural to a woman; that he had been betrayed into some wrong-doing or inadvertent vice—that he had been tempted, and somehow gone astray. This, because it was so much more terrible than anything about business, was the bugbear that haunted her. It was to save her pain, as he thought, that poor Robert kept his secret from her. He did as so many men do, thinking it kindness; and thus left her with a host of horrible surmises to fight against, any one of which was (to her) harder than the truth. There is no way in which men, in their ignorance, inflict more harm upon women than this way. Helen watched in her fear and ignorance with a zealous eagerness that never lost a word, and gave exaggerated importance to many an idle incident. She

was doubly roused by her fear of the something coming, against which her defences would not stand, and by her absolute uncertainty what this something was. The three weeks her husband was in town by himself were like three years to her. Not that a shade of jealousy or doubt of his love to herself ever crossed her mind. She was too pure-minded, too proud, to be jealous. But something had come on him, some old trouble out of the past—some sudden horrible temptation; something, in short, which he feared to tell her. That money could be the cause of it, never crossed her thoughts.

And when she went home, things were no better; the house looked bare to her—she could not tell why. It was more than a month before she found out that the Perugino was gone, which was the light of her husband's eyes; and that little Madonna of the Umbrian school, which he delighted to think Raphael must have had some hand in, in his youth. This discovery startled her much; but worse had come before she made sure of that. The absence of the pictures was bewildering, but still more so was the change in her husband's habits. He would get up early, breakfast hurriedly before she had come down, and go out, leaving a message with the servants. Sometimes he went without breakfast. He avoided her, avoided the long evening talks they had loved, and even avoided her eye, lest she should read more in his face than he meant her to see. All this was terrible to Helen. The fears that overwhelmed her were ridiculous, no doubt; but amid the darkness and tragic gloom which surrounded her, what was she to think? Things she had read in books haunted her; fictitious visions which at this touch of personal alarm began to look real. She thought he might have to bribe some one who knew some early secret in his life, or some secret that was not his—something that belonged to his friends. Oh, if he would but tell her! She could bear anything—she could forgive the past, whatever it might be. She had no bitterness in her feelings towards her husband. She used to sit for hours together in his deserted studio, imagining scenes in which she found out, or he was driven to confide to her, this mystery; scenes of anguish, yet consolation. The studio became her favourite haunt. Was it possible that she had once entered it with languid interest, and been sensible of nothing but disappointment when she saw him working with his heart in his work? She would go all round it now, making her little comment

upon every picture. She would have given everything she had in the world to see him back there, painting those pictures with which she had been so dissatisfied—the Francesca, which still stood on its easel unfinished; the sketches of herself which she had once been so impatient of. The Francesca still stood there behind backs; but most of the others had been cleared away, and stood in little stacks against the walls. The floor was so orderly that it went to her heart to see it; nothing had been done, nothing disturbed, for weeks, perhaps months; the housemaid was free to go and come as if it had been a common parlour. All this was terribly sad to the painter's wife. The spring was coming on before she found the two sketches which afterwards she held so dearly. They bewildered her still more, and filled her with a thousand fears. One represented a pilgrim on a hilly road, in the twilight of a spring evening. Everything was soft in this picture, clear sky and twinkling stars above; a quiet rural path over the grass; but just in front of the pilgrim, and revealing his uplifted hands and horror-stricken countenance, the opening of a glowing horrible cavern—the mouth of Hell. The other was more mysterious still. It was a face full of anguish and love, with two clasped hands, looking up from the depths of a cave or well, to one blue spot of sky, one star that shone far above. Helen did not know what these sketches meant; but they made her shiver with wonder and apprehension. They were all that he had done this year.

And then something else, of a different kind, came in to bewilder her. Robert, who avoided her, who of evenings no longer talked over his affairs with her, and who probably had forgotten all her wants, let the quarter-day pass without supplying her, as he was in the habit of doing. So great a host of fears and doubts were between the two, that Helen did not remind him of his negligence. It pained her, but in a degree so different. What did that matter? But time went on, and it began to matter. She took her own little dividends, and kept silence; making what use of them she could to fill up the larger wants. She was as timid of speaking to him on this subject as if she had been a young girl. He had never obliged her to do so. She had been the general treasurer of the household in the old days; and even in recent times, he, who was so proud of his wife, had taken care to keep her always supplied with what she wanted. She never had needed to go to him to ask money, and she did not know how to begin.

Thus they both went their different way; suffering, perhaps, about equally. His time seemed to himself to be spent in a feverish round of interviews with people who could supply money, or wildly signing his name to papers which he scarcely understood—to bills which he could never dream of paying; they would be paid somehow when the time came, or they could be renewed, or something would be done, he was told. He had carried everything he could make money by away before this time; the title-deeds of his house, his pictures, even—and this was done with a very heavy heart—his policies of life insurance. Everything was gone. Events went faster as the crisis approached, and Drummond became conscious of little more than his wife's pale face wondering at him, with questioning eyes more pathetic than words, and Golden's face encouraging, or trying to encourage. Between the two was a wild abyss of work, of despair, of tiding over. Every escape more hairbreadth than the last! The wild whirl growing wilder! the awful end, ruin and fell destruction, coming nearer and more near!

It happened at length that Helen one day, in desperation, broke the silence. She came before him when he was on his way out, and asked him to wait, in a hollow voice.

"I don't want to trouble you," she said, "since you will not trust me, Robert. I have been trying not to harass you more; but—I have no money left—I am getting into debt—the servants want their wages. Robert—I thought you had forgotten—perhaps—"

He stood and looked at her for a moment, with his hat in his hand, ready to go out. How pale he was! How the lines had contracted in his face! He looked at her, trying to be calm. And then, as he stood, suddenly burst, without warning, into momentary terrible tears, of a passion she could not understand.

"Robert! oh, what is the matter?" she cried, throwing her arms round him. He put his head down on her shoulder, and held her fast, and regained control over himself, holding her to him as if she was something healing. In her great wonder and pity she raised his head with her hands, and gazed wistfully into his face through her tears. "Is it money?" she cried, with a great load taken off her heart. "Oh, Robert, tell me! Is that all?"

"All!" he said. "My God!" and then kissed her passionately, and put her away from him. "To-morrow," he said hoarsely,

"perhaps—I hope—I will tell you everything to-morrow." He did not venture to look at her again. He went out straight, without turning to the right or left. "The end must be near now," he said to himself audibly, as he went out like a blind man. To-morrow! Would to-morrow ever come? "The end must be near now."

The end was nearer than he thought.

When he reached the bank he found everything in disorder. Mr. Golden was not there, nor any one who could give information to the panic-stricken inquirers who were pouring in. It was said the manager had absconded. Rivers's was at an end. For the first ten minutes after Drummond heard the news that awaited him, it was almost a relief to know that the worst had come.



LIVING AMERICAN ARTISTS.

NO. III.



WILLIAM PAGE.

WILLIAM PAGE, PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

THE story of the art-student of fifty years is not to be compressed into six pages of a magazine, even if the hero of it have not passed beyond the boundaries of his native State for food for thought or subjects for his pencil. How much less successful, then, the effort at compression, where the student's outer life has been one of travel and adventure: his inner life, one of changes no less notable. Hence, with the task before him—to sketch the life of one of the oldest of living painters, whose story, if done justice to, would fill a goodly volume—the wri-

ter deems it timely to say here that the utmost which he can hope to accomplish in these brief biographies, is to make his readers somewhat better acquainted with the men to whom, from day to day, they pay homage, by admiration of their works. And this much more, perhaps, he can do: he can place on record here, for the benefit of the biographer of the future, certain facts in the histories of the men of whom he writes which may be relied upon, since that which he sets down, in this regard, comes directly from the men themselves—obtained in con-

versation with them, and carefully noted at the time. The occasional reflections upon the characters of the men and of their work which have appeared in the sketches already written, or which will appear in those to come, may or may not be of value in the future. They have but this to recommend them: they are those of one to whom his labor is one of love, who has no purpose to serve other than to find a vehicle for his thought on a subject which he has much at heart. If, however, this occasional comment should help the reader of to-day, interested in artist life, to a better knowledge of it, and tend to quicken his sympathies for those who devote themselves to it, thinking less of self than of their art, it will have accomplished much; and this is the writer's immediate aim.

We have been compelled to this explanation by a glance at the voluminous notes before us, taken during several conversations with him whose life we are about to sketch—a life embracing half a century of thought and work.

William Page was born on the 23rd of January, 1811, in Albany, State of New York. His father was Levi Page, of Coventry, Connecticut; his mother was a native of Massachusetts, and a widow with a family when Levi married her. When William was about nine years old the elder Page moved to New York City, and it was about this time that the future artist began to give evidence of the bent of his tastes. This he did in making drawings of familiar objects in and about his home, and by frequently essaying bolder flights in attempts at portraiture.

One of his efforts, at this time, was a portrait of his mother, which went up in the smoke of his burning home soon after he had finished it. At school he made an early reputation among his fellows as a draughtsman, topping the pinnacle of popularity when he was but eleven years old, by obtaining a prize of one dollar for a drawing of the head of Louis XVIII., which his teacher exhibited for him at the exposition of the American Institute.

For such encouragement as he received at home Page is indebted mainly to his mother (God bless the mothers!), and to his half-brother, Dr. Dannel. The mother was a woman of refined tastes, fond of art, and appreciative of the early efforts of her son. She herself was quite skillful in wax-flower making, the popular accomplishment of her day. To her was left in great measure

to decide as to the future of her youngest boy, for Page the elder was absorbed at all times in the cares of business, or by some invention craving for delivery.

It was thus when one day Mr. Frederick De Peyster called at the school where young Page was, to obtain a boy for his law-office. The teacher recommended Page, and spoke of his talent for drawing. Mr. De Peyster was Secretary of the Academy of Design at this time, and, as might be expected, was not a little influenced by this recommendation. He offered the situation to Mrs. Page for her boy, and she accepted it. William remained here for two years, until his health broke down, and further confinement at the desk endangered his life.

During these two years he had managed to continue his art study—had drawn a good deal, and read many works on art and biographies of great painters. Neither did he lack encouragement from his employer; on the contrary, received much. Colonel Trumbull was shown his drawings during this time, but offered no encouragement. The Colonel was never lavish in this direction.

After leaving the lawyer's office, and on being permitted to have his will at home with brush and canvas for a while, the young artist's health recovered. But he was now seventeen years old, and must take to a profession of some sort; so his half-brother and good friend, Dr. Dannel, took him to the studio of one Herring, a portrait-painter of those days, where it was agreed that he should receive instruction in lieu of such help as he might give his master. This help, it appears, was, before long, worth some fifty dollars weekly to Herring, who "did" portraits by wholesale, and thus found young Page to be quite a valuable assistant. This was one of the happiest periods of his fitful life, Page says, for it was the first wherein all his time was given to work congenial to him; his heart was full of hope, his future had no clouds that were yet visible.

During his stay with Herring, which lasted about a year, it was the young artist's habit to rise at six A.M., and, when the light permitted, to work two hours before going to his master's studio. In this way he made a large drawing of Germanicus, which was pronounced a great effort by his immediate friends, who advised him to let Colonel Trumbull see what he could do *now*. The Colonel, be it remembered, was the oracle on art matters in those days. He saw it and approved. Nay, more: he condescended to say that "he generally discouraged

young men from becoming artists, but he thought young Page might be permitted to starve genteelly."

Thus encouraged, Page worked still harder, if this were possible; the natural result of which was that he fell sick again, and had to absent himself from the studio. On his return there, some weeks after, the portrait-painter, who, no doubt, had missed his assistant much, gave vent to his ill-humor in abusive language, concluding by saying that "he must have some one with him whose health could be relied upon." This unreasonable exhibition of bad temper lost Herring a good servant, for young Page refused to wait until the master recovered his equanimity; turning on his heel, he left the studio, never to go back.

Page's mother now called upon Mr. Morse, then a distinguished artist, and prevailed upon him to take William as a pupil. Here he began by setting the palette of the artist, but soon attaining to higher work, he progressed rapidly in his knowledge of drawing, and in the use of color. During this time he also attended the evening classes at the Academy. When exhibition time approached, Mr. Morse asked him what prize he would draw for. "The first," was the reply; "I shall work all the harder." And he won it. It was a silver palette that year. He won also the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds, in three volumes, and other prizes, at succeeding exhibitions. These were for his drawings of Praxiteles, the head of Michael Angelo, and the Laocoön.

Morse's studio was then at the corner of Broadway and Pine, and it was here, we believe, that the future great inventor had his first ambitious thought to put a girdle round the world.

With Morse Page remained two years, during which he had every opportunity to develop his talent. The master was uniformly kind and encouraging, permitting the student full play with the palette, for he soon recognized that Page's love of color would be that most likely to individualize him as art artist. It was while painting with Mr. Morse that Page exhibited his first Academy picture. It was a piece of still life, and was favorably received. His second painting, however, was less fortunate, if not less meritorious: it was rejected; he probably aimed too high this time, for his subject was "The Anger of Achilles."

Thus far the career of William Page was commonplace enough, and had he continued simply the industrious student, the remainder

of his life might have been summed up in a paragraph, even as was that of another portrait-painter whose placid history we have already given. Verily, there are those whom Fortune seeks, but they are not many: the crowd runs after her; and there are those who care little about the fickle jade, but who are guided in their work by motives which they do not always understand and not infrequently misinterpret; who are impelled by unknown forces when they are best satisfied that they move of their own volition. And assuredly of these last was William Page.

Page's life at this time provides a unique example of the condition of mind so common to imaginative youths just merging from their teens. Painting he discovered to be too slow an interpreter of such thoughts as his. At least he fancied so, and grew discontented. The world must be touched more nearly, more forcibly, and without the delay which slow art entails. He would prepare himself for this high work in other fashion. He must find a vehicle for the pictures which stirred his imagination, prompt of use, obedient to his wish. He would be a preacher, an orator! Henceforth the pulpit; the studio nevermore!

And so deciding he set off to Andover, where he studied classics at Phillip's Academy, painting miniatures, between times, to pay his way. But, after all, this was humdrum business. However grateful to the imagination the *Æneid* may be, there is not much to tickle the fancy before one gets there. Syntax is not prolific, certainly, of fair visions. He left Andover, after a month or two at the conjugations, and went to Amherst, where he remained for a considerable time, still stirred by the religious fervor which had impelled his wandering—the pulpit still the goal of his ambition.

But here, somehow, he began to have grave doubts as to whether he was on the right track after all, and he wrote home of this change of spirit to his people, who rejoiced, no doubt, at this promise of returning sanity. From Amherst he went to Northampton, and thence to Albany, ready to paint anything and everything, and, as he says, "not particularly religious any more." He was, in fact, about to enter the infidelic phase—to suffer the reaction from the fanatic one he had just passed through.

Whilst at Albany he painted a number of full-length portraits, several of which are now historical—for example, one of old Stephen Van Rensselaer. He also painted, while in

this city, his picture of "Minerva interfering between Achilles and Agamemnon," which he sent to the Academy Exhibition. Before this, however, he had sent several paintings to the Academy, since he left New York, all of which had attracted some attention. But this classical subject was his first great success. It was purchased by Myndert Van Schaick, in whose family it still is.

In turn Page tired of Albany, and went back to New York, where he proposed to paint for a short time, then go to Europe to complete his studies. *L'homme propose, mais Dieu dispose*: the artist fell in love and married. Thus all his plans of European travel and study there, were changed or indefinitely postponed. At least so he settled it, and sat down to his easel well content—married to New York too.

During this happy time Page painted his picture known as "The Mother and Child," and sent it to the Academy. On opening day, when he saw his painting upon the wall, it so much disappointed him that he felt as if he could cut the canvas from the stretcher. And he would have done so, probably, but for the dread of making an exhibition of the painter. He went home sore-hearted.

Next morning Prof. Mapes called. "Why, Page, have you been asleep all this time? Your 'Mother and Child' will make your fortune."

And it did: the fortune Page most yearned and worked for was reputation, and this was his from that day forward. The artist at once took rank among the most popular painters of the city. Orders came to him much more rapidly than he could execute them, or rather than he would, for he had determined not to allow the temptation to make money lead him away from true devotion to his beloved art. He preferred to let pass into other hands the thousand dollars which he might have gained at some sacrifice of spirit, to earn a hundred at the work he loved.

It was not until 1850, when he was thirty-nine years old, that he fulfilled his long-cherished desire to visit Europe, which he reached after thirty-one days' sailing in one of Grinnell & Minturn's packets, landing at Dover, whence he crossed the channel to Calais, and at once proceeded to Paris. Here he stayed six weeks, during which he visited the principal collections of the city, but devoted himself mainly to the study of ancient art as represented in the collection of the Louvre. From Paris he went to Marseilles, thence to Nice, and there took dili-

gence for Florence, passing through Genoa. Florence he made his home for three years, making occasional excursions to other Italian cities; his longest stay, however—a whole summer—being made in Venice.

This was a season of hard work with him; and here began, and grew, his admiration of the works of Titian above all others. Whilst here he made many copies of the paintings of the great master which he sent home. He also received many commissions for copies which he executed. It was at this time, he claims, that he made discovery of the earlier processes in Titian's work—that he discovered the "ground" upon which the master painted. It happened that, one day, while closely examining the Venus at Florence, he saw that the bare edge of the canvas disclosed the fact that the painting was executed upon a white base, covered with washes of blue-black. This was, to him, the key-note of Titian's color, and he made it his own. Whether for good or ill, he harps upon it to this day.

From Florence, Page went to Rome, where he resided for five years, visiting England once during that time, when he spent a summer's vacation in London. During these five years he continued his study of the old masters, painted portraits of distinguished persons, Americans and others, who visited the Eternal City, and composed several of his most notable works. Among these last may be noted here: the "Venus," publicly exhibited after his return home, and now at his studio in Tenth street; his large painting of "Aaron and Hur sustaining the arms of Moses on Mount Horeb," also there; and a "Venus rising from the Sea," now in the Boston Athenæum. Among the portraits he painted were those of Charlotte Cushman, and Mrs. Crawford, the sculptor's wife, pronounced by the husband one of the finest examples of modern portraiture—which expression of opinion, notwithstanding any favorable prejudice regarding the subject, was a compliment of weight, being Crawford's. Page also painted, about this time, the head of Robert Browning, which received praises hardly less lavish.

After an absence of eight years he returned to America. He remained here only a few weeks, and soon went back to Rome, where he shortly afterwards married his present wife, his first having died some time before.

And now he resolved to give up portrait-painting altogether—to aim at what he deemed to be still higher work, the purely creative. But the reflections, to which the efforts that followed gave rise, led him to this con-

clusion: that after all there *was* no higher plain in art than that which he occupied, who succeeded in rendering faithfully the likeness of God's chief work—the man and woman; in suggesting all that was within them and without them. And he set himself to work, with modest heart, to reach that plain.

It was not until 1861 that Page returned to this country to remain in it. Patronage waited for him, and the appreciation of his fellow-artists was generously bestowed—even by those who did not admire his method, for all respected him for his earnestness of purpose and unselfish devotion to his art. He made his studio-home in the Tenth street building, where he has since remained. Soon after his return he painted portraits of Collector Barney, John Hoppin, and other distinguished citizens. He delivered lectures on art which were much esteemed. One of these was delivered at the Athenæum Club. He also published, about this time, his "Proportions of the Human Figure," a work well known to artists, and an authority.

But these days immediately following his return were unhappy ones; too exciting in their fearful revelations of strife and bloodshed for this high-strung student, now too old to fight, but not too old to suffer. The studios echoed the struggle which was going on without. Page betook himself for a time to Eaglewood, where he studied landscape among its peaceful glades, and experimented in color.

From Eaglewood he afterwards removed to Staten Island, where he purchased a plot of ground, upon which he has since built the home now occupied by his family.

Throughout this time he retained his studio in the Tenth street building, changing, however, to the one he now occupies—above the Exhibition Hall of the Place, which is mainly occupied by his works, and the door to which faces you directly when you enter from the street.

During these ten years since his return from Europe, Page has painted the portraits of many of our most notable men—soldiers, statesmen, orators, artists, poets, and divines—among them those of Farragut, J. Quincy Adams, Fenton, Phillips, Lowell, J. Q. A. Ward, Henry Ward Beecher, and a host of lesser lights. His latest and most talked-of work, perhaps, is the "Head of Christ," exhibited at the Spring Exhibition of the Academy last year.

Thus far we have sketched the outline of this adventurous student-life.

But we cannot part thus easily with our

subject. We have still a word to say of this William Page we know to-day, and how he fills out the full days of a ripe life, for he is now within the last decade of the goodly threescore years and ten.

Page was but twenty-five years old when he was made an Academician. Honors were easy in the early days of the Academy, it is true, but in this instance, at least, the success of the artist has confirmed the judgment of his electors. He was thus fourteen years a N. A. before he left for Europe, during which time the higher academic honors were not distributed—a grave mistake of the institution, and one which it has since had occasion to regret. Within a period of forty-four years the Academy had had but four Presidents, and during the greater portion of this time the Members of Council were as fixed almost as the members of the Pleiades. It is true that occasionally a particular star dropped out of the constellation, but the general immobility was not materially disturbed thereby. In other words, Academy affairs were managed by a Council of which a large majority continued to serve, year after year, until the unpleasant impression became general that the Academy was controlled, in the main, by a few good easy gentlemen who were well content with the perpetual round of honors, the gala exhibitions twice a year, and—nothing more.

This led, as might have been foreseen, to a dangerous apathy, which for a time threatened the very life of the institution. And it gave rise to what was known for a year or so as the "Party of Reform," mainly composed of the younger academicians, but of which the head and front was William Page. These reformers, so called, had for their chief objects the thorough development of the Academy Schools and the elevation of the institution generally to the position claimed for it—that of the first Art Institution of the United States. From the action of these reformers it ought not to be inferred that they were ungrateful for what *had* been done by the party in power, for they and their predecessors had done much—had certainly caused to be erected a costly Academy building, and stored it with a great deal that was valuable; the cause of their dissatisfaction was rather that these, the elders of the church, should rest content with this, when the evidences of progress, from year to year, were demanded by the artist members, by the press, and by the public generally, interested in the æsthetic development of the people.

William Page was the nominee of the Re-

form party for President at the election of 1869. He failed of election by a single vote; in 1870, by two votes; but in 1871 the tide of progress had set in too strongly for successful opposition, if such were meditated, and Page was elected. And here ended the brief combat of parties, and a happy fusion followed, the immediate result of which has been an activity in Academy matters full of promise.

Thus we have William Page the President of the National Academy of Design to-day, and chosen to that position—one of the highest attainable amongst us—by the party of progress.

"The child is father of the man;" the boy-worker, the art devotee of fifty years ago, is the leader amongst the workers of to-day, with enthusiasm unabated, and with an ardor of pursuit to which the history of but few lives presents a parallel.

Let us enter his studio, Asmodeus fashion, and hear a sermon the text of which is *laborare est orare*.

This is the room he has occupied for several years. You perceive it is approached in the ordinary way by a narrow flight of stairs from the Exhibition Hall beneath, into which we look over the balcony that bounds one side of the studio.

Yes, that white-haired, white-bearded man is he. The plaster model at which he works in the corner there is of a head of Shakespeare, which he is fashioning, aided by photographic views of the celebrated mask of the poet's face discovered in Germany; by that engraving of the Chandos portrait; and by the copy of the Stratford bust, half buried among the wonderful litter of his table. To each and all of these he refers in turn, that he may add another truth of form to the face before him. From this model, when completed, he will paint a portrait of Shakespeare which, he believes, will be the first that has been better than a caricature of the bard.

Would you believe it! he has been over a year at work upon that lump of plaster—at work day in, day out, from dawn to sunset: during the past summer he took no vacation, that he might proceed with it; and he has set aside much profitable labor lest it should interfere with this work.

That mask has cost him its weight in gold already, and it is not yet finished. This statement is no figure of speech, but a literal truth. Fifteen thousand dollars would not more than pay him for the work upon it, estimating his labor at its present market value.

"Why all this labor?" you may say; "will

the end repay it?" Perhaps. Enough for him, since he estimates the telling of a truth so highly. And this is all he aims at—to give us a true Shakespeare; to suggest the soul and body of the poet; and this in such fashion that when we look upon the picture we shall say: "Yes, just such an one he must have been, that highest type of the intellectual in man which the modern world has known."

See now, the artist turns, lays down his modeling tool and cup of plaster, and lights his pipe, as conscious of what he is about as the philosopher who used the lady's finger for a tobacco-stopper. He is still the dreamer, you perceive, and if you could hear him talk you would find him quite as speculative on matters of philosophy and religion as he was forty years ago. And whilst he is by no means fluent—on the contrary, rather slow of speech—he is withal one of the best talkers we have ever heard, and we own no rival in our heart to him as a reader of rhythmic composition. It is a rare treat to hear him recite the sonnets of his favorite poet, or a pet passage from the poems of his scarcely less beloved Lowell.

You see how bravely he carries his sixty-odd years; how cheery and hopeful he looks. Ay! and he often sings, too, in that cage of his!

What a look of the master of color he loves so much he puts on as he grows old! How the first glance at him sends the student's thoughts back to his books again—to the days when Art sat as upon a throne and men worshipped her for the beauty and the joy she gave them; when artists were the children of the People, of the States, and not mere mechanics, as most of them, through necessity, now are.

A link 'twixt the old and the new is William Page. Would that there were more, with so much of the old in them—so much of the spirit of self-sacrifice, betrayed in the twelve-months' labor on that plaster head!

Is he much interrupted in his work? Yes, very much. Probably no artist living has as many friends to make demands upon his time—whose interruptions are so difficult to dispose of. For his callers are not bankers, with whom minutes are as jewels, but orators, poets, and literary men, who visit him that they may hear him talk of this or that—the prominent topic of the day; or better still, to listen to his reminiscences of European life,—the men he met, the scenes he visited,—for of treasures of the past he is as inexhaustible as the sea. And he visits his fellow-artists of the building a good deal—that is to say, he rests himself

in this way. Scarcely more than this, for he seldom remains over a few minutes in a studio before he glides back, on slipped sole, to mount his studio stairs again.

And so goes on his life from day to day, during the working week. His Sundays he spends with his family on Staten Island.

Whatever the differences of opinion among his fellow-artists as to the value of Page's

method, or as to the success of his results as a colorist, there are no two opinions as to the worth of his advice. No man's opinion goes further among his fellow-workers than does his. There is comfort in it often, profit always, for it is sincere, and born of the knowledge of fifty years among pictures and among men. If you would know a man, seek the knowledge of him among his fellow-laborers.

ALBERT BIERSTADT, N.A.

THERE are few landscape painters living whose reputations have reached so far as that of Albert Bierstadt. His paintings are as well known and at least as highly appreciated in Europe as they are here. Whilst this is due in a great measure, no doubt, to the artistic merit of his works, it is still more due to the fact that he is a leader among those who first essayed to give expression on canvas to the great and grand in Nature, of which the scenery of the West is so prolific. Whatever may be the differences of opinion upon the merit of his *technique*, there are none as to his genuine love of art, or of his devotion to it, so often proved by "hair-breadth 'scapes by flood and field."

Nor do those qualities, to which this artist's success is due, cease when the toilsome journey is ended, or when the skillfully manipulated painting—for the material of which he may have traveled four thousand miles—has dried upon the canvas. Possessing, in a remarkable degree, those qualities which in a man add daily to his list of friends; gentle in manners; open-hearted; active, without show of it, in all matters tending to the help of a fellow-worker; generous, but not obtrusive in his charities, and being gifted with consummate business tact, it is not surprising that his name should have a double value, or his works receive an amount of recognition and appreciation not always conceded to those of others of possibly equal merit, who are known only by the evidences of their talent.

Albert Bierstadt was born on the 7th of January, 1830, at Solingen, near Düsseldorf, where, it might be assumed by the speculative philosopher, he drew inspiration from the very atmosphere of the place. But since he was permitted to remain only a couple of years in the neighborhood of the great German School, we are unwilling to concede any credit to it for influencing his future, even in this subtle way. Albert's father left Germany for the United States in 1832, and settled in New Bedford, Massachusetts. Here Albert was educated. Unlike other youths, afterwards famous as artists, he was not a

prodigy in the art way; didn't sleep with a color-box under his pillow, or transfigure the fences of the neighborhood with elaborate designs in chalk. But he was noticeable, at a very early age, for his love of adventure, and his first appeal for popularity was a composition which he wrote at school, when twelve years old, entitled "The Rocky Mountains." This might be supposed, judging from his after labors, to contain a description of the scenery since so attractive to him. But such is not the fact, for the paper, still preserved by his family, is devoted to the details of a bear-hunt, the chief end of which was to supply food for the hunters.

It was not until some years after the date of this production that the future landscape painter began to show that his leaning was towards art. But even at this time, his efforts did not give promise of future power; for then as now, we presume, he felt more than he expressed, and had a quiet way of making up his mind, not easily disturbed. His mother, a cousin of the celebrated painter, Hasenclever, knew something of the vicissitudes of an artist's life, and tried to persuade Albert to devote himself to some other calling, but ultimately yielded to the persistent wickedness of the boy, who had determined to run all risk, satisfied that the goal was well worth striving for, and anxious, besides, to begin the world by depending upon his own resources.

This he did when still young by teaching crayon drawing, to the practice of which he had devoted himself for two or three years.

He was twenty-one years old when he made his first attempt at painting in oils, but in two years he had made such satisfactory progress, and had received such recognition of it, that he was in a position to realize a long-cherished dream of visiting Düsseldorf.

So, in 1853, he reached the German school where he had proposed to pursue his studies with the advice of his mother's relative, then in the zenith of his fame. Unhappily, the first news he heard on his arrival was the death of Hasenclever. Here, however, he



ALBERT BIERSTADT.

soon made the friendship of Andreas Achenbach, Lessing, and Leutze, and profited by it—especially by the example and counsel of the former. His progress was rapid. In a short time his pictures began to find their way to this city, where they were exhibited and subjected to much criticism. Doubts as to their originality were freely ventilated by some, for the work already suggested a skillful handling not often attained until after very many years of patient labor.

During a four years' stay in Europe, from 1853 to 1857, Bierstadt continued to work with enthusiasm and industry at his easel, yet managed to find opportunity withal to gratify to a limited extent his love of adventure.

He made a journey, on foot, through Westphalia, visited Hesse-Cassel and Switzerland, sketched among the Apennines, and crowned his wanderings by a visit to the Eternal City. In these tours he enriched his portfolio with sketches, which he afterwards used to unmistakable advantage. It was from Hesse-Cassel he brought the study from which he afterwards painted his picture of "Sunlight and Shadow," one of the most successful of his works, and that, perhaps, which first determined his rank as a painter.

He returned to New Bedford in 1857, where he took a studio and began to work, painting chiefly from the sketches and studies he had made in Europe.

In the spring of the following year he made his first artistic tour across the Plains, with the Pacific Wagon-Road Expedition under General Lander. During this trip the party encountered much danger and exposure, and it might be assumed that the artist's love of adventure had somewhat cooled by the time they had reached the base of the Rocky Mountains. And so it had, in a measure. Yet he decided to make the journey back under even less favorable auspices, and came East with two companions only.

This return trip was fraught with much greater risk to life and limb than the outward one, for it lay through forests and over mountains inhabited only by the Indian. For a great portion of the time, we are told, the party had to depend on game for food, and were often without water for days together. They all reached home safe, however, and Bierstadt, at least, profited materially by the journey. "The Rocky Mountains" and "Laramie Peak," two pictures, the painting of which established his position firmly, were the immediate results of this adventure.

Ordinary appetites would have been quite satisfied, doubtless, with this one experience of the Rocky Mountains. But not so that of Bierstadt, for again, in 1863, he set out on a journey which gave promise of five-fold perils and privations. This time he visited Salt Lake City, crossed the Humboldt mountains to Virginia City, and the Sierra Nevadas to San Francisco; thence, after a short stay, he passed on to the Yosemite, where he spent seven weeks, devoted, in the main, to making studies and sketches of its wonders of valley and mountain.

With a full portfolio he returned to Sacramento, whence he proceeded to Tehama by steamboat. Here he and his companions landed and took horse for Shasta Peak—that wonderful extinct volcano, as picturesque as it is wonderful. Remaining here but a short time, the party set out for Oregon. On their way there, unfortunately, one of them fell ill, and they were compelled to seek shelter and rest for him in the cabin of a backwoodsman, where the party remained long enough to enable the sick man to regain strength. Here Bierstadt's kindness of heart was manifested in his patient waiting by the side of his suffering companion, who afterwards wrote home of the solicitude of the artist in the most grateful terms.

This experience over, Bierstadt went to Portland, thence to Willamette, up the Columbia, and over Fort Vancouver to Dallas, where he sketched Mount Hood, and made

studies in color of details of the country round about. Then back to Portland again, which he soon left for San Francisco, whence he returned home after a brief stay.

The experiences of this sketching tour could not be told, had I every page of this number at my service; but remembering how much more difficult it was eight years ago than it now is—whilst it is still no trifling matter—to make long journeys through the Western wildernesses, and considering how many thousands of miles were conquered in pioneer fashion, a quick imagination will supply its owner with some idea of the dangers and fatigues encountered and overcome by this heroic hungerer after knowledge, this seeker of the sublime in nature in her most secret places—on mountains, the virgin snow of whose cloud o'er-topping summits had never, since creation's dawn, been pressed by foot of man before; in valleys still close-clad in the primeval raiment, and echoing, for the first time, the white man's voice and footstep.

The fruits of this journey were manifold, for it not only provided the artist with material for many years of work, but it quickened the general interest in him and in his labors.

After his return from the West this time, Bierstadt painted industriously and profitably in New York for three years, his larger works bringing very high prices. In 1866 he moved to Irvington, on the Hudson, where he had built himself a home with a studio attached to it. Here he continued his work uninterruptedly until June of the following year, when he left for Europe to make studies for two paintings, commissioned by the Government, and to be placed in the Capitol at Washington. The subject suggested for one of these was the discovery of the Hudson River by Hendrick Hudson.

During this absence he spent most of his time in London, but found leisure to make a flying visit to Italy, where he made sketches for and painted his large picture of "Vesuvius in Eruption," exhibited after his return at the gallery of G. P. Putnam.

In 1868, Bierstadt's sight began to fail him somewhat, and it became imperative that he should have rest. This he took for a short time, during which his eyes recovered their strength, and his health generally improved.

During these years, since his return from the West in 1863 until the present date, the records show that he has painted the following important and well-known pictures: "Sunset in California," now in the possession of Miss E. Bierstadt; "Storm in the Rocky Moun-

tains," twelve feet by seven, owned by J. W. Kennard, Esq.; "Mount Hood, Oregon," also a large canvas; "Laramie Peak," in possession of the Academy of Fine Arts, Buffalo, and which the writer esteems as one of the artist's best pictures; "Crossing the Plains," owned by A. Stone, Esq., Cleveland, Ohio; "The Overland Mail;" "The Cathedral Rocks, Yosemite," in the possession of Wm. Moller, Esq., of this city; "The Golden Gate," painted for General J. C. Fremont; "North Fork of the Platte," owned by Judge Hilton; "The Domes of the Yosemite," possessed by Le Grand B. Lockwood, Norwalk, Conn.; "View Down the Yosemite," owned by Mr. Crosby, of Chicago; "Burning Whalers by Moonlight," in the possession of A. Belmont, Esq.; "A View on the Sierra Nevadas," exhibited at Berlin in 1869 (where it received a gold medal), owned by Alvin Adams, Esq., of Boston; "Vesuvius," purchased by James McHenry, Esq., of London; "Puget Sound," owned by A. A. Low, Esq., of Brooklyn; and the "Emerald Pool," now at the Exhibition Room of the Tenth Street Studio Building, with several other works of still later date.

Bierstadt was made a member of the National Academy in 1860, even before he had painted any of the pictures by which he is best known. This early recognition of his talent is to the credit of his fellow-artists with whom the conferring of the honor lay. When at home he has been fairly active in Academy affairs, and deeply interested in the progress of its schools and the success of its exhibitions, to which he contributes his best pictures always; for, unlike others we might name, he considers this his duty to the Academy, even if he thus denies himself the glorification which attends the parlor exhibition of large paintings, where the effect of the picture, and possibly the sale of it, is largely contributed to by a judicious arrangement of drapery and gas-jets.

Last summer Bierstadt made another trip West, but this time he was carried to and fro at forty miles an hour. For since his previous visit the irresistible engine had eaten its way into the wilderness and laid the forest low before it. This time he made studies for another large painting for which he had received a commission from C. P. Huntington, Esq., President of the Central Pacific Railroad.

The scene is on the route of the road, and the point of view is near the place where, some fifteen years ago, a party of emigrants perished within a short distance of the civilization they were seeking, but of the prox-

imity of which they did not know. The rocky summit from which the view is taken is high, and thus a vast extent of mountain, lake, and valley is embraced. The line of the railroad is beheld, a mere thread, where it enters the scene some thirty miles off, and the eye follows it, coming nearer still, along the perilous path cut for it in the trap and granite sides of the great hills which tower above it. In the middle distance is Donner Lake, the central point of interest, and beyond it range after range of hills until the horizon meets them. The foreground is to suggest the unbroken wildness of the place, with its great stretches of jagged pine, the outcropping rocks, their bald foreheads to the sky, and the marvelous detail of vegetable life characteristic of the region. To this end the artist has made many studies of the lesser forms which will admit of realization.

The painting will be entitled "Sunrise on the Sierras," the sun being seen just above the distant horizon, his glories of gold and crimson repeated in the waters of Lake Donner. To make his studies in color for this picture, Bierstadt rose morning after morning at four o'clock, until he had secured the desired effect of light and shade and color.

With all this work accomplished, reputation secured, and his portfolio laden with sketches and studies enough to supply material for a hundred pictures; with a beautiful home to play the prince in now and then, as he does—a home on one of the loveliest spots of earth, commanding a view than which the Rhine has none more picturesque; with a wife young and fair, a lady of rare culture and much beloved; with hosts of friends at Irvington, in the city, wherever his name is known; with all these, indeed, he might be pardoned if he rested from his labors for a decade or so,

"To sleep, with soft content about his head,
And never wake but to a joyful morning."

But not so; he is even now off upon another adventurous journey, during which he is to explore the Pacific Coast, and invade, once more, the dread defiles of Puget's Sound.

The thirst for adventure is yet unsated, and we sometimes fancy that were it not that his imagination has its play, even as he sits before his easel, in the suggestions of the titanic forms and the wild grandeurs in light and shade and color—his memories of the West; were it not that his pleasure is renewed in these, and that through his art he can bring us nearer to the wonders he portrays, we verily believe the man would gather to himself his household gods, take to the mountains and the mist, and live and die there!

THAT GRAND JURY.

WHAT is the difference between a Grand Jury and a Petit Jury? To many persons, and probably to most, this question would be an insoluble riddle. Everybody who knows anything worth mentioning is aware that a Petit Jury, in a criminal court, consists of twelve men, who are sworn to well and truly judge of the guilt or innocence of the accused tried before them. They are to weigh the evidence given in open court in presence of the accused, and when they agree upon a verdict and are ready to return it, they stand and look upon the prisoner, who is instructed to stand and look upon them. To find a verdict, the twelve must be agreed; and thus it often happens that an obstinate man can "hang the jury," and prevent the rendition of a verdict. Obstinance may arise from various causes and motives, generally honest, but not always so. Sometimes the jury is equally divided in opinion—six men being of one mind, and six of another; sometimes a verdict is the result of a compromise, which includes a recommendation to mercy, or a verdict for a lower degree of criminality than charged in the indictment. In civil suits, where a question of damages or compensation arises, the result is often obtained by taking the figures proposed by each man, adding them together, and dividing the amount by twelve. But in criminal cases no such system of average can be employed; very often the persistence of a single juror will save an offender from immediate punishment, and allow him a new trial—which frequently means no new trial, but a discharge on his own recognizance. And sometimes the obstinate juror attributes to his comrades the inability to find a verdict. The story of a Western juror is frequently used to point a moral or adorn a tale. "I was all right," he says, "and we might have settled the thing straight off, if the other eleven hadn't been the most pig-headed fellows you ever saw."

One requirement of the practice in our courts is, that in a criminal case no member of a Petit Jury shall have formed an opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the accused. In cases that have not acquired notoriety, this does not materially interfere with the selection of a jury; but in a case that has attracted general attention, like that of Foster or the assassins of President Lincoln, several days may be spent in finding twelve men without opinions. The rule was adopted long ago, when there was

no general diffusion of knowledge, and when there was no daily chronicle of events accessible to everybody. On a matter of great importance and general newspaper discussion, it is next to impossible in these days that an intelligent man should have no knowledge or opinion; to demand an opinionless jury in such a case is practically to demand a jury of blockheads. It may well be doubted whether, in this country of electric telegraphs and lightning presses, the old practice is the best. The object of trials by jury is to protect the innocent and punish the guilty. I think I utter the sentiment of most thinking men, in saying that for my part I would rather, if wrongfully accused of a crime, be tried before twelve honest, intelligent men, who believed me guilty, but whose opinion could be changed by evidence, than before twelve ignorant men who had formed no opinion about me. But if I were guilty, and desired, as most criminals desire, to escape justice, I should clamor for a jury of such of my fellow-men as could not entertain an idea without having it thrust into their heads with an auger. Many a scoundrel has evaded his just deserts by means of a jury of "twelve good men and true," whose intellects were hardly equal to those of an educated horse.

But a Grand Jury encounters none of the difficulties that beset a Petit Jury. The law requires that it shall be composed of "intelligent citizens of good character," who shall be qualified to serve as, and not exempt as, petit jurors. Their names are selected by lot, the same as employed for the selection of petit jurors, and each man selected is notified by the Sheriff of the county. A Grand Jury is composed of sixteen as the minimum, and twenty-three as the maximum number. Twelve must concur to find a bill or to dismiss a complaint. No vote can be taken unless there are sixteen grand jurors present; whether there are sixteen or twenty-three present, or any number between the minimum and maximum, there must be, as before stated, twelve to concur in determining the ordering or rejection of an indictment. Other votes, such as for adjournment and the like, are taken by majorities, in the same way as in other deliberative bodies. The accused never appears before the Grand Jury, and only one witness can be called into the room at the same time. The District Attorney may be present during an examination, and at the request of the foreman may con-

duct it, but he cannot be present when a vote is being taken.

The Grand Jury is of Saxon origin, and its existence may be traced as far back as the tenth century. Its object is one of inquiry rather than of trial, and for this reason it is frequently called a Grand Inquest. Under the old practice the Grand Jury originated inquiry without the intervention of any public officer, and any citizen was at liberty to appear before it, state his own wrongs or the offenses of others, or make complaints against public evils of any kind. It partook of the nature of a Legislature or Common Council, to which any citizen may submit a petition. Any member of the Grand Jury who happened to know or learn of an infraction of the law could lay the matter before his associates for their action. I am informed by good legal authority that this is still the practice in England and in parts of the United States. But the practice of New York, so far as the city is concerned, has of late been for the Grand Jury to consider nothing that was not submitted to it by the District Attorney, and for that official to submit nothing that had not reached him from a committing magistrate. There is both good and evil in this practice, and on the whole much more evil than good. A great many offenders have gone unwhipped of justice in consequence of this system. Men who have just cause of complaint against other men high in power have sought in vain to bring their cases before a committing magistrate, for the reason that the latter was the friend or dependent of the accused, and would use his official position to protect him. Several cases of this kind were brought to my notice while sitting on the late and somewhat memorable Grand Jury of the Court of General Sessions. For example, a man one day came to me with a request that I would bring to the notice of the Grand Jury a certain case which he explained. I asked him why he did not go before a committing magistrate with it. "Why," he replied, "because the committing magistrates are all friends of this man, and would do anything he wants. He can get any kind of 'justice' he desires, and nobody can do anything against him." I am satisfied that his opinion of police magistrates in New York city was not altogether baseless, and, if I am not mistaken, other testimony could be found to the same effect. With the reputation or lack of it that belongs to our local judiciary, it is eminently necessary that all Grand Juries should be clothed with the power that makes them grand inquests, and

enables them to investigate any charge of wrong-doing without waiting for its submission by a police magistrate. I am satisfied that there are many scoundrels whose career of wickedness would be materially curtailed if they knew there was full opportunity for their accusers to go before a Grand Jury and furnish the proper information for a criminal indictment.

The testimony before a Grand Jury is of an *ex parte* character. Blackstone says: "They are only to hear evidence on behalf of the prosecution. For the finding of an indictment is only in the nature of an inquiry or accusation, which is afterwards to be tried and determined; and the Grand Jury are only to inquire upon their oaths whether there be sufficient cause to call upon the party to answer it. A Grand Jury, however, ought to be thoroughly persuaded of the truth of an indictment, so far as their evidence goes, and not to rest satisfied with remote probabilities, a doctrine that might be applied to very oppressive purposes." The Petit Jury gives the accused the opportunity to sift the *ex parte* evidence on which he has been indicted, and of explaining or contradicting it. The general rule for the guidance of a Grand Jury is that they must be as well satisfied of the guilt of the accused, in order to find an indictment, as they would be to convict as petit jurors in case none of the evidence before them were explained or contradicted. It often happens that complaints are presented of an avaricious or malicious nature, or with some other motive than the proper enforcement of the law. Such cases require careful inquiry and cautious action.

Early in the session of the Grand Jury which I may call ours, for the reason that I was an integral part of it, a complaint was made against a baggage agent of a steamboat company, for taking money for extra baggage and neglecting to pay it over to the authorized agent of the company. At its commencement the case appeared reasonably clear, but a suspicion arose that the complaint was malicious, and more evidence was called for. Each additional witness confirmed the suspicion, and it finally came out that the principal accuser had long desired the situation of the accused, and had been appointed to it after the removal of the latter. Here was a motive in which malice and avarice were evidently the principal elements, and when the matter was put to a vote the jury promptly dismissed the bill. The evidence of the complainant was not fully sustained by that of the other witnesses; and even had

there been no display of malice, the evidence was not sufficient to secure conviction before a Petit Jury.

I wish to remark, *en passant*, that where I mention cases that were before us, without giving names and localities, I shall purposely in most instances change the story in such a way that the outside public cannot trace it, even with a careful research into the records of the police or other courts. My brother jurors will recognize each case described, but the veil of secrecy thrown around the Grand Jury room will not permit me to be rigidly precise. Great injustice might be done in many instances by a complete revelation, and therefore the reader must be left in the dark to a certain extent. He may look upon the cases I give him as exact parallels and nothing more. When I say a man was charged with stealing a horse, you may know that he was charged with stealing something, but whether horse, cow, or cooking-stove, it is not necessary to explain in describing the work of the jury. And with this apology for harmless but very necessary fiction, I proceed.

It is not at all times proper to dismiss a complaint when caused by malice. One day a man came before us, who swore that another man had swindled a large establishment out of considerable money; he did not make the complaint on behalf of the parties defrauded, but in the interests of justice. His malice was evident; he made no attempt at concealing it; but he sustained his testimony with documentary evidence and the sworn statements of other witnesses. The jury doubted about the propriety of ordering an indictment under the circumstances; some of them argued, that had no quarrel occurred between the parties the case would have slumbered, and therefore the complaint should be dismissed. There was such a divergence of opinion that the District Attorney was called to tell us what to do. We explained, through our foreman, the nature of the case. The District Attorney, who is at all times the legal adviser and instructor of the Grand Jury, listened, and then said substantially:—

"Where you find that a complainant is acting through malicious motives, and there are no other witnesses, or, if any, that they do not substantiate the complaint, you had better dismiss it. But where the complaint, however maliciously made, is shown by other evidence than that of the complainant to be true, you must order an indictment."

And consequently we ordered an indictment against the alleged swindler.

Not many days after we were convened, a case that touched the heart of every man in the room was brought before us. A young girl had been accused of theft; a few dollars in money had been stolen; it was found in her possession, and she had made partial confession. The complainant was a woman, and the accused had been in her employ. When the case was called the woman entered the jury-room and was sworn by the foreman. She took the chair assigned to witnesses, and the foreman questioned her.

"Did you lose some money?"

"Yes, sir."

"When did you lose it?"

"On the first day of December."

"Who took it?"

"The girl named in the complaint."

"How do you know she took it?"

"I found it in her possession, and she confessed taking it."

"That will do; you can go."

But the woman kept her seat, and moved her hands uneasily. "You can go," said the foreman again, but she did not start. A juror sitting near the door rose to show her out, and as he did so the woman said:—

"I do not wish to press the complaint. I want to withdraw it, and have the girl released."

"Why so?" asked the foreman.

"Because," and her voice began to choke, "because the girl is young, and I do not wish to ruin her. Somebody else urged her to steal the money, and I think she will do better in future. If I send her to prison she may become a professional thief, but if I give her a chance she will be a good girl. She is an orphan and has no friends, and I want to be her friend. I know she is guilty, but I want to be merciful, and I beg you to be merciful, gentlemen."

Half her utterance was drowned with tears, which flowed rapidly down her face. The foreman told her to step outside and he would call her again in a few moments, and inform her of the result of her eloquent appeal. "Be merciful, gentlemen," were her last words as she closed the door.

It was voted to dismiss the complaint, and when the foreman called her to the room, told her of the result of the vote, and commended her for her kindness of heart, her tears flowed afresh, and she thanked us through broken sobs. I know that in that room more eyes than hers were wet—eyes not accustomed to tears.

But soon a discussion arose as to the propriety of our action. When the Grand Jury

was impaneled, the following oath was administered to the foreman:—

"You, Lucius S. Comstock, as Foreman of this Grand Inquest, shall diligently inquire and true presentment make, of all such matters and things as shall be given you in charge; the counsel for the People of this State, your fellows and your own, you shall keep secret; you shall present no one from envy, hatred, or malice; nor shall you leave any one unpresented through fear, favor, affection, or hope of reward; but you shall present all things truly as they come to your knowledge, according to your understanding: So help you God!"

And to the other members the following oath was administered:—*

"The same oath which your Foreman has taken on his part, you, and each of you, shall well and truly observe and keep on your part: So help you God!"

Some of the jurors thought we had no right, under our oath, to show favor, no matter how strong might be the appeal to our sympathies. Every man in the room wished to be lenient, but at the same time, above all other things, wished to do his duty. The discussion resulted in our sending for the District Attorney and asking his advice.

After hearing the case, he said there was a difference of opinion as to the power of a Grand Jury. "You can undoubtedly," he continued, "exercise your discretion in certain cases, and act as you think is for the best interests of society. It is both right and proper that the Grand Jury, and also the District Attorney, should be clothed with a discretionary power, as it frequently happens that they can do more good by exercising it than by following the strict letter of the law. I will give you an illustration: Some years ago, the case of a young man charged with embezzlement was placed in my hands to prosecute. His employer was determined to push the case; he was rather ugly about it, and there seemed no other course than to prosecute. The young man was out on bail, and came to me to beg to be let off. He said he was guilty, and should so plead; that he had an invalid sister, and with the utmost economy on his small salary he was unable

to support himself. He knew that this was no excuse for his theft, but he took the money under great temptation, and did not realize the enormity of his offense until after he had committed it. 'You can send me to the penitentiary,' he said, 'and nobody can blame you; but you will ruin me for life, and bring disgrace upon my parents and sister, who do not know that I am charged with crime. If I can be released and the matter hushed up, I will faithfully promise to do better in future, and I think this will be a life-long lesson to me.' He pleaded so earnestly that I promised to do what I could for him. I sent for his accuser, and urged him to withdraw the charge. At first he refused, but I laid the case before him in such a light that he at last consented. And I then urged him to take the young man back and give him a new trial, and after much talk I succeeded. The complaint was withdrawn, the young man was restored to his position; in a little time his salary was increased; by and by the firm dissolved in consequence of the death of one of its members; the young man went to another house, proved himself worthy of confidence, and to-day he is a member of that house, and as honorable and upright as any business man in New York. He has never forgotten, and never will forget, that lesson. If he had gone to the penitentiary his worst fears would have been realized. When an offender is young, the offense is a first one, and the offender appears penitent, it is entirely proper for you to exercise leniency by dismissing the complaint; and in the case now before you, gentlemen, you have been entirely right in your action."

As the District Attorney ended his remarks there was a round of applause, in which I am very certain every member of the jury participated. Those who had been most doubtful of the propriety of our action were heartily glad that their doubts were not well founded.

During our session there were several cases in which the accusers wished to withdraw the complaints. Where the reason for the withdrawal was the youth and penitence of the accused, the request was generally granted. In one case a family quarrel had gone before a magistrate while the temper of all parties concerned was at fever-heat; passion had subsided in the time required to bring the case to the Grand Jury, and the complainant was anxious to make terms of peace with his antagonist. There was another pleasant little affair, in which a nose had been bitten off in a discussion that evidently had whisky in it. The biter was the cousin of the bitten,

* The following are the names of the members of that Grand Jury:—Lucius S. Comstock (Foreman), John H. Draper (Secretary), Andrew C. Armstrong, Oscar A. Nathusius, James Reeve, William B. Dinmore, William Schaus, Lewis Fatman, William J. Iyer, Thomas W. Knox, Samuel M. Beckley, Washington McKenzie, Amos D. Ashmead, Roland S. Doty, John B. Ayers, Wilson Small, Ernst Steiger, Joseph Bloom, Thomas Dunlap, C. W. McAuliffe, and De Grasse Livingston.

and on account of the relationship the latter wished to be mild. His cousin was not a professional biter, and should he go to prison it would not restore the central ornament of the complainant's face. The offender had promised not to do so again, and besides, he had not bitten off much of the nose, any way. The appeal was heard, and the complaint against the mordacious relative was dismissed. As he had been a month in prison, it is to be hoped that he took solemn warning, and will hereafter confine his dental exercise to the ordinary articles of diet.

In some instances the complainant wished to withdraw the charge, for the reason that he had already lost time in making the prosecution and did not wish to lose more. Sometimes, in cases of robbery, the friends of the accused had offered to restore the stolen property on condition that there should be no prosecution, and very naturally the complainant was willing to make such a compromise. But it was out of his power to do so after having once made his complaint before the magistrate, and his appeal to the Grand Jury was generally of no avail. The well-being of society, in cases of professional thieves and the like, was held to be paramount to the desires of complainants, and if the testimony was clear there was no delay in ordering indictments. In one instance a man who had been robbed, in a house whose character was not at all doubtful, asked to withdraw the complaint because he had already lost too much time in following it. He did not think the accused was either young or penitent, but he could not afford the time he was devoting to the case. He had evidently been instructed what to do, as his testimony before the Grand Jury was quite different from that in his complaint sworn to before the magistrate. In his complaint he said he knew that the prisoner took the money, but when in our presence he was uncertain on the subject. He didn't know, couldn't tell, didn't remember, was excited at the time, and so on, until we found that he was determined to say and know nothing. As there were no other witnesses we were forced to dismiss the charge, though morally convinced of the guilt of the accused. The complainant had determined to have the case abandoned, and as the prejudices of the nineteenth century are opposed to the use of the rack and thumb-screws in the Grand Jury room, we had no means of compelling the witness to adhere to his original story. Mind you, he had not varied it so as to make him liable to the charge of perjury, in one case or the other;

he had only substituted uncertainty for certainty.

Another instance of the withdrawal of a complaint through motives of kindness, was in the case of a woman who had lost a few articles from her room while her door was left open. The thieves were some young boys, whose parents were respectable, and as soon as the theft was traced to the culprits, the property was at once returned. "I don't want to make felons of them," said the woman; "I think they took the things out of a spirit of mischief, and that they will be good boys in future. The mother of one of them has talked to me about it, and I have promised to withdraw the charge." Her appeal was earnest, and before it ended it was eloquent. When she left the room it was voted to dismiss the case. The foreman then sent for her, told her that she had displayed much kindness of heart; that the jury appreciated her motives, and had complied with her request. Her thanks, like those of the woman mentioned heretofore, were given through tears, and she rushed outside to congratulate the anxious mother of the boy whom she had released.

Many phases of human nature can be studied in the Grand Jury room. The hatred which the natives of Green Erin bear toward our citizens of African descent is frequently seen where the accused is of negro blood, and the witness is of the race that boasts the Blarney Stone and grows indignant at mention of Boyne Water. Given such a case, and the chances are more than even that the witness will tell a story in which indictment is the primary and truth the secondary consideration. If you have two or more witnesses of the loquacious nationality, and take the pains to question them closely, you will be likely to find a conspicuous inharmony in their testimony. They seem to consider themselves called to "swear agin' the nagur," and they generally do it. And it is possible that, with the case reversed,—an accused Celt and a testifying Ethiopian,—the evidence might be equally energetic. But, for some reason, we did not have a fair opportunity to settle this momentous question, and I must therefore leave it for the consideration of some Grand Jury of the future.

The detective officer shines brilliantly before the Grand Jury. There was now and then a man of this profession who was quiet and unpretending, but he formed an exception to the rule. The detective had generally done wonderful things in the discovery of crimes already committed, or in the preven-

tion of crimes contemplated or progressing. Some detectives told their stories with admirable directness, while others were evidently desirous of giving condensed histories of their professional careers. "Did you arrest John Jones?" asks the foreman when a detective is called in. "Yes, sir," is the reply. "Why did you arrest him?"—"Because I heard he had robbed Brown's store."—"Did you find anything in his possession?"—"Yes, sir." "What did you find?"—"The articles named in the complaint."—"That will do, officer; you can go;" and the officer bows and departs.

This is all that the jury wants to know from the officer in regard to the performance of John Jones, who is charged, on complaint of Brown, with burglary in the first degree. But the probabilities are two to one that when the foreman asks: "Did you arrest John Jones?" the officer will say: "I was walking along Broadway and saw Brown, who looked as if he had been robbed; I went to his store, and saw the mark of a chisel near the lock, and asked Brown if he had lost anything; Brown told me he had, but did not know who had robbed him; I looked at the chisel-mark, and thought it was Jones's work; then I went down Canal street, and saw Jones standing talking with two men, one of whom I remembered seeing seven years ago at the California State Prison, when I took the great stage-robbler Smith up there for robbing the Petaluma mail, and frightening a lady passenger so that she died next week, and left two girls, three boys, and one husband; Jones looked so innocent that I knew he was guilty, and so I followed him all the afternoon, and arrested him when I saw him go into a house on the Bowery; I searched the house, and found Brown's goods concealed where it was not likely anybody could find them; and there was a lot of other goods that I recognized as coming from a store on Broadway that was robbed six weeks before." And so he goes on, in a way calculated to impress his hearers with the belief that he is a man of genius and perfectly at home among thieves. He knows all the movements of the gentry that one does not like to be intimate with, and when he finishes his narrative, you contemplate him (to use the language of a certain celebrated orator about another) as the East Indian contemplates his favorite idol: you know that he is ugly, but you feel that he is great. The story of a detective will frequently convey the idea that the movements and actions of professional thieves can be studied, like those of the robin or the beaver, and I have some-

times thought that the burglar and pickpocket should occupy places in natural history along with the birds, beasts, and reptiles that inhabit the earth and make things lively.

One officer, who was a witness in several cases, was a favorite with the jury, for the reason that he always gave his testimony in the clearest and most direct manner. I doubt if he used a dozen superfluous words in any instance, and I could almost say that he did not use a dozen of them altogether. His statements were short, sharp, and decisive, and it is my impression that he is far more efficient in the service than some of his professional brethren who would occupy fifteen minutes to tell a story that he could tell in sixty seconds, and have time to spare.

It is amusing to note the difference in the manner of witnesses. There are some who cannot tell a direct story, no matter how strongly they are urged to do so; and there are others who could not be otherwise than brief. Some of this difference is due to nationality: German and Irish were generally more loquacious than American and English. But it was not all a matter of nationality, as there were instances of extreme discursiveness on the part of the last-mentioned, while some of the former were brief almost to taciturnity. And in regard to sex, I must aver that the more talkative of our witnesses belonged to the gentler half of humanity. A lady of Baxter street was one day testifying about a debate between herself and a neighbor; a brick and a broomstick had been used in the fray, and the head of the witness had been slightly scarified by the corner of the brick. It was a simple affair,—words and blows, and only two or three blows, at that,—but the unhappy victim could not be induced to tell her story without narrating the whole history of the bellicose Bridget whose hand had hurled the missile. Frequently the foreman stopped her narrative and told her to cut it short; she would take breath in the pause, and then, with a preliminary "I'll tell all about it, yer honor," she would start again with the rapidity of a carrier-pigeon. We soon found it was of no use to attempt to restrain her, and so we listened as patiently as possible to the conclusion of her story. There was a sigh of relief around the jury-room when she retired, and I could not help thinking that the blow which she averred made her "sinseless and spacheless" for two hours was to a great extent justifiable.

Another garrulous witness was a German who had suffered robbery. He persisted in addressing the foreman as "Shudge" and the

rest of the assemblage as "Gentlemen on the jury." Twice, when interrupted and told to be brief, he complied by beginning his statement anew, with more minuteness of detail, and at last the foreman found his patience exhausted, and told the witness: "The jury has no time to listen to your stories."—"Oh, Shudge," said the man, in a tone that evinced the most deeply wounded honor, "I don't not come here to tell you stories; I tell you only the truth." The polite foreman apologized for the unintentional affront, and compromised the matter by inducing the victim to answer a few questions, and leave his story to be told in court. His evidence was conclusive, and an indictment was promptly ordered against the party named in the complaint.

Frequently there were cases that attested the worthlessness and depravity of certain members of the human race, and their despicable treatment of relatives and friends. It is an unpleasant spectacle to see wives giving evidence to send their husbands to prison, brothers testifying against their brothers, and sometimes (though none were called before us) fathers testifying against their sons. There was one instance wherein a man testified to a forgery of his signature, committed by a member of his family; he stated that it was a struggle between duty and a respect for the family name for him to come before the jury, "and I only determined to come here," said he, "when I found all attempts to reform this man had failed. I have paid his debts repeatedly, have twice started him in business, and have several times paid checks on which he forged my signature, rather than expose him. I have tried to reason with him, and hoped he would do better; he shows no sign of repentance, and has told others that, out of regard to the family, I shall not dare to prosecute him. I feel that I should do wrong if I allowed him to run longer, and, painful as it is, I must do my duty."

Here was a man of sensibility compelled by the conduct of a near relative to appear in court as a prosecutor. It is to be hoped that the culprit will learn a wholesome lesson from his imprisonment; but if his nature is as depraved as represented, the probabilities are that when he comes out from his term of involuntary labor, he will not be greatly improved.

One day a woman came to testify against her husband for striking her on the head with a piece of iron, which she produced from her pocket. The iron, a stove-hook, had been

broken by the force of the blow, and yet the woman was there, with no evidence of having suffered more than a temporary stunning and bleeding. She began her story in a tone of firmness and determination, but gradually melted until her voice was choking and her eyes were tearful. "Do you want to press this complaint against your husband?" the foreman asked. "Yes, sir, I must," she answered, after a pause. "We have been married ten years, and they have been ten years of quarrels. He beats me often, he drives me out at night, he starves me, and is all the time cruel. He takes the money I earn and spends it, and I cannot live with him any longer. I have had him before the magistrate several times, and he promises to do better; but when he is let off he is as bad as ever. He will not leave me or let me leave him, and we shall have no peace till he is in prison or one of us is dead."

One of the most artistic frauds that ever came to my knowledge was developed before the jury. A man had loaned some money, and taken the mortgage of a tract of land as security on the note. Before loaning it he submitted the title to his lawyer, who informed him that it was correct, and consequently the bargain was closed. The note fell due and went to protest; the lawyer had in the mean time moved from the city, and the other parties were not to be found. The land which was mortgaged lay in New Jersey, and the holder of the note took the necessary steps to foreclose. A professional searcher of titles went to the township mentioned in the papers, and found that there was no such land in existence.

The whole document was purely a myth. The boundaries described could not be found, and had no existence any more than if they had been located in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean. The grantor named in the original deed had been dead ten years at the time when the document was dated, and the whole business was a conspiracy, in which the lawyer had betrayed his client. One of the conspirators had turned State's evidence, and came before us. His position was not particularly comfortable, and he grew restive under the questions showered upon him. Little by little the truth was drawn from him, and he practically admitted to having been the originator of the fraud, ten years ago. The papers were evidently prepared with care, and had an appearance of genuineness enough to deceive any man who was not suspicious of wrong, and had relied upon his lawyer to protect his rights.

A case that was at the same time amusing and saddening was that of a woman, the widow of a laborer, whose horse and cart had been stolen. She was the complainant and principal witness against the thief, who was promptly indicted. She stated that she had recovered the cart, but had not been able to find the horse. The morning after the indictment had been ordered, we were surprised to see her waiting outside the Grand Jury room. A juror asked her what she wanted, and she replied that she came for her horse.

She was sent to the court-room, where, I believe, the thief was speedily tried and convicted. But day after day she came to the Grand Jury room and patiently waited outside for the return of her horse. Each morning some one would explain to her that we could do nothing, and she would then go away. But the next morning she would be there as usual, and for nearly a month she continued her patient but hopeless watching. Sometimes she would come twice in the same day, and when accosted her answer was always the same: "I want my horse." At first her visits were subjects of merriment, but it was very soon discovered that her mind could not be altogether clear, and our merriment was changed to pity, and our jests to words of sympathy for her loss.

The charge which Judge Bedford addressed to us when we were first convened related to none but ordinary matters; after we had beep several days at work, and had disposed of many cases of robbery, assault, and the like, we were called into court and charged to investigate the stupendous frauds upon the treasury of the city and county of New York during 1870 and '71. Here was business in earnest. Our first step was to send for the District Attorney, and then for Charles O'Connor and Samuel J. Tilden, the legal champions, or the principal legal champions, of the people in the reform movement. District Attorney Garvin said that he knew nothing officially of the frauds, and that he had no papers concerning them in his hands. O'Connor evidently feared the Grand Jury at his first visit, as he was disinclined to talk, and when he took his seat he remained speechless two or three minutes, as if meditating what to say. When he raised his head and looked around the room, he began a very slow and measured utterance, as if weighing every word. His personal appearance gave little indication of the legal and forensic ability for which he is widely and justly famed. His form did not appear commanding, and he seemed to shrink from observation. His

dress had an air of shabbiness, his hat was unbrushed, and I am quite certain was not the fashion of 1871, and altogether he reminded me of a member of a Father Matthew Association dressed for a parade. He did not afford us much information or encouragement, as he said he was not at liberty to tell all he knew. He suggested a line of inquiry that we might follow, partly for the purpose of throwing new light upon the frauds by which the city had been plundered, and partly to accustom ourselves to our work. "You will have enough to do, gentlemen," said Mr. O'Connor, "and I think the investigation I have suggested will be an excellent one to begin with." He bade us good morning, and bowed himself out of the jury-room.

We held a consultation and determined to act upon his advice. Witnesses were summoned, and their testimony soon convinced us that the heart of office-holding men in the city of New York is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked. As our investigations proceeded day by day, we found abundant evidence for prosecuting certain of our fellow-citizens, and making an earnest effort to send them to the State Prison. The course of justice, like that of true love, does not run smooth, and at the time when I am writing this article there have been so many hindrances to the course of justice that it would be neither proper nor prudent to indicate in detail the nature of the testimony before us.

We had to grope our way slowly. Many witnesses that came before us, and were supposed to know a great deal, proved, on examination, to be as ignorant as oysters so far as their own knowledge went. Much time was lost in the examination of these incapables, most of whom were brought before us against their wills. But it sometimes happened that involuntary visitors told a great deal more than they intended to tell. In one instance, a man who had been in the employ of an official, and was suspected of an intimate knowledge of the evil deeds of the latter, was served with a summons. He came not, and an officer was sent to urge his attendance. As the officers of a court have an emphatic way of urging, the mission of our envoy proved successful, and the delinquent came before us. He entered the room with the swagger of Robert Macaire and the *noli me tangere* self-possession of an electrical eel. He protested that he knew nothing, but he was promptly sworn and requested to take a seat. The foreman began to question

him, but could get no direct answer; over and over again he demanded direct responses to his interrogatories, and each time the witness prevaricated, and "beat about the bush" in a way that would have exhausted the patience of a dray-horse. Finally the foreman suggested the application of a wholesome corrective in the shape of a few days' detention in the Tombs, for contemptuous conduct. Thereupon the witness dropped his bravado air and assumed the cheerfully-gloomy appearance of an extinct volcano. He answered with the briefest monosyllables, and in a tone as emotionless as that of a bag-

pipe. When the foreman had finished the inquisition he complimented the witness on the excellence of the latter part of his testimony, and asked how he happened to conduct himself as he did at first. The witness acknowledged that his chief had dictated his style of testimony, telling him to be defiant and know nothing.

It was not deemed expedient that the witnesses should always know for what they were wanted. The subpoena for a witness to attend before the Grand Jury is printed in blank as follows:—

The People of the State of New York,

To

of No.

Street,

GREETING:

WE COMMAND YOU, That, all business and excuses ceasing, you *appear* in your proper person, at the Grand-Jury Room, on the first floor of the Sessions Building, in the Park, in the City of New York, on the _____ day of December instant, at the hour of eleven in the forenoon of the same day, to testify the truth and give evidence before the GRAND JURY, touching a certain complaint then and there pending against

And this you are not to omit, under the penalty of Two Hundred and Fifty Dollars.

SAMUEL B. GARVIN, *District Attorney.*

The blank after the words "pending against" was usually filled with the words "John Brown and others." Very often a witness would inform the officer who served the papers that there must be some mistake, as he (the witness called) did not know anything about John Brown or his case. Some were ready to swear that they did not know John Brown; but they were told that it might not be the well-known John, but the "others" mentioned in the summons. Sometimes, after reaching the jury-room, the witnesses would innocently ask to be excused on account of their ignorance of J. B. and his personal affairs and quarrels. The foreman politely told them he would put them under oath and speedily ascertain what they knew. When the questioning began they generally found that the cases of "others" were of much more consequence than the complaint against John Brown. In two or three instances there were witnesses who afterward averred that had they known the object of calling them, they would have declined to appear, and by so doing would have avoided compromising

their friends. They went unwittingly to the witness-stand, and, before fully aware of the situation, had told more truth than they intended to let out.

Sometimes the witnesses that we wanted could not be found, and sometimes we hit upon the parties we did not want. There was one witness in particular who was never discovered, but who seemed to have a host of namesakes. I will suppose he was John Muldoon, a blacksmith, though he was nothing of the sort, neither Muldoon nor John, nor addicted to forging in metals. We sent out our summons, and the next morning John Muldoon was announced among the waiting witnesses. The foreman rang his bell and called for John.

"John Muldoon," shouted the officer at the door. The owner of the name entered.

"I think there is some mistake," he said to the foreman, but the latter replied that he would find out after administering the oath. When this ceremony was ended, the foreman said:—

"What is your occupation?"

"I am a tailor," was the reply.

"Where is your place of business?"

"245 Alexis street."

"Do you know anything about the alleged frauds on the city treasury?"

"Nothing whatever."

"Did you have a check for twenty-three thousand dollars on the first of last April?"

"No, sir; never had that or any other check for more than five hundred dollars."

"Excuse us, sir," said the foreman; "you are not the man we want. We are sorry to have troubled you."

The man excused us for the annoyance, and went out. Next day we summoned another John Muldoon, but he proved to be a butcher, and we begged his pardon. In the same way we successively summoned the Muldoons, until we had seen them as bakers, lawyers, clergymen, gamblers, and so on through various trades and professions, but we never found the one we wanted, and finally we were led to doubt whether such a man ever existed.

Charles O'Connor paid us occasional visits, and was of material advantage to our proceedings. Another prominent lawyer who greatly assisted us was Samuel J. Tilden, whose energies were specially devoted to the accounts which various accused parties had kept in different banks of the city. Before our session began he had conducted the bank investigations for the Committee of Seventy, and had furnished the figures which made the foundations for the civil suits against William M. Tweed and Richard B. Connolly for the recovery of the money wrongfully abstracted from the city treasury. As an accountant he is, I think, without a superior in the legal profession, and our admiration was frequently called out by his remarkable knowledge of the bank accounts of the members of the Ring, and the processes by which he traced the payments from one to another. His head seemed to be an ant-hill of units and tens, and the most complicated system of book-keeping became simple when brought under his analyzing eye. At first he appeared to distrust us, but I am confident his distrust did not last long. He announced himself ready to come whenever wanted, and some of his visits, like those of Mr. O'Connor, were made at considerable personal inconvenience.

After we were well under way, the greater part of our work was originated by ourselves, without the assistance of either of the gentlemen named in the preceding paragraph, or of the District Attorney. The members of the jury took an active interest in the investiga-

tion, and most of them were busy when off duty in finding information that could be useful in tracing the frauds to the guilty parties. Almost every day, when we were called to order, or just before our adjournment, a member would rise and announce the names of witnesses who could give us important information. The list of subpoenas would be made out and given to the proper officer, and at the next session we would generally have the persons desired. In this way testimony was obtained against various individuals entirely through the efforts of members of the jury. I doubt if any Grand Jury in the State of New York, since the day Hendrick Hudson entered the Narrows with the *Half Moon*, has ever performed as much work as the body of which I am now writing. A great deal of that work was voluntary, and performed at much sacrifice of the personal interests of the jurors. There were several members each of whom suffered a loss of thousands of dollars in his business affairs rather than abandon the investigation that had been undertaken. "It is now the harvest-time of my business," said a member one day as we adjourned; "I do more in this month than in any other six months, and my affairs suffer greatly by my absence. I want to be excused to-morrow; I will not be here in the morning; but send for me if you need me, and I will come at once." "I lost three hundred dollars by staying here yesterday," said another member one morning. "I knew I should lose it, but I felt it my duty to stay." There were rumors in the early part of the investigation that our labors would be of no avail, as a suitable and sufficient number of jurors had been made the recipients of pecuniary compliments, and would remember their friends. But I think that the parties who sought to purchase the kind of justice they desired were satisfied before New Year's that the Grand Jury of the Court of General Sessions was not a marketable commodity.

The public is well aware that the first indictment of the parties charged with robbing the city was directed against William M. Tweed. That the jury could keep a secret is shown in the fact that an order was made for the preparation of an indictment against him nine days before the time of his arrest. Unusual care was necessary in the preparation of the papers, and so plenty of time was taken. And in all these days nobody proved false to his oath of secrecy, though many of the jurors were constantly questioned by inquisitive friends and still more inquisitive reporters. One juror, when questioned as to

the work performed by the jury, was in the habit of replying, "Do you know what Lord Dundreary says about the riddle of his brother Sam's maternity?" If the questioner was familiar with Dundreary, he had nothing more to say; if he confessed ignorance, the juror explained, "It is one of those things which no feller can find out."

The labors of the Grand Jury are not completed as this paper goes to the printer, and therefore some things that might otherwise be mentioned must be left untouched. In regard to some of the accused parties (*some* in this usage may be taken in the singular or plural, according to the wishes of the reader) the testimony was so clear that the culprits themselves, had they been sitting on the jury, could hardly hesitate to vote for an indictment. There were others (likewise singular or plural, *comme vous voulez*) whose guilt was not so clear; and there were others whose

cases stood in such a way, that, while there was a moral certainty of their guilt, there was no legal proof of it. There are other offenders who will escape stone-hammering justice for the reason that the law does not specify any offense which they have committed. The framers of our laws never contemplated rascalities of this sort, and thus it is impossible to punish some of the rascals who richly deserve the State Prison. And in several instances the cunning of the robbers has been such that legal proof of their villainies cannot be obtained, and if brought to trial they will be about as safe from conviction as the most honest of their fellows would be if accused of the same crime. Our laws need a thorough overhauling, to meet all the crimes that have been committed in robbing the city treasury. Unless this is done we may again lose millions of dollars, and the thieves can defy us to punish them.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

EASY LESSONS FROM HARD LIVES.

No man ever died a more natural death than James Fisk, Jr., excepting, perhaps, Judas Iscariot. When the devil entered into the swine, and they ran violently down a steep place into the sea, it was only the going down that was violent. The death that came was natural enough. When a man pushes his personality so far to the front of aggressive and impertinent schemes of iniquity as Fisk did, it is the most natural thing in the world for him to run against something that will hurt him, for dangers stand thick as malice and revenge can plant them in the path of godlessness and brutality. The captain of a piratical ship who undertakes, in addition to the duties of his office, to serve as the figure-head of his own vessel, will receive, naturally, the first blow when she drives upon the rocks. Yet we join in the general sorrow that Mr. Fisk is dead, for it is possible that the lesson of his life may fail to be impressed upon Young America as it ought to be, in consequence of the sympathy awakened by the manner of his taking off. It is not to be denied that a pretty universal execration of this man's memory has been saved to him through the bloody mercy of a murderer. Yes, people talk of his fund of humor, his geniality, his generosity, etc., etc. If this kind of talk is a source of satisfaction to anybody, of course he will indulge in it; but Fisk certainly is none the better for having been killed. He was a bad man—bold and shameless and vulgar in his badness—with whom no gentleman could come in contact on terms of familiar intercourse without a sense of degradation. As for his geniality, that was as natural as his death. A cow that has spent the night in a neighbor's cornfield, and

stands whisking her tail and ruminating in the morning sun, is one of the blandest and most genial creatures living. More than this, she does not care particularly who drinks the milk she has won; and so we suppose that the cow, too, is generous as well as genial!

Ah! we forgot about Mr. Tweed. It was Mr. Tweed who was a great man a year ago, was it not? Mr. Tweed had power in his hands and patronage at his disposal, and had thousands to come at his beck and go at his bidding. His name was a tower of strength on a great many Boards of Directors. The legislature elected by the State managed the State, and he managed the legislature. He had confederates in iniquity; but he was "The Boss," and his will was imperative and imperial. Intrenched behind laws that were the product of corruption, ballots that could be increased or diminished at will, and wealth that came to him in dark and mysterious ways, he dictated the administration of the government of the first city of the new world, and shaped the policy of the proudest State of the Union. His path was strewn with luxuries for himself and largess for his friends. He lived a right royal life, and the power-worshipping multitude and the vulgar seekers for place hung around him with abject and obsequious fawning. Where and what is Mr. Tweed now? Where and what are his *confederates*? All, from the Boss down to the meanest menial of the Ring, are writhing and shriveling under the heat of a great popular indignation. Their deeds of darkness are uncovered, their shameless betrayals of trust are exposed, their power is passed and is passing from their hands, and a great city, which once felt helpless in their grasp, has risen in its might and determined

that there shall be no end but that of their utter overthrow. Every man who was a participator in the power and plunder of the Ring, shakes in his shoes wherever he walks, or stands, or skulks, and shows what it is to have a fearful looking for of judgment. Good men everywhere breathe freer for this revolution, and the republic and the world have won new hope.

The overthrow of these men—sudden, awful, complete—brings home to young men a much-needed lesson. One year ago there were thousands of young men regarding with an eager, curious gaze the careers which have terminated and are terminating so tragically. It was a question in many minds, alas! whether honesty was the best policy—whether virtue paid—whether, after all that the preachers and the teachers might say, the rascality which received such magnificent rewards at the hands of the people was not the best investment for a young man cherishing a desire for wealth and power. Who can begin to measure the effects of these poisonous examples on American blood? Let every man who wields a pen or has audience with the public do what he can to counteract them, by calling popular attention to the fact that these men have simply met the natural and inevitable fate of eminent rascality. *Honesty is the best policy. Virtue does pay. Purity is profitable. Truthfulness and trustworthiness are infinitely better than basely won gold.* A good conscience is a choicer possession than power. When a man sacrifices personal probity and honor, he loses everything that makes any earthly possession sweet. When these men were dazzling the multitude with their shows and splendors, they knew that the world they lived in was unsubstantial; and we have no question that they expected and constantly dreaded the day of discovery and retribution. We do not believe that rascality ever paid them for a day, even when it seemed to be most triumphantly successful.

The storm which has wrecked these men has cleared the sky. The air is purer, and has tone and inspiration in it. Honesty is at a premium again, and honest men may stand before rogues unabashed. The lesson of the day is one which teaches young men that lying and stealing and committing adultery are unprofitable sins, against which Nature as well as Revelation protests. It has not come too soon. We hope that it may not be learned too late.

SOMETHING THAT WEALTH CAN DO FOR LABOR.

HOWEVER much of perplexity may surround the questions arising from the relations of wealth to labor, there are some aspects of these questions about which we are sure there ought not to be a very great difference of opinion. A man has a right to get rich. There is not a laborer in the country who is not personally interested in the universal recognition of this right. The desire for wealth is a legitimate spur to endeavor, a good motive to the exercise of wholesome economy, and a worthy incentive to honest and honorable work. It is not the highest motive of life, but there is nothing wrong or unworthy in it, so long as it

is held in subordination to personal integrity and neighborly good-will. There always will be rich men and there always ought to be rich men. There must be accumulations and combinations of capital, else there will be no fields of labor and enterprise into which, for the winning of livelihood and wealth, the new generations may enter. We may go further and say that there always will be, and always ought to be, laborers. Men are born into the world who are better adapted to labor with the hands than with the head,—better adapted to production than trade; better adapted to execution than invention. Nobody is to blame for this. It is the order of nature, and, being the order of nature, it is wise. The world could not move were the facts different. By the capital and the business capacity of one man, whole neighborhoods and towns made up of laborers thrive and rear their families; and the relations between the head and the hands of such towns and neighborhoods seem, and doubtless are, perfectly natural and perfectly healthful.

It is not with the fact that a man is rich that the representatives of labor quarrel, for the representatives of labor would all like to become rich themselves. What they particularly desire is to become richer than they are. What they supremely desire is to share in the wealth which they see others accumulating. This, of course, can never be done, except by a natural business process. Practical co-operation and the assumption of the same business risks to which capitalists expose themselves, and the exercise of the same business capacity, can alone give to labor all the wealth which it produces. All the friends of labor—and there are multitudes of them among the rich—will rejoice in any success which co-operation and a combination of small savings will give to it. There is no other mode of procedure that is healthy or even legitimate. Strikes and Trades Unions and all organized efforts for forcing up wages are just as unnatural and outrageous and tyrannical as combinations of capital are for the reduction of wages or—what is practically and morally the same—for raising the cost of the means of living. Capital has something to complain of as well as labor in the matter of service and wages. It is undoubtedly and undeniably as difficult to get a day's work done by skillful and conscientious hands as it is to get a fair reward for such work; and so long as this shall remain true it becomes labor to be modest and somewhat careful in its demands.

After the Chicago fire, three friends met, two of whom had been burned out of house and home and the immense accumulations of successful lives. One of the unfortunates said to the other two: "Well, thank God, there was some of my money placed where it couldn't burn!"—saying which he turned upon his heel cheerfully, and went to work at his new life. His brother in misfortune turned to his companion and said: "That man gave away last year nearly a million of dollars, and if I had not been a fool I should have done the same thing." This brings us to what we wish to say in this article, viz.: that it is not wealth

that is objectionable,—all the wealth that a man can use for his own benefit and the benefit of his family and heirs—but the superfluous wealth, that is both a care and a curse—superfluous wealth that goes on piling up by thousands and millions while great public charities go begging, while institutions of learning languish, while thousands are living from hand to mouth, while the sittings of churches are so costly that the poor cannot take them, while halls and libraries and reading-rooms are not established in communities in which they are needed to keep whole generations of young men from going to perdition, and while a thousand good things are not done which only that superfluous wealth can possibly do.

What, in fact, does the laborer want? He would like wealth, but will be entirely content (if demagogues will let him alone), if he can have some of those civilizing and elevating privileges which only wealth can purchase. If the laborer, at the close of his day or week of toil, can walk into a nice reading-room and library, in which he has the fullest right and privilege; if, on Sunday, he can enter a church which superfluous wealth has made his own; if he can send his ambitious and talented boy to college, and so give to him the same chance to rise in the world as that enjoyed by the son of his employer; if he can feel that if great disaster should come upon him there are funds which wealth has provided to save him from want—funds which he knows were dug by labor out of the earth, and are thus returned to labor by those who have accumulated more than they need, he will be content and happy, and he ought to be. Now let us go still further, and declare that, as a rule, he ought to have all these possessions and privileges. It is reasonable for him to ask for and expect them. For this country to go on as it is going now, is to bring upon it even a worse state of things than at present exists in England, if such a consummation be possible. There are, literally, millions of men in England who labor in utter hopelessness. Every one of them knows that he must work for bread while he can get work, and while he can stand, and that then there is nothing before him but death or the work-house. Think of an alternative like this standing in the near or distant future before millions of workers! It is enough to make a mountain shudder. Yet there are thousands of men in England who keep lands for game, and can only spend their incomes by squandering them on vice and fashionable ostentation. In this country the process is begun. Gigantic fortunes are growing up on every hand. There are already many men who are worth many millions of dollars. The Astors, the Stewarts, the Vanderbilts, and the Drews of New York, and the men of superfluous wealth in other parts of the country, have it in their power to settle some of the most important questions that are now up, and are likely to arise, between capital and labor. They also have it in their power to make their names immortal as benefactors of their country, and of that great interest out of whose productive energy every dollar they hold has been drawn.

The superfluous wealth held in this country would found ten thousand scholarships in the various colleges of the United States for the poor, furnish every town with a respectable library and reading-room, give sittings in churches to ten millions of people who have none, and found hospitals and funds of relief for labor to meet all emergencies. Nay, what is more, and in some respects better, it could lend in many instances to labor the capital necessary to secure the profits upon its own expenditures. Superfluous wealth can certainly do all this. Is there any man who holds it, and who, placing his hand upon his heart and lifting his face, dares to say that he has no duties that lie in these directions?

Let us take a very simple case for the illustration of our point. In a certain Western State there is a firm engaged in the manufacture and sale of lumber. They own immense tracts of pine lands, employ twelve hundred laborers, turn out seventy-five million feet of lumber annually, and make half a million of dollars every year, more or less. Now, one hundred thousand dollars will pay them royally for their time, an equal sum will give a large percentage on their capital invested, and yet not one-half of their income is exhausted. Here are three hundred thousand dollars left which go to the accumulations of superfluous wealth. Now, for these employers to imagine that their duties to these twelve hundred laborers are all done when they have paid them their wages, is shamefully to fail to find the divine significance of opportunities. To educate, to christianize, to develop, to make happy and self-respectful, to found homes for and protect and prosper these people, is the office of the superfluous wealth won from the profits of their work. We venture to say that in no community in which the superfluous wealth is used in this way will there ever be any questions between wealth and labor that are hard to settle. The holders of such wealth, wherever they may be, bear mainly in their hands the responsibility of whatever difficulties may hereafter arise between wealth and labor in the United States. Let them look to it and be wise.

FEWER SERMONS AND MORE SERVICE.

THERE is, without any question, a good deal of "foolishness of preaching," and a good deal of preaching which is "foolishness" by its quantity alone. Preachers are aware of it, pretty generally, and the people are slowly learning it. Indeed, a reform is begun, and is making headway—a reform which all the intelligent friends of Christian progress will help by ready word and hand. There is no man living, engaged in literary work, who does not know that a minister who writes, or in any way thoroughly prepares, two sermons a week, can have no time for any other work whatsoever. Pastoral duty is out of the question with any man who performs this task month after month. A man who faithfully executes this amount of literary labor, and then, on Sunday, preaches his two sermons and performs the other services which are connected

with public worship, does all that the strongest constitution can endure. When it is undertaken to add to this work universal pastoral visitation, attendance at funerals, weddings, and all sorts of meetings during the week, and the care of personal and family affairs, a case of cruelty is established a great many times worse than any that engages the sympathies and demands the interference of the humane Mr. Bergh. To do all this work without a fatal break-down before middle age, requires an amount of vitality and a strength of constitution which few men in any calling possess, and which a youth devoted to study is pretty certain to damage or destroy. The country is full of ministerial wrecks, three-fourths of which were stranded early upon the sands of exhaustion. There are many towns in America in which there are now living more preachers out of business—and hopelessly out—than the number engaged in active life and employment. We think that a census of New York city would give us some startling facts connected with this matter, though it is into country towns, where the cost of living is small, that the exhausted preachers drift at last. We know a little New England town in which there are now residing more than twenty ex-clergymen,—a number four times as large as that of the active pulpits and churches in the town. The early studies of these men, and the excessive service demanded of them, have reduced the majority of them to the comparatively useless persons they are.

In speaking of the exhausting nature of the task of writing two sermons a week, we have made no distinctions. We have presumed that every man is as strong and as highly vitalized as Mr. Beecher. Indeed, we have simply spoken of what it is possible for Mr. Beecher to do. He is just able to preach his two sermons a week, and do his other work, without engaging at all in pastoral visitation. He could not do even what he does without his long vacation, his healthy nerves, and his power to sleep. When we come to speak of the average preacher, we are obliged to consider another sort of person. The average preacher needs as much time for, and expends as much hard work on, the preparation of a single sermon as Mr. Beecher does on two. To demand two sermons of this man—the average man—that shall be even tolerably well prepared, is to demand what it is not in him to give. He works in constant distress—conscious all the time that under the pressure that is upon him he can never do his best, and fearful always that his power over his flock is passing with the weekly drivel of common-place which he is obliged to breathe or bellow into their drowsy ears. Yet the average preacher manages in some way to preach two sermons a week, to attend any number of meetings, to visit every family of his charge twice a year, to officiate at weddings and funerals, to rear his children, and to do this until he breaks down or is dismissed, and with his old stock of sermons on hand, as capital, begins a new life in another parish, from which in due time he will pass to another.

Now if such work as this were necessary, or even extraordinarily useful, there would be some apology for it, and some justification of it; but it is neither. If it is impossible for the average minister to prepare competently two sermons a week, it is just as impossible for the average parishioner to receive and remember and appropriate two sermons in a day. No man of ordinary observation and experience—no man who has carefully observed his own mental processes in the reception and appropriation of truth—has failed to notice that the digestive powers of the mind are limited. The man who hears and appropriates a good sermon in the morning has no room in him for another sermon in the afternoon or evening. To hear three sermons in a day is always to confuse and often to destroy the impression left by each. Every discourse that a man hears after his first strong impression and his first hungry reception is a disturbing, distracting, and depressing force. The second sermon on a single Sabbath makes every man poorer who heard and was interested in the first, and not richer; while both sermons were damaged in their quality by the simple fact that the time devoted to both should have been bestowed upon one alone. We know of no walk of life in which there is such a profligacy of resources as in this—none in which such unreasonable demands are made upon public servants with such a damaging reaction upon those who make them. The preachers are killed outright, or permanently damaged in their power, by a process that results in the impoverishment of the very men who demand its following.

The truth is, that half of this fondness for preaching that we see in many parishes arises from hunger for some sort of intellectual entertainment, and even for some sort of amusement. The hearers go away from their Sunday sermons and talk about them as coolly as if they had only been to a show. They gorge themselves—many of them preferring three sermons to two. Then they go into their weekly work, and do not look into a book from Monday morning until Saturday night. The Sunday sermons are all the amusement and intellectual food and stimulus they get. They fancy they are very religious, and that their delight in endless preaching is an evidence of their piety, when in truth it is an evidence mainly of social and intellectual starvation, and of a most inconsiderate or cruel demand upon the vitality of the poor man who does their preaching.

Well, the world has been preached to pretty thoroughly for the last hundred years. The advocates of many sermons have had it all their own way, and we should like to ask them whether the results of preaching—pure and simple—satisfy them? What preacher is there who has not been a thousand times discouraged by the result of his labors in the pulpit? How small are the encroachments made upon the world by it! With all our preaching in America—and we have had more of it, and better, than has been enjoyed in any other country—we should, but for the prevalence and power of Sunday-schools, have drifted half way

back to barbarism by this time. Preaching to a great population of lazy adults, who do nothing for themselves or the children, and nothing for the Church but grumblingly to pay their pew-rent, and nothing for the world around them, is about as thriftless a business as any man can engage in. Let us saw wood and eat pork and beans, for to-morrow we die.

And now let us state our conclusions, for this article, which we intended should be brief, is opening into a long discourse.

1st. There is no way to improve the character and quality of our preaching except by reducing the quantity. The advancing intellectual activity and capacity of the people demand a better sermon than the fathers were in the habit of preaching—such a sermon as our preachers cannot possibly produce with the present demand for two sermons on a Sunday.

2d. For all practical purposes and results, one sermon on a Sunday is better than two. It is all that the average preacher can produce, doing his best, and all that the average hearer can receive and “inwardly digest.”

3d. One sermon each Sunday gives the whole church half a day in which to engage in Sunday-school and missionary work, and a Sunday evening at home—an evening of rest and family communion.

Of course we shall be met by the stereotyped questions: “Will not our people go somewhere else to hear preaching if they cannot get the two sermons at our church?” “Will not young people go to worse places on Sunday night if the churches should be shut?” The answer to the first question is, that no one will leave “our church” who is worth anything in and to it; and to the second, that whether the young will go to worse places will depend something upon the attractiveness of Christian homes, which are now rather lonely and cheerless places on a Sunday, we confess. Still, if places of worship must be open for them, it is easy to have union services, dividing the work among the pastors. There are a thousand ways to meet special exigencies like this, for which we shall find our means amply sufficient when the broad reform moves through the land, for the reform must come, and the sooner the better.

THE OLD CABINET.

ALL men think all men affected but themselves. I went to church yesterday morning (not *our* church), and listened to an indignant protest against affectation from the most affected preacher I ever heard. That was the eloquent part of his sermon. It was the only place in which he seemed to forget himself totally.

I suspect that people who are entirely destitute of affectation are apt to be rather tiresome people. I count affectation, in certain of its forms, among the amenities of life. That is to say, with those who fight against every appreciable tendency towards it in themselves it is an almost unconscious and a not ungracious possession. Pour every drop from the cup, and the jewel will gleam at the bottom.

To change the figure—it is the window-pane over the heart. Sometimes, to be sure, it distorts—like the old-fashioned square green glass that twists neighbor Cook's farm-house, over the way, into a Gothic cathedral. We think our own windows are ground glass, while other people's are transparent enough.

There is the pitiful, grieved look. A young colored woman on the ferry-boat this morning had it. (The ferry-boat is one of the good places in which to observe character.) A gentle declination at the corner of the mouth—a slight lifting of the eyebrows; if you will try it before a mirror you will find that it is not at all difficult. What with the false crimps showing under the edge of the jaunty round hat, and that pitiful expression, I think the poor black face felt white. It is very hard sometimes to recognize the humanity under a dark epidermis; but that look, which I knew so well, was the touch that made us kin. I had a fellow-feeling for

the African. Her petty affectation was a mute appeal for sympathy. The unity of the race asserted itself.

But if you suppose that affectation in precisely the Websterian sense is the kind of affectation I am talking about, you will be misled. That authority defines it as “an attempt to assume or exhibit what is not natural or real.” The word has another and a subtler meaning, which I am not sure that I can exactly indicate. But there is such a thing as honest affectation—a timid, half-conscious outward showing of what is deepest and most vital in a man's nature.

Now, be frank—don't you remember any of your own honest little affectations: a look, a sigh, a start, that was not altogether spontaneous, but which told more than words could ever tell, of something that lay nearest your heart? There is your wife. Have you never marked any of these shy unfoldings in her—do you not know them well—do you not love her all the more for what you have learned of her through them?

I think I can generally tell a sincere affectation from a hollow one. But I think I am more charitable than —Theodosia, for instance, with even a hollow one. Because, though it may have no relation to a man's real nature, it may have a certain truth, and therefore a certain value in showing, at least, the light in which he would like to be regarded.

Which leads me to the youthful pious affectation. It is as good as a play to me, watching young Brummel in church. The play and the church don't go together, you say, and I had better be attending to the service. Well, but there is profit as well as amuse-

ment in the study of humanity, and my Brummel is very human. Ah, the devoted expression, the austere attitudes, the stately-trailing and highly-declamatory responses—how impressive as to the extremely young ladies in the next pew; how ridiculous as to Theodosia. For myself, I have always known Brummel for a flippant, scape-grace youth; I have hopes of him now that I find he wants to seem decorous and sincere in the eyes of the very young ladies in the next pew. He half deceives himself by his air of devotion.

Of course Theodosia thinks it is too bad. She knows I perfectly detest affectation, and she don't see the utility of splitting hairs. These apologies open the floodgates! Honest affectation—what a contradiction of terms!

My dear girl, you are right and you are wrong—as usual. I do holily hate downright affectation and conceit and all other things justly hated of gods and men. But is it not a recompense for gray hairs, if one has been taught by long study of its weaknesses, to think better of our common human nature,—to find lurking under some of its unpleasantest aspects that which is not to be utterly despised?

WE were talking about it, very solemnly, the other night, the minister and I, and this is the little sermon he preached:—

The trouble lies back of all theories, all talk of reform and liberty and law and what not. The advocacy of easy divorce, or whatever form this horror of the day assumes, is only possible when one's apprehension of life is false from the beginning. They talk about one's life being blasted by an uncongenial union; of failing thus to accomplish the purposes of one's life; of an empty existence:—as if a life teeming with duty could be, by any means, called vacant,—as if a career could be blasted by infelicity, or an existence fail of its true purposes because of the burden laid upon it! Who shall limit the purposes of his existence! Who shall flee, a coward, from the cross laid upon him, and declare that he does well! Surely not he who believes that giving is gaining; that only he finds his life who loses it.

The modern world is coming back to the first principles in the means of attack, the art of defense, in the building of ships,—bolts, earthworks, fish-shaped hulls,—and in many other things;—the newest is the oldest. So in religion, the "reformers" are preaching the ancient worship of that goddess of self and sense; and the unselfish Christ, as of old, puts these false prophets to shame.

THE Poet dropped in this evening.

He believes in the balloon age. He boasts of boyish experiments in aeronautics, before his earliest experiments in rhyme, and he thinks the world will forsake its rhymes when it takes to ballooning.

The Poet is something besides a poet. He is a man

of the world. He is familiar with the construction of society, the mysteries of science, and of the stock-market; he knows the developments and tendencies of manufacture and invention. He is quick in comprehension, and prophetic in vision and statement: Yes, more, he is eloquent. While the Poet was here, I half assented to his theory, and since he has gone, I have been glooming over his prediction.

Is it true? In the years to come will the singers sing us no songs,—or if their voices do, perforce, go up, will they be lost in the clatter of machinery, or whirled spaceward by aerial propellers?

I stole alone to my attic one winter night, just before the stroke of twelve, to watch Christmas fall from the stars. Instead of stars,—a fog, whereupon even the moon made little impression, and which hid everything from sight, save a dreary semicircle of proxy small frame-houses. The only sound was a dull drip, drip, from the gutter-pipe. The quaint old carols that had been ringing in my memory all day had no part in such a drizzly, commonplace scene as this. The angels could not have appeared to the shepherds in the rain, I said to myself, or if they had, the shepherds would have taken no interest. A strange leaden sense crept over me, of the unreality of all this Christmas sentiment; I did not say it even to myself, but I half felt it, that commonplaceness was the true order of things, and could never have been disturbed by angel or Messiah.

Suddenly the bells of Trinity boomed far off,—and Christmas came through the fog!

I remember many Christmas Eves of starry splendor, but this one stands glorified above them all.

No,—I don't believe the poet's theory. Did not Stedman find Pan in Wall street? What music in nature will compare with that played by the winds upon our telegraph wires?—and the hum of the factory, if not as old, may be as musical as the roote of the sea. And there is the sea, still,—and there are the children!

The Poet's shy, wistful-eyed boy may out-sing his father yet—in the balloon-age coming.

I DON'T deny that it is a sign of grace when the esteem for a man increases in inverse ratio to the narrowing of the circles of acquaintanceship which encompass him; I am inclined to think that a man is not a hero unless he is a hero to his *valet de chambre*; but I am very sure that a man's own family often have the shallowest knowledge of him. (I am not speaking now of the relation of husband and wife.) They form an ideal on the assumption of perfect appreciation; he finds that if he manifests his true character, these his intimates hold him guilty of affectation; so often it comes to pass that a man unconsciously lives before his family in accommodation to the ideal they have accepted, and only shows himself as he really is to his neighbor. And this diffidence and that misapprehension are consistent with mutual love and tenderness.

Moreover—

But I have a vision of Theodosia, with her feet on the fender and Maga and the bronze paper-cutter in her hand.

JUST as Macdonald's story of *Wilfrid Cumberland* "trails its shining robes" from these pages—leaving

a void that we fear may never be filled—a letter comes to the Old Cabinet from over the ocean, turning sorrow into gladness. It is from the master himself, and gives hope that we shall yet see him "face to face." Thousands of hearts will beat quicker at this news, and lean out to meet him—as toward no other living man—with loving sympathy and reverence.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

IN BEHALF OF AN EXILE.

"THOSE melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year," when from houses and homes a friend, almost the best we have, is summarily turned into the street, and the door closed upon him. He knocks at the door; importunately rattles the sash; he climbs the roof, and extends a long arm down the chimney in hope of admission. Alas, there is a fire-board closing the chimney, or a mural tablet of soap-stone with grinning register in midst; the windows are fast barred, he cannot get in: we refuse to hear his voice raised high in lament, and the exiled friend pleads in vain. Need we be more explicit; need we set down in black and white his name and title? Ah, no; you must have guessed already that we refer to that blessed though discarded inmate—Fresh Air.

In summer he will not be kept out. Into the most guarded home he penetrates, flying through each grudgingly-opened crevice with healing on his wings. The ghosts of old dinners, haunting back passages and basement dining-rooms, know his voice and cower. Last week's roast mutton and the *sidolon* of week-before-last's boiled cabbage, pack up and make haste to flee. Catch them staying to abide the scourges of his airy whip! Fell shapes of incipient disease beat retreat to their lurking-place behind ill-fitted drain-pipes, or musty walls deeply layered with ancient paper-hangings. There they hide and shrink, biding their time, which is not until the beneficent healer is again shut out and prohibited.

Men experience a lifting and a clearing. Not that they recognize the reason; they "are always better in summer," they say, but the good friend whom they neither acknowledge nor requite little reck of their ingratitude, and still pursues them with his favors. Elevating, freshening, cheering; following to office and counter, blowing mists from the brain, laying cool hands on weary brows; sitting beside them on evening door-steps, and striving with kind, untired hands to unlock the trivial, troublesome problems with which human minds are ever grappling; he is each day and all day at work, through the long summer and in spring-time and in autumn, losing no opportunity and seizing every chance, as if seeking a favor rather than conferring one. Dear friendly spirit! Two places only baffle his good-will—two regions to which, with all his zeal, he rarely penetrates—our churches and our bed-rooms. For have we not re-

ceived from our ancestors a dogma enjoining that the Gospel, if taken at all, must be taken with an accompaniment of asphyxia? And does not the domestic creed of the day open with this formula:—

"I (do not) believe in *night air*!"

But in Heaven's name what air, as Miss Nightingale says, *can* we breathe at night except night air? The choice lies between pure night air from without and foul night air from within; most people prefer the latter, it is true, but it is night air all the same, though they may not be aware of the fact.

Did you ever test these two kinds of night air by going early in the morning into the room of a person brought up to sleep with closed windows, and immediately afterward into one where the sash has been lowered six inches from the top, and raised six from the bottom? Well, what did you find? In one, however pretty and well arranged, however healthy, neat, and well-bred its occupant, a smell of bed-clothes, of damp towels, of dust, of carpet—all slight, but all indicative of that used-up condition of the atmosphere which is so fatal to a sleeper. In the other, no better situated or furnished, an elastic feel, a perfume of freshness which made breathing pleasant. Was it not so?

Or did you ever compare your own sensations after sleeping in fresh air with those produced after sleeping in foul? How many of the failures, the mischances of life, the morning dullness which hindered this or that, the refusal of the brain to work at a critical moment, the apathy, the blindness of perception, date back to that unaired bed-room which sent us forth unrefreshed to our work, and ushered in a depressing and discouraged day.

But it is useless to contend with so deeply-rooted a prejudice. Let us go back to our exiled friend, who certainly has a day-time claim, though he be denied a nightly one, to our sufferance.

How few of us recognize, as the long winter creeps away, and, shrinking from the outward chill, we cower into fire-side corners and warm wraps, how day by day we are insensibly contenting ourselves with the same breathed-over air which, scarcely renovated since, supplied our lungs yesterday and the day before. "Open the windows, indeed," we cry; "why, it's all we can do to exist with them tightly shut!"

Yes, but, paradox as it seems, there is warmth in the very cold which an open window would admit.

That is, the oxygen of the purer air, quickening the circulation and bringing the temperature of head, hands, and feet into proper balance, will of itself induce a glow which helps the fire to rewarm the room after its airing. And with the equipoise of circulation good-humor comes, and cheerfulness, and the capacity to be amused. How we lose these things—how dull we grow stewing over registers, or before anthracite-burning stoves. The winter seems to get into us—our wits stiffen and freeze; we don't laugh or enjoy, we simply endure life, and with desperate longing sit waiting for the spring.

It cannot be denied that Winter, as we know him in our cold North, is a foe to be encountered with dread. But there is zest in the very conflict he forces upon us, and whatever his demerits, one thing he brings in perfection, and that is *air*, pure with frost and instinct with renovation. His stormy besoms sweep clean the chambers of the sky, and the very wine of life pours from them. Intense life, dazzling, delicious,—too keen for delicate lungs and tender bodies except in sips, but it is these very sips for which we plead. A little airing is not so dangerous a thing as a little learning is said to be. Don't let us hide ourselves and suck our paws like sulky bears till the keen wind passes by, but open one little crack for health and another for cheerfulness, and both will enter and bless.

And when next our dear exile, rattling the window, utters his brisk appeal of "Let me in!" may we have it in our power to answer: "You *are* in, kindly friend, sitting here with us warm and comfortable beside our fire; and every day more and more of you shall come, until in the bright by and by, growing confident in summer sunshine, door and window standing always open, you shall enter freely as ourselves."

ILLUMINATING.

THE shop-windows are so crowded nowadays with gaudy texts and mottoes in chromo-lithograph, that we are grown tired of seeing them, and are less disposed to take the time and trouble necessary to produce the really beautiful effects of the same sort, which are possible to people who design their own patterns and work by hand. But, Mr. Prang to the contrary notwithstanding, few of the minor accomplishments result so gracefully, or give so much pleasure to other people as this art of illuminating in color. And we fancy there are bright girls all the country over who would like nothing better than to try their hands at it, if only they knew just how to set to work. So, for the benefit of such, we will give a few simple, primary directions, which may assist in stimulating some youthful artist toward this pretty field of art work.

In the first place, materials. These need not be expensive. There must be a few water-color paints, hard and half-moist; four or five brushes, large and small; a gold shell, a silver shell,—and a sheet or two of Bristol-board, white or tinted, the latter preferable on account of the soft effect it produces when blended

with colors. Pure light-gray or pale-cream are the best tints. For the paints, we might say, to begin with, ultramarine, cobalt, white (half-moist), black (half-moist), vermilion, emerald-green, carmine, sepia, burnt-umber, and chrome-yellow. More can be added from time to time, if required, and after a while a successful illuminator will find it well to buy a supply of "Bessemer's gold," a preparation which comes in two bottles, one of dry gold-dust, the other of liquefying fluid, and which costs one dollar. But, at the start, a couple of twenty-cent shells are all that will be needed. It is never worth while to spend much on apparatus until we have tested our powers.

Some colors are known as "body," others as "transparent" colors. Carmine, cobalt, crimson-lake are of this latter class; and for solid work, like letters and capitals, must be mixed with white. Two colors blended make a third—as, blue and yellow, green; blue and crimson, purple; yellow and red, orange; scarlet and black, dark-green; black and white, gray.

Perfect neatness is the first essential to success. The paper must be carefully measured and blocked out with lead-pencil, so that the position of each word and letter is ascertained before any paint is used. Pretty letters can often be got from newspaper headings, magazine-covers, etc.; or, there is a nice *Book of Alphabets* by Prang, which is a useful thing to have. Divide the paper with pencil-lines into thirds or quarters, according as the length of your motto requires more or less space, and lightly rule other lines above and below these, to define the exact height of the letters. Then sketch the letters in carefully, making sure that the perpendiculars are true and that there is plenty of room. When this is done, and a dab of each color is rubbed on your plate, the troublesome part of the job is over and the pleasant part begins.

The effect is usually more harmonious if the small letters are mostly of one tint, and the variety and brightness given by the capitals, arabesques, and other ornaments. If this tint is to be gray, a little black is mixed with a good deal of white, and a touch of blue and crimson is added to warm it up. If light-blue, a large flake of white is taken, and ultra-marine and cobalt are rubbed in till the shade you wish is arrived at. Paint each letter carefully, keeping the outlines clear and clean, and not forgetting to dot the i's and insert the commas and periods. When the paint is dried, shade each letter with black lines to make a raised, distinct effect, and add such little devices of ornament as your fancy suggests. Then color and shade the capitals, and lastly, put in the gold and silver and the flowers and other designs, which may be of every possible kind and color.

For these it is not easy to offer any specific directions. They must vary with the taste of the illuminator and the differing subject. Perhaps a large letter of scarlet, blue, or vivid green will appear in the middle of a square, arabesqued in gold, with clusters of white daisies thrown gracefully over the tint. Or it

may be some "woody" little verset which is under process of decoration, and a bird's nest or tuft of brown lichen, with clinging coral berries, may grow into the border. Or perhaps the line is from Shakespeare, and a dainty flying Puck or Ariel garlanded with roses or woodbine heads the page. The world is full of pretty suggestions, if once we learn to look about us after them. Nature is the best and safest teacher. A leafy spray, or nodding stalk of golden wheat, a tiny wild flower, a tendril of clasping vine, or long bough of blossoming may or pink-lipped azalia, will creep through an artist's eye into her fingers, and produce an effect far more unique and perfect than any stereotyped book of patterns could teach. Nature never repeats, never wearies of fresh invention and combinations, and a loving study of her moods and ways cannot fail to result in that inexhaustible and ever graceful variety which is a part of her inalienable dower.

BEEF-TEA.

"WON'T you please tell me how you make beef-tea?—the doctor has ordered it, and not one of us has the least idea how it is prepared."

A dozen—two dozen—nay, fifty times, perhaps, has this question been asked in our hearing. And it set us to thinking how it happens that this article of food, so perfect of its kind, so essential in sick-rooms, possessed, as we are told, of a reparative power which science has never been able to define, but which she does not attempt to deny; admirable as a tonic for exhausted bodies and nerves of people calling themselves well, should be so little comprehended or practiced in the average family.

Ask half the housekeepers in the land for their ideas on the subject, and what do they amount to? Scarcely more than that celebrated army receipt mentioned in one of the most charming hospital records of the late war: "Just put a bit of meat into a pot and kind of stir it round." And from this general ignorance result the horrid cupfuls—thin, savorless, greasy—which we have seen forced upon loathing invalids, who, declaring between every mouthful their abhorrence of the hated nourishment, were still compelled to gape

and swallow by the reiterated dictum, "You must; it's good for you."

But it was not—and they knew it, and we knew it. Nothing can be good which is so very nasty to taste and sight. But properly made beef-tea is not nasty—it is a very palatable thing.

Leaving out Liebig's and the other ready-made preparations, which some people like and other people dislike, there are three forms of beef-tea, suited to different stages of illness, any one of which will usually be taken without dislike by any average patient. The first is uncooked beef juice, and is often given in cases of extreme weakness, when no other food can be retained. It is made thus:—

Cut into small pieces a pound of perfectly lean beef. Add five or six drops of muriatic acid—and stir for a moment. The acid, disengaging all the nutritive part of the meat from the fibre, leaves a clear red juice which is strained off, heated very hot, and seasoned with salt, and, if the patient likes it, pepper. This beef-tea has frequently prolonged and saved life in desperate cases.

2d. Beef-tea made in a bottle:—

One pound of perfectly lean beef is cut into small dice, placed in a strong quart bottle, corked, and set to boil in a pot of water. The heat disengaging the juice of the beef, gives after three hours' cooking a strong and very nourishing liquid into which the essential principle of the meat is condensed. Let it grow thoroughly cold before using, so as to remove every floating particle of fat—then re-heat, season, and serve. A teaspoonful of arrowroot stirred in while the beef-tea is heating makes an excellent addition.

3d. Beef-tea for cases of lighter illness, where it is to supplement rather than replace other food:—

Take a pound of lean beef-steak and broil it for an instant on both sides. Chop fine as for mince meat, then add a quart of water, and boil slowly for an hour and a half. Strain it, let it get thoroughly cold, skim off the fat, and season with salt, pepper, and, if the doctor permits, a *soupçon* of tomato catsup. A little rice boiled with the tea makes it nice—or a sprig of celery dropped in to lend a flavor. This soup is admirable food, and almost all sick persons will be found to like it.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS ABROAD.

THE GOTHIC REVIVAL IN ENGLAND.

THE halo of romance which the novels and poems of Scott threw around mediæval life fell also upon the architecture which formed the background to so many of their scenes and incidents—a style of building which at that time all, save a few antiquaries and antiquarian architects, had come to regard as a gloomy product of a barbarous age. The result was a popular awakening to the glories of mediæval architecture, which has gone on increasing until the Pointed Gothic

has once more become a national style. Through all the years since the heads of Elizabethan builders had been turned by the meteoric splendor of the Renaissance, there had been a few who cherished a pious admiration for the art of their ancestors. The repugnance of Oxford to innovation of any sort kept for a time the line of Gothic succession unbroken, though not in its purity. Walpole's mediæval predilections gave him a vague admiration for Gothic architecture, which he played at, and perhaps helped to keep alive

a taste for the style, which the perverted championship of Batty Langley could not kill, nor the impertinent "restorations" of Wyatt blot out. Carter had begun his furious and eminently serviceable exposures of the shameful neglect which was allowing the choicest remains of English art to fall into decay, and the not less shameful destruction of them by ill-advised "improvements." Other lovers of Pointed Gothic were beginning to study its structure and proportions, and to make careful drawings of its details; but all this was confined to the few until Scott created a hearty, though by no means intelligent, admiration for the style among all the cultivated classes. The influence of his enthusiasm and example soon became manifest in the country-houses of the nobility and gentry. But it was long before the proverbially slow-thinking parish officials learned that there could be any style of church architecture so appropriate as that of the Greek temple or the pseudo-classic type of the Renaissance. Under the teachings of Dr. Milner, and the earnest labors of Rickman, supplemented by those of Dr. Whewell, however, a marked improvement in popular taste and professional skill in ecclesiastical architecture began to appear. In 1832, Rickman, in company with his friend Whewell, visited the cathedral towns of the north of France, for the purpose of exploring their magnificent relics of ancient architecture, and brought home many contributions to add to the current knowledge of mediæval art which Milner had done so much to extend. Thus, as remarked by Eastlake in his critical *History of the Gothic Revival* (Scribner, Welford & Co.), one aim in art enlisted the contemporary services of a Roman Catholic bishop, a professional Quaker, and a Cambridge don, who, without acting in concert, and, indeed, without agreeing in point of detail, managed between them to lay the foundation for a methodical study of mediæval buildings. Of the battle of styles which was going on about this time,—Greek against Gothic, the Gothic split up into hostile camps, none of which knew precisely what Gothic meant,—it is foreign to our purpose to speak, save to notice one good thing that resulted, namely a careful study of the purest remains of the Pointed style. The younger Pugin's efforts in this direction, not less than the fertility of his artistic genius, enabled him to exert a powerful influence on the Revival.

No better evidence of the development of national taste for ancient English architecture is needed than the fact that the government, in calling for plans for the new Houses of Parliament to take the place of those destroyed by the fire of 1834, stipulated that the designs must be either Gothic or Elizabethan. The competition that ensued, and the attendant discussion of the merits of rival styles, could not but bring the claims of Gothic architecture still more prominently before the people, and give a great impetus to its employment for secular purposes.

The efforts of the Cambridge Camden Society gave a like impetus to the application of the Pointed style

to ecclesiastical purposes. A systematic study of the condition and structural details of existing monuments of the style was begun, and a lively interest was awakened for their preservation and, when absolutely necessary, their restoration. The Oxford Society for promoting the study of Gothic architecture began its labors about the same time; and both societies did an immense service in cultivating a taste for Gothic among men of refinement and education. The public mind was now becoming imbued with a degree of mediæval sentiment, but it was easily satisfied. The forms of Pointed architecture were known and admired; but architects had not yet learned to be more than servile copyists.

"Before the last half of this century was reached," says Eastlake, "a number of new churches had been erected in London, which in their design and execution far surpassed the productions of previous years, and at last seemed as if a standard of excellence had been reached beyond which it would be difficult to proceed. For up to this time the care of the modern Gothic architect had been to imitate, with more or less precision, not only the plan and arrangement, but the proportions and decorative details of old work. If he succeeded in doing this satisfactorily, even in a literal copy, the critics found no fault with him;" but woe to him if he gave any evidence of originality. Generally the castigation received by such presumptuous designers was well merited. Art had not yet reached a stage when the artist could swerve from ancient precedent without exhibiting crudeness and clumsiness. It was only in later years, and by creative builders who had studied ancient examples until they had caught their spirit, that original designs could be executed which were not mean and commonplace.

The divergence in favor of Italian Gothic, brought about at this time by the enthusiasm and eloquence of Ruskin, had a marked influence on the Revival; and though it alarmed the servile school of Revivalists—whose sole aim was to reproduce the old exactly—it really made Gothic architecture more than ever popular, and its practice freer and more intelligent. Unfortunately Ruskin's teachings were frequently misinterpreted. Young artists felt themselves suddenly emancipated from the restrictions that had hampered them, and the result was reckless extravagance. "Freedom from precedent, freedom from national traditions, freedom from structural and decorative conventionality—these," says the historian, "were the watchwords of our youngest and most enthusiastic reformers. They had their liberty, and like all liberty thus suddenly and lawlessly attained, it was woefully abused." From this violent rebellion against the canons of the copyist school, however, there has been a healthful reaction; and also from the influence of French Gothic, which for a time threatened to predominate. Both schools find able representatives among English architects; and it is not improbable that both will be maintained side by side with mutual advantage.

Altogether the prospects of the Revival were never so encouraging as now. The number of Gothic architects is rapidly increasing, and their work shows a steady improvement in artistic taste. During the ten years between 1860 and 1870 double the number of buildings of a mediæval character were erected than during the preceding *decennium*; and half the old cathedrals are now being stripped of the patch-work of less critical periods, and restored as nearly as possible to their original condition.

It is perhaps a consequence of the distortion of the mirror we hold up to nature, that we—i. e., writers, so rarely give anything like a perfect, or tolerably perfect, image of child-life, the only pure and unaffected thing we have. Scores of people write things of children which are clever and like enough without at the same time being more than little old folks. To make children talk of the things we think of, as they must talk if they would at all, is one thing; but to know what the child most cares to talk about is quite another. In that charming story by one of the subtlest and most *spirituelle* of English story-tellers, Miss Thackeray, *The Village on the Cliff*, there is some rendering of such heart and brain as little people have, not in a Kindergarten way, a sort of living marionette show, but as they twine in and mingle with the lives of others wiser and more sad. There is a picture of children on the sea-shore, amongst waves and sand, which lives in our memory like a real canvas.

"Four or five little boys come running up one by one, handkerchief flying, umbrella-bearer ahead, to the martial sound of a penny trumpet.

"The little captain pursues them breathless and exhausted, brandishing his sword in an agony of command. 'Soldats!' he says, addressing his refractory troops—'Soldats! souvenez-vous qu'il ne faut jamais courir? Soldats, ne courez pas, je vous en pr-r-rie—une, deux, trois,' and away they march to the relief of a sand fort which is being attacked by the sea. And so the day goes on, and the children play."

But of books for children the most charming of recent ones is the *Sing-Song: A Nursery Rhyme Book*, by Christina G. Rossetti. To write straight to the tongues of children is never an easy task, and since the cullings of the baby wisdom of past ages in *Mother Goose*, there is no book that has added to the words which the little ones make their own so well as this. There is in it much of the intense spirituality which is Miss Rossetti's characteristic, and sometimes, under words for babies' singing, the ripe human heart throbs and aches. This, for instance, is not too wise or grave for three years old—yet carries in it the first tragedy of human life:—

"My baby has a father and a mother—
Rich little baby!
Fatherless, motherless, I know another
Forlorn as may be—
Poor little baby."

Another without pathos, but with perhaps a bit of

satire under it, and a wise word on woman's wrongs, etc., is on the surface as good child's nonsense as Jack and Gill:—

"If I were a queen,
What would I do?
I'd make you king,
And I'd wait on you.

If I were a king,
What would I do?
I'd make you queen,
For I'd marry you."

There are a few poems amongst these sing-songs which Miss Rossetti might have put with her profoundly serious work, and many which will haunt pensive children of maturer years than those whom they were nominally written for. One such we will quote, and leave the book with a confident hope that every bright and song-loving child who reads English will have it in its collection. We know one who doesn't know her letters yet, and already knows half of it by heart:—

"If hope grew on a bush
And joy grew on a tree,
What a nosegay for the plucking
There would be!

But eh! in windy autumn,
When frail flowers wither,
What should we do for hope and joy
Fading together."

THE DUKE D'AUMALE is responsible for the great literary sensation of the month in Paris. His election to a seat in the Academy among the forty "Immortals" has doubtless its political significance, but owes its actual consummation, which has taken all France by surprise, to his unquestioned literary talent. He has spent the best years of his life in the production of a history of the princely line of which he has become the sole heir, inheriting vast estates which make him the wealthiest man of France. This History of the famous Princes of Condé was some years ago placed in the hands of his publishers in Paris,—he being in exile in England,—but the Emperor saw fit to order the seizure of the first sheets that left the press, and put his ban on the issue of the work. The Duke, deeply hurt at this treatment, on the part of his enemy, of a purely literary work, was unwilling to publish his history outside of France, and abided his time in patience. The Fates removed the seal in 1870, and he immediately put his completed work to press. The first volume has already appeared, and has stamped its author as something more than a prince, and given a promise of future volumes which will greatly enrich the field of French historical literature. The remembrance of the petty persecution practiced towards him, and the real merit of his labors, have granted him admittance to portals which it was well known that the Emperor himself in vain desired to enter. The general impression now is that the Academy will be a stepping-stone to the throne for this scion of the House of Orleans, who, like his brothers, seems endowed with a talent and sound judgment rarely found among princes.

THE WAR LITERATURE of Germany has passed through nearly every phase, from the hastily illustrated works for the moment, and the innumerable romances of the war, to the weightier historical annals for posterity. Some of these are now appearing from the pens of long and well-tried historians, whose fame is already the glory of the nation. In this field we may but allude to the *Political History of the Present*, by the celebrated Prof. Wilhelm Müller of Tübingen. The fourth volume of this work has just appeared, giving a clear and compact history of the year 1870 in Europe, in a style inimitable for its purity and elegance. The well-known Wolfgang Menzel has also bent his pen to the *Annus Mirabilis*, and depicted it with more than his usual energy, warmth, and perspicuity. The Jewish savans are also more than usually active in their own respective historical spheres, spurred on by that revival of historical interest in the marvelous revolutions of the age which bid fair to open to them a far more generous career in national influence than they have hitherto enjoyed. Of these the best known is Dr. Abraham Geiger, who has just published a supplement to his comprehensive work on the *History of the Jews*, the object of which is to bring out with striking outline the relations of the Jews to the liberalism of the day, and the prominent part which they took in the famous war, in which now every interest desires to claim a share and a reward.

FERDINAND FREILIGRATH, the greatest living lyric poet of Germany, who is frequently compared to our Longfellow, of whom he is a great admirer, has gained some of the greenest laurels that have been awarded to the lyrics and odes springing from the war. His complete works in six volumes are just now appearing, with an enthusiastic dedication to the rejuvenated nation. This issue is crowned with his most recent successes, which have already a wide-spread fame in Germany. Among these we would quote those gems of battle-lyric,—the poems "Hurrah Germania," "Thus will it Happen," "To Wolfgang in the Field," and the "Trumpeter of Vionville." A large portion of his collection consists of translations from other poets, in which labor Freiligrath displays a skill that amounts to genius in the delicate comprehension of English and French lyrical poetry. He can transfer the fullness of color and lyric pomp of Victor Hugo, the massive significance of Tennyson, the sensitive poesy of Felicia Hemans, and the elegiac tone of Longfellow's *Hiawatha* with equal mastery. And he has also the good fortune to have a gifted daughter, now living in England, whose intimate acquaintance with the English language and rare poetic skill enables her to give to the English public her father's poems in an Anglo-Saxon idiom so natural and effective that they bear every mark of being native to the language.

THE WAR AGAINST THE JESUITS is proceeding with unexampled vigor, and the efforts of the "Reform Catholics" to induce the government to take measures of defense against them are being crowned

with success. The passage of an act of the German Parliament making their interference with political matters a punishable misdemeanor opens the strife on a field where these "Black Demagogues," as they are popularly called, can be reached in the most effective way. They have thrown off their masks, and are now working so openly in nearly all the rural districts of the Catholic provinces to interfere with the government educational institutions, that it has simply become a question of relative strength as to whether, they or the government teachers shall rule in these establishments. They raise the banner of "liberty of instruction," which practically means liberty to them to do as they see fit without regard to rule or law. The revulsion of feeling towards them in Bavaria borders on the marvelous. But a year or two ago they were all powerful, and could carry in Church and State almost any measure that they desired. Now they are at swords' points with the government officers, from king to clerk, and matters are ripening so rapidly that all Germany will soon demand their expulsion. The cry is already being raised in certain provinces of Prussia, and the movement seems likely to increase, so that the early expulsion of the Jesuits from all Germany is not at all improbable.

ROHLFS, the famous German explorer of Africa, has lately been entertaining and instructing his countrymen in Berlin by a series of popular lectures on his explorations of Northern Africa, which, he thinks, with proper treatment, might again be turned into the paradise that some portions of it were under the Carthaginians and Romans. He has found on the Gulf of Sidra, west of Tripoli, the site of the garden of the Hesperides and the river of Lethe, and he has a strong desire to see his countrymen eating the golden apples so famous in ancient story. He declares that Central Africa is as rich as India, and that a grand highway to the Kingdom of Soudan might easily be constructed across the desert from a port to be established on the site of ancient Carthage. He would encourage German emigration thither, and thus found an independent colony that might in time be a nucleus for operations which would turn all Central Africa into a German India. To this end the Germans have already a strong foothold in the friendship now existing between the Emperor William and his sable majesty of Soudan, to whom the German ruler recently sent some magnificent presents, which were received with all the pomp and circumstance that the African monarch could command. Bismarck and all his countrymen are said to be listening most seriously to these stories and suggestions, and are beginning to feel that their mission is to regenerate Africa and open it to the civilized world. This would be a great task, but the Germans understand Africa thoroughly, for their scholars and geographers have been quietly exploring it for twenty years, and are now no strangers to its hidden recesses and its secluded treasures.

THE WAR OF THE MADONNAS at Dresden, regard-

ing the famous rival pictures of Holbein, seems to have been brought to a close by the verdict of the celebrated art-critic, Schnaase, in favor of that of Darmstadt. His opinion is evidently based on a most careful study of the style, drawing, perspective, and coloring of Holbein. He declares the Dresden picture to be not even a repetition from Holbein's own hand, but the later work of a skillful artist who thoroughly understood Holbein's inner nature, and was able to imitate his most successful efforts. But he also declares that the Darmstadt Madonna, though genuine, has suffered greatly by being retouched by some other hand, and that it would be dangerous to endeavor to restore it. And though denying the genuineness of the Dresden picture, he accords to it a surpassing beauty which it owes to the original inspiration of Holbein himself. Thus ends a strife which has for some time separated the artist world of Germany into two hostile camps.

THE "WORLD EXPOSITION" of Vienna, to be held in 1873, bids fair to be in some respects even more attractive than that of Paris. Already thousands of workmen are busy in the magnificent pleasure park of the Austrian capital known as the "Prater," and the most generous arrangements are being made for every branch of art and industry. The center of the grand edifice will be occupied by Austria and the German Empire, around which all other nations will be grouped in geographical relation, from the extreme east of Japan to the extreme west of California, so that every nation will have a section of the hall, two pavilions, and two garden-plots. Besides the international prizes, there will be established a series of lectures on the whole range of human knowledge and activity represented in the building; and these will be sustained or supplemented during the Exposition by International Congresses of scholars, scientists, artists, physicians, engineers, agriculturalists, miners, and even bankers and insurance officers. Special attention will be given to all subjects having a bearing on the welfare and improvement of the laboring classes; such as the cheapening of articles of food, the care and instruction of children, the establishment of hospitals for the masses, and institutions for the practical instruction of women in industries which will afford them a field of labor and a means of support. Thus the whole enterprise is to tend to utility, and have for its highest aim the good of the race.

THE TYROL has long been as famous for its ultramontane orthodoxy as its mountains for their beauty. And it is said that the Pope has seriously considered the suggestion of making it his retreat should he leave Rome. But as an encouraging sign of the progress of liberal Catholicism, we perceive that the spirit of protest against the hated dogma is making its way into the rural churches of that country. In several villages on the Bavarian border the poorer priests have protested against the orders of the bishop to

declare and teach the infallibility of the Pope, and have appealed to their congregations for support against the threatened decree of excommunication. In one instance a village priest, who had been deposed from his charge for this reason, thus addressed his former congregation: "The deposition from my parochial duties, that is, the intention to annihilate my earthly existence by starvation, I accept with the greatest composure of mind and conscience, but desire to say, that if I had lived in that period of obscure barbarism when earthly potentates became the slaves of spiritual lords, I would have rather starved than remained a member of that fraternity which teaches the horrid heresy that the Pope is infallible." These country curates have an immense power over their flocks, and if a goodly number of them can muster such enthusiastic energy as is here shown, their courage will become fruitful germs of a genuine reform movement among the masses.

MANZONI'S "PROMESSI SPOSI" is now known to nearly every civilized tongue in translation, and notwithstanding so much has been said about this famous romance, a new and exhaustive criticism regarding it has just appeared. Although Manzoni himself has been so long before the Italian public, they never seem to tire of him, and he has done a mighty work in moulding the literature of his country in the nineteenth century. He is certainly the representative lyric poet of Italy, and Milan is about as proud of its son as it is of its famous cathedral. As romancer and lyric poet he is without an equal in his musical tongue, but there is considerable discussion just at present as to his merits as dramatist. The truth is that Italy has now few great dramatists to show, and Manzoni cannot be classed among them. His laurels in his own peculiar sphere, however, have been rich enough to satisfy the ambition of any reasonable man.

HUNGARIAN JOURNALISM presents us some features that are evidently unique. Within the territory of the Magyars appear journals, for the natives of the land, in no less than six different languages, showing a polyglot condition that smacks strongly of Babel. In the Hungarian there are printed 16 political daily sheets, 106 weeklies, and 53 monthlies, with about 150,000 subscribers in all. In the German we notice 15 dailies, 60 weeklies, and 8 monthlies, with about 100,000 subscribers. In the Slavonic tongues there are 2 dailies, 31 weeklies, and 15 monthlies, with 30,000 subscribers! Then the Roumanian language presents us with eleven sheets in all, which are published for 8,000 subscribers, while the Italian journals of Dalmatia amount to 3, with but little more than 2,000 subscribers. And finally, there is published in Latin an ecclesiastical review, which, according to accounts, has almost no subscribers at all, a fact that might, we think, be well said of very many of them. The sum and substance of the matter seems to be that a great deal of money is spent, and ink and paper

wasted, in the foolish war of words that makes a sort of bear-garden of all Hungary. Every little undeveloped province wants to have its own language and autonomy, and is more inclined to spend its strength in quarreling with its neighbors than in endeavoring to further and develop the interests of the whole. The result is that these journalistic statistics, that one would suppose to indicate a high state of intellectual activity simply give us some idea of the stupendous wrangle on the banks of the Danube.

"THE POPULAR SONGS OF TUSCANY" is the title of a recent Italian publication of Florence, which shows how much vivacity the national Italian unity has conferred on the respective peoples within the borders of this land of sun, and song, and love. The Tuscan dialect is the purest of Italy, and in these songs for

the people the author has endeavored to stir up in the hearts of the nation a love for the songs in the dialect that is most worthy of cultivation and preservation. It is quite remarkable that the songs of the language have been kept so pure in the secluded mountains and vales of the Apennines. The words and the peculiar terms and shadings of this poetry of the masses often correspond exactly to the most beautiful images of the first poets of the thirteenth century. They prove that Dante, and Petrarch, and other great poets of the day were then no strangers to the people, and have ever been cherished by them in these popular strains; and it is certainly a most interesting fact, that the language and poetry of that distant date are still found in their original freshness in the mouths of the peasants of Tuscany.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS AT HOME.

EDWIN BOOTH.

MR. EDWIN BOOTH reappeared early in the present season at his own theater, in the *role* of "Hamlet." It is a performance which always elicits the most thoughtful if not the most concurrent criticisms, and is the most celebrated, though by no means the most powerful of his tragic delineations. The "Hamlet" nights at Booth's are nearly always prosperous nights, and they are rendered additionally pleasant to the intelligent play-goer by the assurance that he will be in the best company. The truth is, the play has been so splendidly illuminated by scenic art that it would continue to attract the public if its histrionism were only tolerable. Few tragedies in our time have so successfully aspired to the popularity of spectacle. None that we remember has been produced with more historical and archeological accuracy. This, however, is to the true critic a weakness rather than a triumph, for he can never lose sight of the fact that the real beauty and true greatness of "Hamlet" lie not in its historical truth, but in its fidelity to human nature. Perfection and severity of realistic detail may improve and heighten the spectacle. They cannot assist the poem.

Mr. Booth's impersonation is a brilliant example of the same pre-Raphaelism. It is a construction of the understanding, not a creation of the imagination. It is built with the most pains-taking and exquisite art out of antecedent art, and, with all its shapeliness of form and grace of diction, it lacks the hot glow of the character that is evolved by the mysterious but divine processes of genius. But Mr. Booth is an artist. If he fails to invest the part with the fierce personality of his father, so also he avoids the eccentricities, the license, the perversions of the text which marked his father's assumption of the *role*. If there is less magnetism in his reading, there is more knowledge in it. We may never quite forget the actor in the acted part, but we follow him as we would a skilled narrator or a

trained orator. He has woven his conception of the character, so to speak, of the most magnificent traditions. An eclecticism of this kind, however liberal, cannot sway the popular heart as will the strong individuality of a less cultivated but creative actor, and we are not surprised therefore that while this "Hamlet" is accorded every literary honor, and is without doubt a fine achievement of declamatory art, it almost invariably disappoints the average man, who carries his feelings rather than his erudition to the theater.

The scholarly beauties of "Hamlet" paled some time since before the theatric splendors of "Julius Cæsar." This magnificent historical play had never been so appropriately set in this country, and became the town talk. It would be interesting to know how many of the thousands of people who went nightly to the theater were drawn solely by the rich artistic trappings and broad scenic illuminations, knowing and caring little about the more beautiful text and declamation of the tragedy. Happily it is not the province, and it is entirely beyond the power, of the critic to estimate these motives. He can only know that the thousands have been fascinated, and it is the magnanimity of his art to believe or to assume that they were fascinated by what was noblest and best in the play. That it is full to overflowing of the noblest oratory, the richest poetry, and the most heroic deeds, we need hardly say. But that it does not, in its antique spirit and grave bearing, appeal to the popular taste, must be acknowledged. Consider a moment what are the essentials of success in popular plays—novelty of incident, great personal attractions in the actresses, and flippant satirical sentiment in the dialogue. Why, it is without any of them. It scarcely provides at all for that absolute necessity of every theater and every modern play—the fine-looking leading woman, with a change of attire in every scene. It scarcely deals with manners and emotions at all, but is woven grandly of universal passions,—woven like some of those marvelous tapes-

tries, every figure distinct, but the whole grouping low and soft, as if ready to melt together by reason of homogeneity.

Still the populace flocked to see it, for it was worth seeing, both on account of the excellence of the de-claimed parts and the beauty of the pictorial setting. A promising young actor in the person of Mr. Lawrence Barrett had been obtained to impersonate *Cassius*; and Mr. Bangs, one of the few stock actors left to the local stage whose elocution reminds us of the better days of tragedy, was added to the company and played *Marc Antony*; Mr. Booth in the somewhat disproportionate rôle of *Brutus*, and Mr. Waller as the *Julius Caesar*, made up an unusually effective quartette. It was all the more effective, perhaps, because no one of these players overshadowed his fellows. The merit of execution was very evenly distributed among them, and the unity and *ensemble* were better than is usual even at this theater. The stage pictures, like most of those Mr. Booth had given us in his previous Shakespearean revivals, were rare exhibitions of scenic accuracy and splendor. One or two of them, indeed, surpassed in completeness of pictorial effect anything that had been done before;—these were representations of the Roman Street Scene and of the Senate Chamber. The latter was an exact reproduction of Gerome's celebrated work.

There can be no doubt that Mr. Booth is doing good work for the community, both morally and aesthetically, in the costly production of these worthy plays; and that thought should perhaps temper the criticisms upon him, which too often are content with trivial errors or omissions while they overlook the advantages which the drama is reaping from the manager and actor, who is working at least conscientiously in its behalf.

THE CONCERTS.

SINGERS have been as plentiful this winter as the birds in Summer. They lit everywhere, and made the season jocund with minstrelsy.

On the chilly threshold of Spring one may look back with reminiscent comfort, and think of the warblers who robbed even winter of its poignancy, and lit the fires of enthusiasm all through those bitter nights. Bitter—indeed, the word sounds like satire when linked with music. Can we recall the ardor of those Academy nights without a glow? Will there not always be an echo in our memories of Parepa's luxurious trumpeting; can we ever quite shake off the Offenbach spell of Duval, or break away from the sad sweet sovereignty of the Swedish Queen,—tendril voices, clinging round us through the bleak silence of the waning winter, but promising to flower again with the early roses? Then there was Kellogg, who came as a Christmas gift, and sang "I know that my Redeemer liveth." The memory of that is greener now than the holly and pine we hung up the same night. And Edith Wynne, that little Cambrian skylark, and Patey, and Moulton, and Doria, and Van Zandt, and

Sterling. Forget them! Why, the waves of sound that travel on through space forever ripple none the less imperishably in men's souls.

Miss Sterling came last, probably because she was not least, and, after all the others, won us freshly with her voice and her art. It seems almost rude to speak of voice and art as distinct where the singer has made them so nearly identical. After all, there were few concerts during the season more satisfactory than the one provided by this favorite contralto, and few indeed that told so honest a tale of self-exertion and individual success. Everybody who knows anything of art in New York knows all about the beauty and capacity of Miss Antoinette Sterling's voice. It is not so safe to say that everybody before this concert knew how surely that voice was being disciplined and matured to the performance of the best work that a professional life exacts. Had she sung for us every night during the winter her better growth must have been unperceived. But coming after a long—though to her not a voiceless—silence, we scarcely knew her. The artist had greater stature. She sang several English songs and three German Lieder by Schubert, Schumann, and Mendelssohn, and the performance of them was made singularly enjoyable by the sympathy of the singer with the sentiment, and by her chaste vocalism. How keen her sense of Schubert; how unaffectedly rich her affluent voice in Rossini's "Italiana in Algeri;" how she swept us all away in a moment out of that sensuous Southern atmosphere, by the quaint "Caller Herrin!" But versatility of power, after all, is of less importance than sincerity of purpose. Miss Sterling is one of the few artists who have risen out of the narrow sphere of dilettanteism by virtue of high determination. Music with them is not an empty exhibition of technical dexterity. It is the pinion upon which they may reach the region of the true and beautiful, and by such training as comes alone of self-sacrifice does it ever acquire strength to bear thousands upward with it in its flight.

Theodore Thomas, who has probably done more than any other musician to popularize classic symphonic music in this country, returned to New York early in January and gave five symphony concerts here. The entertainments were remarkable both for the variety and freshness of the works presented, and for the superior finish of their performance. The troupe, made up of sixty picked instrumentalists, have been playing together daily for several years, and have acquired a precision not to be expected even in the more pretentious and larger symphonic organizations which meet at irregular times and go through hurried rehearsals. There can be no doubt that these concerts were the best of their kind ever offered to the American public. The selections were made from the works of Beethoven, Schubert, Rubenstein, Wagner, Gounod, Liszt, Schumann, Bach, Weber, Chopin, Haydn, Goldmark, and Strauss, thus presenting in five entertainments specimens of the best of the old and the modern schools, and giving with the impartiality of

true art whatever was excellent in the romantic or classical *répertoire*.

It must be a matter of regret to the genuine patrons of music in the metropolis that so unique an organization as this should be compelled to follow an itinerant life. Theodore Thomas has already accomplished enough to entitle him to a permanent concert hall in New York, where through all the seasons his efforts might be properly appreciated, and supported as they deserve, unattended by any of the vicissitudes of a provincial hunt.

"WILFRID CUMBERMEDE."*

Now that George Macdonald's *Wilfrid Cumbermede* is complete, we may say that it has fallen not a whit behind his greatest works. It is worthy to stand with *David Elginbrod*, *Alec Forbes*, and *Robert Falconer*. Higher commendation it could hardly have; and we are more than gratified to have been the channel through which this great novel was first given to the American public. We do not wish to over-estimate *Wilfrid Cumbermede*. Is it Ste. Beuve who says that no man can escape the defects that pertain to his excellences? Mr. Macdonald has not escaped the "*défauts de ses qualités*." He looks at life wholly from within, and no writer ever saw the inner life with a clearer vision. He is the master of the school of seers. In this we must put him in a higher category than the school of Dickens, who see life only without. To Dickens the outer form of life is everything—he has no other symbols for psychological facts, when he perceives them at all, than their expression in manner and appearance. We must put Dickens first in his class, and Macdonald first in his class. Above them both, of course, must be placed the few writers of the first class, like Shakespeare, who see life like prophets and portray it like painters; who grasp the inner and the outer view of life, and are thus able to express men and types of men in their completeness. In *Wilfrid Cumbermede*, as in his other stories, Mr. Macdonald impatiently strips off the husk of life; it is with the soul that he deals. Hence the supreme excellence, hence also the defect of his novels. His characters have too little body. They are walking, moving, talking, feeling souls, with only a thin body to be shaken off at a moment's notice;—this life is but a probation and death is as nothing. "Death never comes near us; it lies behind the back of God," is one of those eloquent and aphoristic sayings in the last chapter of *Wilfrid Cumbermede*, sayings into which the great author has put his own being, the key to his work, the explanation of his genius. "When it comes, death will be as natural as birth," is another expression of that which is at once the strength and the limitation of our author's genius. For life is not all within, as Macdonald paints it, any more than it is all without, as Dickens will have it.

* *Wilfrid Cumbermede*, by George Macdonald. Illustrated. Charles Scribner & Co.

Judged simply as a work of art, despite its characteristic defects, *Wilfrid Cumbermede* must rank among the greatest novels. In some of the author's earlier stories there is the stereotyped ending with a wedding, the "coming out well," as every story should come out that aims to amuse. But this is not the highest and truest art. Life is not all comedy. Things are not settled up in this world. Shakespeare learned this. Had he written nothing but comedies, even such comedies as "The Tempest" and "The Merchant of Venice," he would have fallen short of the highest mark. The latest and best critics believe his tragedies to have been the ripe fruit of his genius. So in *Falconer* and in *Wilfrid Cumbermede*, Mr. Macdonald disdains to make life seem a play that always ends in a marriage and a comfortable settlement. He aspires to paint life as he sees it. He idealizes it, but he will not falsify it. And so the mere novel-reader may complain that the book does not end satisfactorily. But no novel ever closed so grandly. For having rejected the common ending, Mr. Macdonald sets all his great genius to work on his favorite problem. "Not woman," he says in *Falconer*, "but God, is the center of the universe." He will have *Wilfrid Cumbermede* to miss of the lower happiness, but to reach the highest. Can any denouement that brings a hero, after fire and flood, to marriage, equal that which Macdonald has set down in a strain of eloquence worthy of St. John the Divine in these last pages? This passage is poetry and prophecy together:—

"I crept into the bosom of God, and along a great cloudy peace, which I could not understand, for it did not yet enter into me. At length I came to the heart of God, and through that my journey lay. The moment I entered it, the great peace appeared to enter mine, and I began to understand it. Something melted in my heart, and I thought for a moment I was dying, but I found I was being born again. My heart was empty of its old selfishness, and I loved Mary tenfold—no longer in the least for my own sake, but all for her loveliness. The same moment I knew that the heart of God was a bridge along which I was crossing the unspeakable eternal gulf that divided Mary and me."

In one regard the art of Macdonald transcends even that of the great master of English drama. In Shakespeare's tragedies there is only the defeat which one sees in ordinary life. In Macdonald the external, visible defeat is glorified by the triumph of faith in God's fatherhood.

And this brings us to the great point of objection. It could not be that a work of so much originality and genius as *Cumbermede*, a work that treats religion from a stand-point of something like inspiration, could pass without criticism in a time of so much lingering narrowness and dogmatism. No sooner had the chapters that touch upon the death of Charley been printed, than the cry of Universalism was raised. If Mr. Macdonald had taught great errors in regard to the future life, they would be small blemishes on a work conveying

so much truth in so grand a way about the present life, which is, after all, the practical concern. And if following with sympathy and with hope the soul of such an one as Charley Osborne, who has been cheated out of all his chances and cheated out of life—if the following of such an one with hope is to be branded as heresy and Universalism, then we may as well confess our unqualified agreement with Macdonald in this wicked confidence in the justice and fatherly kindness of God toward such, and meekly accept our chastisement at once.

ANOTHER VOLUME FROM DR. HODGE.

THE second volume of Dr. Hodge's great work, larger by a hundred pages than the first, and containing the whole of his Anthropology and part of his Soteriology, has just appeared. (*Systematic Theology*. By Charles Hodge, D.D., Professor in the Theological Seminary, Princeton, N. J. Vol.-II. C. Scribner & Co.) In the November number of SCRIBNER'S we gave a somewhat full examination of the first volume, and called attention to the leading characteristics of Dr. Hodge's theology, as being, in the most exact and rigorously literal sense of the word, a Biblical theology. The same characteristic is abundantly conspicuous in the present volume. In his treatment, for example, of the origin of man, he will make no compromise whatever with the men of natural science whose theories would require, to say the least, a new fashion of interpreting the Book of Genesis; nor, on the other hand, with the school of poetic and pictorial interpreters, who find in the first few pages of the Scriptures an allegorical or mythical, or figurative presentation of truth. The garden of Eden was a real garden,—one begins to feel almost as if it were an occidental garden,—the tree of life, and the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, real trees, the fruit of which, by divine ordinance, did actually possess some power of giving life and knowledge,—the serpent a genuine snake, who unquestionably said what he is represented as saying. If there are any free-thinkers who have fancied that the literalness of this story is pretty much surrendered even by the most orthodox of scholars, we commend them to this volume for a fearless and able avowal of what they would persuade themselves is obsolete. And if they should proceed to the examination of it as of something readily to be set aside with a contemptuous disregard, they will be surprised to find themselves in the presence of an antagonist who is learned in the latest lore of modern science, and who is an accomplished master of philosophic argument, and who is able to make a good stand even against such names as those of Darwin and Huxley.

It is in the present volume that the peculiarities, by which the Princeton theology is supposed to differ from the theology of other Christian schools in America, become especially conspicuous. The great questions of inherited sin and of human ability, over which the war of words has been fierce and furious,

are here discussed. And there is the utmost frankness and courage in the acceptance of terms which controversy has tried to make obnoxious, and positions from which the heart of the natural man recoils with something of aversion. It does certainly require some boldness, and a pretty strong conviction of truth and duty, to assert with unflinching and relentless rigor the Augustinian anthropology in this independent and somewhat irreverent age, and before this free and easy generation. But whatsoever is literally Biblical, and whatsoever is orthodox, that Dr. Hodge does fearlessly maintain, in spite of whatsoever impatience and disfavor has been expressed by science or by ungodliness. The absolute inability of the human soul, the absolute sovereignty of God in regeneration, the miraculous character of the work of the Spirit in the renewal of the soul (finding its analogies in the miracles of Christ by which the dead are raised to life, for instance), these positions he boldly avows, and, evidently, firmly and religiously believes. And if any will gainsay them, they will find in him a foeman ready to contend and to give reasons for the opinions that are in him.

It is pleasant to discover, however, notwithstanding the relentless severity of his dogmatic position, a vein of tenderness and Christian charity towards those who differ from him. No one will suspect Dr. Hodge of close sympathy, for example, with the philosophy or the theology of Schleiermacher. But it is pleasant to find him, "when in Berlin, often attending Schleiermacher's church," and evidently holding in affectionate and brotherly remembrance his name and spirit. And there will be some students of these volumes to whom the little foot-note on page 441 will be worth more than whole pages of the more formal doctrinal argument.

On the whole, the publication of these lectures is doing much to enhance the reputation of Dr. Hodge. They are able, learned, and commonly candid. And there are in them few traces of that animosity towards opponents by which the writings of earnest theologians are sometimes disfigured.

MR. OWEN'S NEW BOOK.

The Debatable Land, by Robert Dale Owen, is dedicated to the Protestant clergy, and is written with the undisguised object of showing that the supernatural facts of the gospel narrative are matched by the phenomena of modern Spiritualism, and that the miracles of Jesus were due to His "mediumistic" powers. Christianity is thus exposed to attack from opposite quarters—materialists affirming that miracles are impossible, and rejecting, therefore, the religion which is based on them; spiritualists denying that the claims of Christianity are paramount, on the ground that miracles are matters of common occurrence. If Materialism is true it disposes of Spiritualism, and, we must add, of Christianity as well; but, conceding that spiritualistic phenomena are what they are alleged to be, the only argumentative use which can be made of

them, so far as we can see, is to employ them as weapons against the materialists.

There are so many authenticated instances of *apparition* that there seems to be nothing to justify skepticism on the part of any one who is not a materialist. But that it is possible to establish communication with departed spirits through the agency of a "medium" is another matter. Avoiding dogmatism, we are free to say that the advocates of Spiritualism have not yet made out a clear case, although we must add that we have read nothing which furnishes an explanation of the phenomena to which spiritualists appeal. That mysterious noises are heard; that tables are violently moved; that coherent answers are given to questions by raps which have not been traced to human agency, and that information has been communicated concerning matters which, in the nature of the case, were unknown to other than one of the parties present, are facts which, if testimony is worth anything, seem to be established. Those who maintain that these phenomena are due to hallucination or fraud, advocate their hypotheses very lamely. Dr. Hammond's book is far from being satisfactory, and the article in the last *London Quarterly*, though written with more ability, is not convincing. The writer in the *Quarterly* is satisfied that Faraday's theory of unconscious muscular pressure will account for "table-moving;" but so was Mr. Edmund W. Cox, until, in his own words, "the same motions and sounds were found to continue *when all contact was withdrawn*, and this under conditions of place, of person, of light, of position, and of observation that made contact physically impossible, and after repeated trials in my own house and elsewhere, precluding the possibility of prearranged contrivances." (*Report on Spiritualism*, London: p. 100.) The writer in *The London Quarterly* feels called upon to impeach the scientific reputation of Mr. Huggins and Mr. Crookes in order to damage their testimony on this subject. It seems to us, notwithstanding, that men whose scientific merits have been recognized by fellowships in the Royal Society ought to be regarded as competent witnesses in matters where their own eyes and ears are concerned.

Admitting, however, that the phenomena do occur, and that trickery is not concerned in the production of them, we are not shut up to the conclusion that they are due to the presence of spirits. And it is the deliberate judgment of Mr. Sergeant Cox, who was one of the committee appointed by the London Dialectical Society to investigate the phenomena, that "all the conditions under which the phenomena presented themselves were entirely consistent with the exhibitions of a force emanating from some person or persons present, and were wholly inconsistent with any reasonable hypothesis of action by those who have passed into another state of existence."

But granting even that the phenomena appealed to are actually produced by superhuman agency,—by the agency of spirits, let us suppose,—in what way can they be urged in disproof of what the author calls "or-

thodox Christianity?" The ground taken must be, as it seems to us, either that the spirits contradict the teachings of Christ and His apostles, or that the wonders performed by spiritual agency lessen the evidential value of the Christian miracles.

To the first position we should reply that, having incontestable evidence from so many sources as to the truth of the Christian religion, we should not relinquish our faith at the bidding even of departed shades, and that if spirits degenerate morally as they seem to do intellectually, we should have no hesitation in saying that they lie, and that in contradicting Christ they blaspheme.

And with reference to the next point let it suffice to say, that spiritualists seem to forget that Christianity does not rest on the miracles alone as its evidential basis, and that no one ever denied that superhuman agency can do what mere human power cannot. And yet, conceding the truth of the wonders reported, we affirm that the case of a miracle parallel to the miracles of Christ is yet to be furnished. Let spiritualists raise the dead before they have the audacity to make a professional medium the peer of Jesus.

MÜLLER'S "SCIENCE OF RELIGION."

THOSE who read Mr. Max Müller's Lectures on the Science of Religion, which were published a year ago in some of the English and American periodicals, will be glad to know that they have appeared in a collected and authorized edition, uniform with the *Lectures on the Science of Language*. (Lectures on the Science of Religion. C. Scribner & Co.) Of course there will be some people to whom the very title of the volume will be startling, and even offensive. And there will be many more who will be slow to admit that the learned author has made out a valid claim for his new science, even as "the youngest branch on the tree of human knowledge." Indeed, there are some obvious reasons why it might be better to speak of this as the science of "comparative theology," rather than as the science of religion. It is too late, however, to protest against the term, even if the protest were desirable. It has won so popular an audience and received so wide a recognition that it must be used, even by those who use it only to refute or to repudiate it.

When we come to consider what Professor Müller means by the phrase, and the cautious and reverent spirit in which he addresses himself to the defense and exposition of it, the prejudice to which we have referred can hardly fail to be disarmed. Whatever else he may intend, he surely intends no aid or comfort to that school of thinkers who would discover the true religion by a simple straining or sifting process, removing from each religion what is peculiar to it, and accepting the residuum as real and permanent and sufficient. No one sees more clearly than Müller that such a residuum is a barren and lifeless abstraction, a helpless skeleton, so far from being divine that it is even less than human. Not only so, but he gives not

the slightest evidence of an intention to level downwards, and of a more or less exultant conviction that the religion of Christ has been discovered to be only one of many, and has come to be like unto the religions of the heathen. On the contrary, Professor Müller writes like a Christian scholar, too profoundly confident of the worth of his own religious inheritance to fear that it has anything to lose,—to suppose that it has not everything to gain by the comparison which he proposes. It is only Christianity, as he is careful to point out, that could encourage such a comparison, or that could even make it really possible. And it is to Christian missionaries, as he is glad to acknowledge, that he is indebted for a very large part of the material which is available for the scientific study which he has undertaken.

There is not space for us to indicate the argument, which is at best only preliminary, and to which these four lectures are devoted. The close connection which exists between the study of religion and the study of language has been made abundantly evident in the former works of the same author. And the material with which he labors in the development of this new science is very largely the same with which he has been occupied these many years in his study of comparative philology. He groups the religions of the world according to the same classification which has been applied to language, and which, in that application, has been generally accepted. And the evidence which he brings to maintain this classification is in a high degree ingenious, interesting, and to our own thinking, we must confess, plausible.

Not inappropriately there is added to these lectures a fifth, written originally in German, but translated by the author, and devoted to an examination of Buddhist Nihilism. It is interesting as an example of the kind of special study which will be necessary in that great field, the extent and importance of which is indicated in the first part of the volume. A translation of one of the books of the Buddhistic Scriptures—the *Dhammapada*, or *Path of Virtue*—is also added. Altogether, the volume is one which religious students and thinkers of every sort will find in a high degree attractive and useful.

MR. CHANNING'S "WANDERER."

"PERHAPS we may thank the poet," says Mr. Emerson in his preface to the present volume, "who in his verse does not regard the public." It is at least clear, in this case, that the public does not regard the poet. Thirty years ago Mr. Emerson first announced Mr. Channing as a new poet; and now the same kindly critic finds it necessary to tell us once more that his poems "point to new art."

If, however, we may oppose to this judgment our own, Mr. Channing's verses are essentially old art, the latest product of a school that is in its decline. The mere treatment of Nature is not now thought to be quite sufficient for the setting forth of a poet. Mr. Channing, in close imitation of Wordsworth,—or, let

us rather say, of Thoreau, for Wordsworth never exiled himself, like Thoreau, from human sympathies,—has deliberately chosen the savage Nature of the hills and coasts of Massachusetts for his theme and his inspiration. Turning aside from the larger nature of human life, he has taken to the woods, to find his shrine in the pine-tree and his oracle in the birds and squirrels.

Now we fully admit that many kinds of men are required to make up the world, and even the world of poetry. A lifetime is required to perfect the least detail of knowledge or of art. Even the professional chess-player has, let us hope, a considerable value, for he shows us new ways to hours of innocent recreation. But Mr. Channing tells us nothing essentially new. He has labored faithfully at his work; but the subjects, the sentiments, the tone of observation and of culture of these verses are a twice-told tale to those who are familiar with Thoreau's descriptions of forest life, or with Mr. Emerson's own earlier essays. These subjects are already worn in the handling; nor are they essentially of the first importance. Woodcraft and country life in New England are not, it seems to us, subjects large enough to furnish out more than one or two poets of the same school. No one in England, though its country life is fuller and more complex than ours, has been able to follow Wordsworth in his individual line of poetry, and the "Revelations of Nature" appear in these verses, more evidently than ever, to be an insufficient material for the mantle of a poet.

Have we not, in a word, had a little too much of this sort of verse? Is a tree, or a pond, or a mullein-stalk, after all, so high a theme that a poet or a painter shall be justified in disregarding those larger, graver, sweeter themes, the interests of men and women? Man is himself the highest Nature. It appears to us that we have had a little too much of the dispensation of the woodchuck. We can understand, for we have felt it, that sentiment of disgust which prompts one to solitude, and deepens our enjoyment in natural phenomena, in the restful beauty of the woods and the incarnadine sunsets of spring-time. But to make of these simple pleasures the sufficient occupation of a whole life, the exclusive subject of poetry, can no longer be done unless by wholly new methods and by a new school of poetry; and these Mr. Channing's talent does not represent. He brings to his task a felicity of phrase, a patient devotion to his simple themes, and an undoubtedly keen eye to the behavior of the woodchuck. But there is small suggestion in these verses of the nobler poetic themes. He has here given us many epigrammatic and even polished single verses, and many that are extremely, not to say inexcusably, rough and unrhymical; for his sense of melody, exquisite at times, is at others apparently absent. But we find in *The Wanderer* few broad or new views of that Nature which Mr. Channing has left all things else to follow. We cannot think that even Mr. Emerson will be able to convince the best readers

that the appearance of this volume "points to new art." In spite of its beauties, it seems to us to be based upon a mistaken conception of the use of life and of the value of art.

"WILD MEN AND WILD BEASTS."

THE second volume in Bayard Taylor's "Library of Travel, Exploration, and Adventure" (Charles Scribner & Co.) has just appeared. *Wild Men and Wild Beasts* is a strikingly illustrated account, by Lt.-Col. Gordon Cumming, of stirring scenes in East Indian camp and jungle. This Cumming is certainly not a flowery writer, but he tells his story in a way which cannot fail to interest those inclined to such savage pastimes,—indeed, with very much the same cheerful directness employed by the Colonel in chasing the wild boar and following the panther.

A NEW VOLUME OF LANGE.

NOT only clergymen and professional students, but thoughtful and devout readers of every sort, have long felt the need of a commentary on those most interesting books of the Old Testament which immediately succeed the Pentateuch. For although the book of Joshua and, especially, the book of Judges are full of interest, they are also full of difficulties of various kinds. The military history of the Hebrew people, like the military history of every other people, abounds in scenes of passionate excitement and in scenes of license and disorder. The story of the battle and victory at Gibeon, for example, could not possibly be told in the calm and unimpassioned language of prosaic narration; but is vivid, poetic, highly-wrought, and needs interpretation in a broad and free spirit. The story of Micah the priest, and his selfish and subservient willingness to accept whatever chaplaincy was most remunerative, needs to be read in the light of a historic interpretation which shall consider the wild and lawless age in which he lived, and the political and religious chaos out of which the God of Israel was to evoke order and stability. There is scarcely any part of the Old Testament in regard to which a candid and liberal spirit is so essential to a satisfactory exegesis. That fraudulent alteration, for example, by which the degenerate Levite was made to be the descendant of Manasseh instead of the descendant of Moses, the man of God, needs to be honestly exposed. And the treatment of the history of that rude, anarchic time must be intelligent, careful, and free.

The commentary on these books, and on the book of Ruth, which has just appeared in the series of Lange's laborious volumes, seems to fulfill the required conditions. (*Lange's Commentary: Vol. IV. of the Old Testament, containing Joshua, Judges, and Ruth.* Charles Scribner & Co.) It will be welcome not only to those who receive it as another step toward the completion of the series, but also to others, who will find in it a help, elsewhere unattainable, to this most difficult part of the Scriptures. We have been especially interested in the Commentary on Judges and Ruth, by Professor Cassel of Berlin, whose posi-

tion as formerly a Jewish Rabbi, vouched for by Dr. Schaff as one of the best Talmudic scholars in Germany, is a sufficient warrant for the ability which he brings to his work; and whose Christian simplicity and sincerity are evident on every page of his comment. It would be so easy for a German scholar to mar the exquisite beauty of the book of Ruth by words too full of learned wisdom, that it is high praise to say of Professor Cassel that he has made that beauty more distinct and delicate by the loving sympathy which he has brought to its interpretation.

"THE HOOSIER SCHOOLMASTER."

THE Rev. Edward Eggleston is well and favorably known as a writer of versatile ability, to whom SCRIBNER'S, among other periodicals, has been indebted for some of its pleasantest and strongest tales and sketches. He has recently been writing for *Hearth and Home*, of which he is editor, a brief serial story, the chapters of which (together, we are sorry to say, with its more or less hideous wood-engravings) have been collected and published in book-form. (*The Hoosier Schoolmaster.* Orange Judd & Co., New York.) It is charmingly free and vigorous in style, and impresses one as being a faithful study of that half-savage life amid which the scene of the story is laid, and which in some of its worst and most exaggerated phases has been made more or less unpleasantly familiar to us in the "Pike" literature of the last two or three years. It is a kind of life which certainly exists, and which it is instructive, and for various reasons necessary, to study and depict. That the road to learning, in such a community as that of the Flat Creek district, is not always strewn with roses, may be readily imagined; and it is easy to conjecture what various trials and perils beset the young schoolmaster whose experiences are recorded in this volume. He comes through them all, however, safely enough, and takes his proper place in the tableau of marriage, and subsequent domestic happiness, with a hint of which the final chapter closes. There are occasional marks of hasty and careless writing. Moreover, the author is not yet perfectly sure of his strength for this kind of work, and gives evidence of an inexperience which will of course disappear as his work grows more abundant, as we hope it will. But in spite of these defects, the story is a good one, full of interest, and of not unwholesome excitement, and with a strong and wise moral purpose, not offensively obtruded, but unmistakably evident. The book will be widely popular, no doubt; indeed, it has already become so, the publishers assure us. And, on the whole, it well deserves its popularity. It is something, nowadays, to be able to say of a book that it is so good that it deserves to be better, and that it should be followed by others. And this we may honestly say of Mr. Eggleston's.

GEN. MARCY'S "BORDER REMINISCENCES."

OLD army men, who have beguiled the tedious hours of life on frontier posts by stories, often repeated, of the odd and eccentric people whom they have known

as comrades or otherwise, will be glad to see many of these stories put in print. And the younger men, whose military career is just beginning, will find much to enjoy in the recital of the practical jokes, the scrapes and larks of their elders who once were young. General Randolph B. Marcy, who is one of the oldest and most distinguished of the officers in our regular army, and who has seen hard service in very various fields, has written out and published, with illustrations by Reinhardt and others, some of his own reminiscences of men with whom, and sometimes good-naturedly at whom, he has laughed. (*Border Reminiscences*. By R. B. Marcy, U. S. A. New York: Harper & Brothers.) He has evidently made the best of the hardships to which the duties of his profession called him, and finds a natural delight in recalling adventures which had some grotesque or ludicrous phases. Some of the stories which he tells have a graver interest, as, for example, the story of the woman on the Texas border, whose capture by the Comanches, her escape and recapture, and second escape, seem almost incredible if they were not so well vouched for. The concluding chapters of the volume contain some valuable information concerning our Northwestern territory, the settlement of which is now being so rapidly pushed forward. And the comparison of the routes of the various transcontinental railroads is especially timely and interesting, as coming from a most competent and skillful observer, who has crossed the Rocky Mountains at no less than five different points between the thirty-second and forty-third parallels of latitude.

YALE.

The graduates of Yale College, to whom the withdrawal of Dr. Woolsey from his twenty-five years of service as the President of that institution, and the appointment of Dr. Porter as his successor, are events of the greatest interest, will be glad to know that the proceedings on inauguration day have been published in permanent form (*Addresses at the Inauguration of Professor Noah Porter, D.D., LL.D., as President of Yale College*. Charles Scribner & Co.). President Woolsey's address is admirably characteristic,—breathing from first to last a spirit of genuine Christian scholarship, and evincing the tenderness of his attachment to the college which he has so ably served and so widely honored. And President Porter's survey of the present and future of the institution, and his discussion of what the higher education ought to be, is a comprehensive programme full of promise and of hope. A brief sketch of the exercises of the inauguration day, with the addition of Professor Thatcher's address in Latin, and the brief salutation in English by a member of the Senior Class, give to the little volume all necessary completeness.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

PROMINENT among the things we do not yet make very well for ourselves are our children's story-books. Perhaps we need not be ashamed of sending across the water for their best stories, any more than for their best stockings: but we are. We confess to a sense of humiliation as, Christmas after Christmas, we find ourselves turning more and more to the reprints of English books as the only ones which are satisfactory, either to ourselves or to the babies. We have spoken before of some of Macmillan's books for this season; but we must add to the list three more delightful little volumes which have just come to hand: *A Book of Golden Deeds of all Times and all Lands*, gathered and related by the author of *The Heir of Redclyffe*, and illustrated by L. Frölich; *Nine Years Old*, by the author of *St. Olaves*, also illustrated by Frölich; and *A Christmas Cake in Four Quarters*, by Lady Barker. *The *Book of Golden Deeds* is sufficiently explained by its title. It is really a marvelous treasury of arguments against the total depravity theory. It goes back to remote ages—almost into the age of mythological romance; and it comes down to Jeanne Parelle and Grace Darling. It shows that every age is really a golden age, and that every man and every woman may be heroic. The reading of such narratives cannot fail to be a great stimulus to young hearts, to arouse in them the very noblest of all earthly ambitions.

Nine Years Old is one of the simplest and sweetest little books of the season. It has the same quiet grace and clear tone which made *St. Olaves* so enjoyable. It is only a series of every-day reminiscences of childhood, told by a "Cousin Alice" to her "dear little friends Nellie, Elma, and Baby." But the charm is in the telling. As for Frölich's pictures, one is tempted never to stop saying how nice they are; and what a wonder it is, too, that they should be so nice in spite of a great deal of bad drawing. But his most impossible babies look as alive as a baby can; and the dainty skip and grace, the pathetic droop and sorrow, in some of his bunched little figureless figures are inexplicable. We think, however, that some of the illustrations in the *Book of Golden Deeds* cannot be his. If they are, they are far inferior to his average work.

The *Christmas Cake in Four Quarters* is a story of four Christmas days spent in four different quarters of the globe: in England, in Jamaica, in India, and in New Zealand. Very funny is the picture of Alphonse, the fat Jamaican cook, bringing in his attempt at English plum pudding, in shape of four tiny balls of an unknown substance, as heavy as lead, and as tough as India rubber. "Dere, my good Missus, dere your puddin's: Alphonse make dem fuss class. James say dem too small. Cho! Him know notin 'bout puddin. Top one little minit, Alphonse break him sarcy head!"



DOCK-RENTING—OPENING OF THE SEASON.

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